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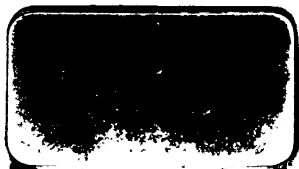
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THE SOUTH COAST  
OF  
ENGLAND

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MACKENZIE WALCOTT, M.A.

Gough Adol.  
Gen. For.  
8:62.









**A GUIDE**  
**TO**  
**THE SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND.**

*By the same Author.*

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I.

THE CATHEDRALS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

II.

THE MINSTERS, ABBEY RUINS, AND COLLEGIATE  
CHAPELS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

III.

THE MEMORIALS OF WESTMINSTER. (*Illustrated.*)

IV.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM AND HIS COLLEGES.  
(*With Thirty-two Illustrations.*)

V.

THE ENGLISH ORDINAL.

# A GUIDE

TO THE

## SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE RECVLVERS TO THE LAND'S END, AND FROM CAPE  
CORNWALL TO THE DEVON FORELAND

INCLUDING ALL THE INFORMATION DESIRABLE

FOR VISITORS AND TOURISTS, AS WELL AS FOR RAILWAY  
AND OTHER SHORT EXCURSIONS.

BY

**MACKENZIE WALCOTT, M.A.,**

OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD:

AUTHOR OF "CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND AND WALES;" "MEMORIALS OF  
WESTMINSTER;" AND "WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM AND HIS COLLEGES."

"If you will have a man to put his travel into a little room, and in a short  
time to gather much, let him carry with him some card or book describing the  
country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his enquiry."

*Lord Bacon.*

LONDON:

EDWARD STANFORD, 6, CHARING CROSS.

M DCCC LIX.

**LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.**

TO  
AGATHA AND CONSTANCE WALCOTT  
THESE PAGES  
ARE INSCRIBED.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE,

*August 1859.*



## P R E F A C E.

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“Never go out without some little book in your pocket. Much time is lost in waiting, in travelling, etc., and this may be prevented by making use of every possible opportunity for improvement.”

*Dr. Johnson.*

“It is a shame,” Linnæus observed, “for a man to inhabit and be ignorant of his native country.” The present series of Handbooks, from the Reculvers to the Land’s End, is designed to be an illustration of the South Coast of England. Our little volumes will not be too large for the traveller’s pocket, as he mounts the hill, skirts the shore, studies the old or modern town, notes the scenery, and learns the topography of each district. Information is here provided for the student of pictures, the artist the observer of nature, and the antiquarian. The eye will teach the tourist in a single summer more than all the canvas and colours of the painter, or the description of a whole library of guide-books. The local museum, the stone circle, the rock altar, the cromlech, the cairn, the flagged tomb, the earth-mound and barrow, the trenched camp, the feudal castle, the ancient minster, the parish church, the sculptured effigy, the wayside cross, are all landmarks of the progress of religion and civilisation. The exhumed galley, the urns, the coins, the implements of husbandry, the domestic utensils, the weapons of war, are as precious as the oldest manuscript. Combined with sculpture and architecture, tapestry and fresco, they show us the Druid in his wood, the feudal baron in his keep, the monk in his cloister, the Roman and the Saxon, the old sea-kings and the Norman invader, with the manners, art, dress, rites, and every-day customs of successive



centuries, historically exact, and would give us a certain clue to the past, although every writing had perished. At the same time, the knowledge, habits, and impressions of the people are undergoing a great change; the beautiful fiction and the horrible superstition are fast disappearing; while the chronicles and history of bygone times are locked up in voluminous, rare, and costly works. We would hope, therefore, that our pages pointing out the objects of real interest, and recalling those events and men which have given life, and the modes of thought which have imparted a romance to particular localities, may meet a welcome from the reader. The old Saxon names and their meanings have been given, for to know them is to have a topography always, and often a history also. It has been our endeavour to divest these notices of the wearisome minuteness of a local guide, and the tantalising meagreness and cross-references of the road-book. We have presumed that the tourist will select at least a temporary place of residence, and make it the centre or starting-point of his excursions; we have, therefore, selected the chief towns of resort along the coast, adding descriptions of their immediate or more remote neighbourhood. In reference to the small size of each section of the work, we will only remind the reader of the excuse made to his correspondent by a man of wit and learning, "I write you a long letter, for I had not time to write a short one!"

Schoolboy holidays, long vacations in College-life, and later intervals of summer leisure, have rendered familiar to the writer most, while home memories and associations have endeared many, of the places here described. It is therefore hoped that these pages will be found to contain the amount of information which an intelligent host would communicate to his guest, or the visitor be glad to acquire and to retain, embodied in a book, as a memorial of an interlude in life which we heartily desire may be enjoyed with good health, a light heart, and under a sunny sky. The time and the purse of the tourist have been duly cared for, as no expensive or uninteresting excursion is suggested, and no unnecessary details are admitted.

As soon as summer comes with its sultry heat, it brings a longing to escape to the grateful shade and cool green of the country ; to exchange the din of wheels, the dust and gossip of the thronged city, for the still life, the soothing calm of rural scenery, and for the free and open shore, with the invigorating breeze fresh with brine. There is no greater sense of independence, no more healthy exercise than that of travelling a-foot. The wanderer, blessed with a good constitution, can choose his own path : the bracing air, the cheerful and ever-varying aspect of nature, the constant change of motion, impart such an elasticity to his mind as render him forgetful of fatigue and unconscious of solitude ; while the novelty of the scenery and the anticipations of a first visit to new objects of interest add a romance to his walk. It is not sufficient, however, to be armed with a guide-book and a map, if a man is disposed to regard every object which he is invited to note as of equal importance, and aims only to accomplish much in a day. The sketch-book, the geologist's hammer, and the tin-box of the botanist, are desirable companions ; but the best are that cheerful spirit, without which the sunniest sky will be dark, the most smiling landscape dull and gloomy, and that habit of observation whose magic turns all sights and signs into objects of interest, and gives to them zest and animation. "I pity the man," said Sterne, "who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren?"

Though no watering-place can yet trace a pedigree one century old, within that brief period the country has witnessed the greatest revolution in taste, science, and manners. The most signal triumphs of human skill are witnessed in the iron-roads which bring down to the coast the weary men of professions and business, the jaded student, and the delicate woman seeking repose and health, or the artisan and mechanic escaping from the close streets and ceaseless din of towns. These triumphs are seen in the steamships in the offing ; in the electric cable that links the opposite shores, or communicates almost momentarily a message to friends a hundred leagues away ; and in the

plate under the black tent on which sunlight itself prints the whole scene.

Addison says, in the *Tatler*, that he was engaged with a coachful of friends to take a journey as far as the Land's End. They were well pleased with one another for the first day, but the good correspondence did not last long; in short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the last. We, however, would hope to keep both our companions and ourselves in good humour to the last stage, and trust that our friends will communicate to us any information which they may gather by the way. "Bring candid eyes," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, "unto the perusal of men's works, and let not calumny or detraction blast well-intended labours. He that endureth no faults in men's writings must only read his own, wherein, for the most part, all appeareth white. Quotation, mistakes, inadvertency, expedition, and human lapses, may make not only moles, but warts, in authors, who, notwithstanding, being judged by the capital matter, admit not of disparagement."

Let us honestly avow, in conclusion, that we have undertaken the ambitious task of persuading our readers that their own country has attractions superior to those of the Continent. Wandering, as too many do, ignorant of foreign languages, and without a previous acquaintance with the history of the places visited, whilst they make only an inconsiderable stay in town and country, our hasty travellers will return, to use Bacon's words, "hooded and without profit," as they went. In England, the ordinary course of education has prepared a tourist not to overlook what is observable. If then our pages prove convenient remembrancers of facts and men, while they allure the reader from the customary indolence and trifling of the seaside holiday, to a study of nature, and an investigation of the objects possessing fame and interest which lie within the compass of a walk, or if they beguile the weariness of an hour of sickness, the time and research bestowed upon the work will not have been devoted to it in vain.

## RAILWAYS AND ROUTES.

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“UNDE ET QUÒ?”—*Horace.*

THE traveller from London has only to make his choice, and placing himself in the railway-carriage at noon, he will alight with the best part of the summer-day left for a stroll on any part of the coast between the Foreland and Portland Lights. With a change, swift as by the magic-carpet, he may breakfast in the din of the metropolis, while the living stream and the roll of wheels are yet setting into the city, and be transported before evening to the side of the breezy sands of the coast of Devon, or look out upon the moors of Cornwall. A confused succession of hedge and copse, echoing station, trains passing with the shrill scream of the engine as it flashes by town and village, dark chilly tunnels, cuttings driven through the chalk-down, cottages and gardens, yellow stubble and green pastures; a roar and rattle of the iron-way, under the trails of fleecy clouds of steam;—and then the traveller is free to choose his “local habitation.” Few hours now suffice to accomplish a journey which a century ago occupied days; and the excursion fare renders the expense light indeed, when compared to the expenditure of fifty pounds by a gentleman and his family, but a hundred years ago, for a coach to Holyhead.

The railways are grouped in the following Tables, and classified under the ordinary routes, so that the intending tourist, sitting at home in his arm-chair, may readily select the journey most agreeable to himself, and extend or shorten his travels at his convenience or pleasure. Having adopted, as we believe, the more convenient and popular arrangement, the topographical in preference to the intricate cross references of the itinerary, it will be

useful to point out in a concise manner the more interesting objects grouped round the central points here selected. We hope thus to consult the advantage of both the resident and tourist. It has been our endeavour to simplify the Table of intermediate communication, and indicate the nearest station to places of interest through which a railway does not pass.

The first collective Guide-Book was published by Mr. Carey, in 1799, under the title of *Balnea*; it includes "all the popular watering-places" enumerating on the south coast, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Brighton, Bognor, Littlehampton, Southampton, Lymington, and Weymouth. After every allowance has been made for the lively and sarcastic spirit of the writer, the work shows that the towns were wretched, the accommodation execrable, and the taste of the visitors at the lowest ebb. Southampton was not provided with a bathing-machine; the assembly-room, the theatre, and tavern-garden, the raffle, and less reputable amusements, offered the staple pleasures. Happily the wonders of the shore, the bracing walk or cheerful drive, the botanist's box and the sketch-book, now suffice to wile away the summer holiday, whilst comfortable lodgings can be found to suit every purse. "Travel in the younger sort is a part of education, in the elder a part of experience;" we have made, therefore, "diligent inquiry," as Lord Bacon recommends, and in accordance with his advice, prefaced our volume with the accompanying "card" of routes, pointing out "whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go; churches and monasteries with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours, antiquities and ruins, colleges, shipping and navies, houses and gardens of state and pleasure, armouries, arsenals and magazines of state." To these we have added notices of fine points of natural scenery, and suggestions for walks and drives in the neighbourhood of the principal places of resort. The names of places most deserving of notice are printed in italics.

# RAILWAYS.

## GREAT WESTERN. PADDINGTON.

Miles fm. London.

### PADDINGTON.

5½	Ealing
7¼	Hanwell
9	Southall
13	West Drayton
15½	Uxbridge
16	Langley
18	Slough
22½	M Maidenhead
30¾	Twyford
35½	Reading
Branch { 43 Mortimer	
{ 51½ Basingstoke	
41½	Pangbourne
44½	Goring
47½	Wallingford Road
53	Didcot (Junction)
56	Abingdon Road
63	<i>Oxford*</i>
56½	Steventon
60	Wantage Road
63½	Farringdon Road
71½	Shrivenham
77	Swindon (Junction)
82½	Wootton Bassett
93½	Chippenham
Wilt. and Somerset Railway.	{ 115½ Frome
	{ 120½ Witham
	{ 126 Bruton
	{ 129 Castle Cary
	{ 134 Sparkford
	{ 141 Yeovil Station for
	<i>Sherborne</i> (7½ m.)
	{ 161½ <i>Dorchester</i>
	{ 163½ <i>Bridport</i> Station,
	for <i>Lyme Regis</i> and
	<i>Arminster.</i>
	{ 168½ <i>Weymouth</i>
98½	Corsham

Miles fm. London.

101½	Box
109¾	<i>Bath</i>
108½	Twerton
111½	Saltford
113½	Keynsham
118½	<i>Bristol*</i>
-	Ashton
126½	Nailsea
130½	Yatton (Clevedon Junc.)
Clevedon } 134½	
Branch. }	
133½	Banwell
136½	Weston-super-Mare Junc.
Weston } 138½ Weston Station	
Branch. }	
145½	Highbridge, near Burn-
	ham, for <i>Wells*</i>
Somerset Central.	{ — Bason-Bridge
	{ — Edington Road
	{ 8 Shapwick
	{ — Ashcott
	{ 12 Glastonbury
	{ — <i>Wells</i>
151½	Bridgewater
163	Taunton
170	Wellington
179	Tiverton Junction
Branch 184 Tiverton	
181½	Collumpton
185½	Hele
193½	<i>Exeter*</i> Station, for <i>Sid-</i>
	<i>mouth, Budleigh-Salter-</i>
	<i>ton, Exmouth</i>
Branch	{ 200½ Crediton
	{ 233½ <i>Barnstaple</i> Station for
	<i>Ilfracombe</i> (11 m.)
	and <i>Lynton</i> (19 m.)
	{ 240 <i>Instow</i>
	{ 242½ <i>Bideford</i>

\* For these and other Cities in the Routes following, see WALCOTT'S CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND AND WALES; E. Stanford, 6, Charing Cross.

Miles fm. London.

202½	<i>Starcross</i>
206	<i>Dartlish</i>
209	<i>Teignmouth</i>
214	<i>Newton</i>
	<i>Kingskernwell</i>

## TORQUAY BRANCH.

219	<i>Torquay</i>
222½	<i>Totnes</i>
229½	<i>Brent</i>
231½	<i>Kingsbridge Road</i>
235	<i>Ivy Bridge</i>
241½	<i>Plympton</i>
236½	<i>Plymouth</i>

## CORNWALL—

## PLYMOUTH AND TRURO.

Miles.

1½	<i>Devonport</i>
4½	<i>Saltash</i>
14½	<i>St. German's</i>
18	<i>Liskeard</i>

Miles.

27½	<i>Bodmin Road</i>
30½	<i>Lostwithiel</i>
34½	<i>Par</i>
39½	<i>St. Austell</i>
46½	<i>Grampound</i>
53½	<i>Truro</i>

## WEST CORNWALL—

## TRURO AND PENZANCE.

## — Truro

5½	<i>Chacewater</i>
8½	<i>Scorrier</i>
11	<i>Redruth Station, for Pen-</i>
	<i>rhyn (8½ m) Falmouth</i>
	<i>(2½ m.)</i>
14½	<i>Camborne</i>
16½	<i>Gwinnear</i>
20½	<i>Hayle</i>
21½	<i>St. Ives' Road</i>
25½	<i>Marazion Road</i>
27½	<i>Penzance</i>

## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST.

## LONDON BRIDGE.

Miles fm. London.

- -	<i>London Bridge</i>
- -	<i>New Cross</i>
- -	<i>Forest Hill</i>
10'27	<i>Croydon (East)</i>
20'64	<i>Reigate</i>
25'40	<i>Horley</i>
29'20	<i>Three Bridges</i>
31'57	<i>Rowfant</i>
26'4	<i>East Grinstead</i>
33'65	<i>Balcombe</i>
37'59	<i>Hayward's Heath</i>
Keymer Branch {	- - Junction, for
	<i>Hastings</i>
	50'0 <i>Cook's Bridge</i>
	56'50 <i>Lewes</i>
	41'36 <i>Burgess Hill</i>

Miles fm. London.

43'42	<i>Hassock's Gate</i>
50'49	<i>Brighton</i>
54'65	<i>Falmer</i>
47'39	<i>Lewes</i>
Branch	56'50 <i>Newhaven for</i>
	<i>Paris</i>
53'8	<i>Glynde</i>
57'49	<i>Berwick</i>
61'31	<i>Polegate</i>
Branch . {	65'74 <i>Eastbourne</i>
	64'26 <i>Hailsham</i>
65'0	<i>Pevensey</i>
71'58	<i>Bexhill</i>
74'51	<i>St. Leonard's</i>
76'32	<i>Hastings</i>

Miles fm. London.	
-	<i>Brighton</i>
51'41	<i>Hove</i>
53'49	<i>Portslade</i>
55'4	<i>Southwick</i>
55'59	<i>Kingston</i>
56'41	<i>Shoreham</i>
58'66	<i>Lancing</i>
61'12	<i>Worthing</i>
63'58	<i>Goring</i>
66'15	<i>Angmering</i>
68'44	<i>Arundel &amp; Littlehampton</i>

Miles fm. London.	
71'48	<i>Ford</i>
71'48	<i>Yapton</i>
74'15	<i>Woodgate, for Bognor</i>
77'17	<i>Drayton</i>
79'15	<i>Chichester</i>
82'14	<i>Bosham</i>
86'15	<i>Emsworth</i>
88'2	<i>Havant</i>
95'18	<i>Portsmouth, for Isle of Wight</i>

## SOUTH EASTERN.

## LONDON BRIDGE.

Miles fm. London.	
-	LONDON BRIDGE
11	Croydon
19	Merstham
21	Reigate Junction
27	Godstone
32	Edenbridge
37	Penshurst
41	Tunbridge Junction
Tunbridge Wells and Hastings Branch.	46 Tunbridge Wells
	49 Frant
	51 Wadhurst
	56 Ticehurst Road
	59 Etchingham for Boudiam (5 m.)
	62 Robertsbridge
	68 Battle
Tunbridge Wells and Hastings Branch.	74 St. Leonards
	74 Hastings
46	Paddock Wood (Junc.)
Maldstone Branch.	49 Yaldon
	51 Watlington
	54 East Fairleigh
	56 Maidstone
51	Marden
53	Staplehurst
56	Headcorn

Miles fm. London.	
62	Pluckley
67	Ashford (Hastings and Ramsgate Junctions).
Ashford and Hastings Brh.	73 Ham Street
	76 Appledore
	83 Rye
	84 Winchelsea (1½ m.)
	94 Hastings
Ramsgate Branch.	72 Wye
	76 Chilham
	82 Canterbury
	84 Sturry and Herne Bay*
	88 Grove Ferry
	93 Minster (Junction)
	98 Sandwich
	102 Deal for Walmer (2 m.)
	97 Ramsgate (Junc.) for Broadstairs (2½ m.)
	101 Margate
	72 Smeeth
75	Westernhanger and Hythe (3½ m.)
82	Folkestone (Junction) for Sandgate (3 m.)
83	Folkestone Harbour
88	Dover†

\* Omnibuses to Herne Bay, twice a-day.

† Coaches between Deal and Dover run three times a-day.



## NORTH KENT LINE.

Miles fm. London.

-	London Bridge
4	New Cross
5	Lewisham Junction
6	Blackheath
8	Charlton
9	Woolwich Dockyard
9	Woolwich Arsenal
12	Abbey Wood
14	Erith
17	Dartford

Miles fm. London.

20	Greenhithe
22	Northfleet
24	Gravesend
29	Higham
31	Strood Station, for Ro-
	<i>chester</i>
33	Cuxton
37	Snodland
39	Aylesford
43	Maidstone

## EAST KENT.\*

### *London Bridge Terminus.*

Miles fm. London.

-	LONDON BRIDGE STATION	
5	Lewisham	
9	Woolwich	
24	Gravesend	
31	Strood (Junction)	
	<i>Rochester</i>	
	<i>Chatham</i>	
	<i>Rainham</i>	
	<i>Sittingbourne</i>	
	<i>Faversham</i>	
	[Coach to CANTERBURY ;	
	line nearly completed.]	
	Whitstable	line in a for-
60	<i>Herne Bay</i> }	ward state.
64	<i>Reculver</i>	
	<i>Birchington</i>	} Act for, in progress; (Sess. 1859.)
71	MARGATE	

### *West End Terminus.*

Miles fm. London.

-	VICTORIA STATION, PIMLICO
	N. Wandsworth
	Balham
	Streatham
	Lower Norwood
	Gipsy Hill
	[Crystal Palace]
	Beckenham
	St. Paul's and St. Mary's,
	Cray
	<i>Nurstead</i>
	Strood

\* The extension of this railway to Margate will shorten the distance to that place, as well as to Herne Bay, by 30 miles, as compared with the old route by the South Eastern line. There will also be a great saving of distance in the route to Dover, Ramsgate, &c., when the through line by Canterbury is completed.

## LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN

## WATERLOO ROAD.

Miles fm. London.

-	WATERLOO BRIDGE
1½	Vauxhall
4½	Clapham Common
7½	Wimbledon and Merton
9½	Malden
12	Kingston
24½	WOKING
30½	Guildford
34	GODALMING
Direct Portsmouth.	Milford
	Witley for <i>Petworth</i>
	Haslemere (omnibus for Midhurst)
	Liphook
	Liss
	Petersfield
	<i>Roland's Castle</i>
	<i>Havant</i>
	PORTSMOUTH
	33 Farnborough and Aldershot
36½	Fleetpond
39	Winchfield
47½	Basingstoke
58	Micheldever
66½	Winchester (Mail to Alresford)
73½	<i>Bishopstoke</i>
78½	<i>Southampton</i>
Gosport and Portsmouth Branches.	78½ <i>Botley</i> (omnibus to <i>Bishop's Waltham</i> )
	84½ <i>Fareham</i>
	89 <i>Gosport</i>
	87½ <i>Portchester</i>
	90 <i>Cosham</i>
	94½ <i>Portsmouth</i>
	75½ <i>Chandler's Ford</i>
Salisbury Branch.	80½ <i>Romsey</i>
	84½ <i>Dunbridge</i>
	88 <i>Dean</i>
	95 <i>Salisbury</i>
78½	<i>Southampton</i>

Miles fm. London.

80½	<i>Blechynden</i>
83½	<i>Redbridge</i>
84½	<i>Eling Junction</i>
86½	<i>Lyndhurst Road</i>
89½	<i>Beaulieu Road, Beaulieu</i> (3 m.)
94	<i>Brookenhurst</i> <i>Lymington</i> (Junction) <i>Lymington</i>
99	<i>Christchurch Road</i> (omnibus to <i>Christchurch</i> 7 m., and to <i>Bournemouth</i> three times a day)
105	<i>Ringwood</i> (Avon coach to <i>Salisbury</i> daily)
114½	<i>Wimbourne</i> (coach to <i>Blandford</i> daily)
120½	<i>Poole</i> (Junction)
Poole Branch.	122 <i>Poole</i> (omnibus to <i>Bournemouth</i> three times a day)
125	<i>Wareham</i> , (omnibus to <i>Corfe Castle</i> , 5 m., and <i>Swanage</i> , 11 m., daily)
130	<i>Wool</i>
134½	<i>Moreton</i>
140½	<i>Dorchester</i> (conveyance thrice daily to <i>Sherborne</i> , 18 m.; once a day to <i>Lyme</i> , 24 m., <i>Bridport</i> , 15 m., <i>Charmouth</i> , 22 m.).
147½	<i>Weymouth</i>

\* \* Places printed in Italics are mentioned either in WILCOTT'S CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND, or his SOUTH COAST GUIDE. For the Isle of Wight, see STANFORD'S GUIDE, in this Series.

# ROUTES.

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## KENT.

1. **Hythe.** (Swan). *Rides.*—Hurst, Bonnington and Bilsington, Burmarsh, and East Bridge. Dymchurch, passing Fort Twiss, Sutherland, and Moncrieff, and the Redoubt on the shore. Selling, Smeeth, Monks-Horton, Brabourn, Stourting; returning by Stanford or Postling, and Saltwood; Romney, Lydd, West Hythe, Studfall Castle, Aldington, Lymne. *Walks.*—*Saltwood Castle, Sandgate, Folkstone* (by railway), Dover, Westenhanger (by omnibus). *Chief objects of interest.*—St. Leonard's Church, Marine Walk, Barracks, Saltwood Castle, Martello towers, and Military Canal.
2. **Sandgate.** (Marine: Ship: Castle). *Walks and Rides,*—Hythe; Folkstone. *Chief objects of interest.*—Sandgate Castle, Shorncliffe Camp, Military Canal.
3. **Folkstone.** (Pavilion). *Rides.*—Capel-le-Ferne, *Swingfield Preceptory*, Denton, Wooton, Broome Park, Denne Hill, *Barfreston Church*; returning by Sibertswold Burrows, Lydden, Alkham, and Hawkinge. *Walks.*—Newington. Cheriton. Hougham. Paddlesworth Hill, 642 feet high. East-Wear Bay and fossil-bed. Sandgate, Hythe, to Dover, by railway, *Chief objects of interest.*—St. Eanswitha's Church, Pier, Esplanade, Folkstone Hill, 575 feet high.
4. **Dover.** (Lord Warden: Ship: Shakspeare's Head: City of Antwerp: King's Head). *Walks and Rides.*—*St. Margaret's Bay, St. Margaret's-at-Cliff Church.* Hougham, *Swingfield*; returning by Alkham, Ewell, River and Charlton. Whitfield and Guston, along the Roman Way to West Langdon. *Waldershare Park. Undercliff and fossil-bed, East Wear, Lydden Spouts. South Foreland Lighthouses. St. Rhadegund's Abbey,* through Buckland. Capel-le-Ferne. By omnibus, *Canterbury*; the

road passes near Bishopsbourne, *Barfreston*, and Patribourne churches. By coach, Deal and Walmer, passing Oxney and Ringswold. By steam-boat, Ramsgate. Along the shore, Cornhill. By railway, Folkestone. *Chief objects of interest*.—The Castle, Maison Dieu, St. Martin's Priory, Tower of St. Mary, Shakspeare's Cliff, Western Heights, Military Shaft, and Admiralty Pier.

**5. Walmer and Deal.** (Walmer Castle: Black Horse).

*Walks and Rides*.—Through Ringwold and Oxney to *St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe*, returning by Kingsdown. *Mongeham*. West Langdon. Knowlton, Northbourne, Sholden. *Waldershare Park*. Churches of Eastry, Wingham, Betshanger, *Mongeham*. Northbourne. Ringwold. Barrows at Ash and Osengall; entrenchments, Walmer, (Ripple and Coldred churches,) and at Wodnesborough. By railway, *Sandwich*, churches of St. Clement and St. Peter, two ancient gates, and, one mile distant, *Richborough Castle*. By omnibus, Dover. By steam-boat, Ramsgate. *Chief objects of interest*.—Castles of Walmer (Marquis of Dalhousie), Deal (Earl Clanwilliam), and Sandown; the Downs and Goodwin Sands, the Naval Yard.

**6. Ramsgate.** (Albion: King's Head: Castle). *Walks and*

*Rides*.—East Cliff, *Broadstairs*, St. Peter's, Kingsgate, St. Lawrence, *Minster*, Monkton, Sarr. *Walks*.—Osengall Hill, Manston. Pegwell Bay. Ellington, Nethercourt. Stonar, *Richborough Castle*. By railway, Margate, *Minster*, Sandwich, Walmer, and Deal. By steam-boat, Dover. *Chief objects of interest*.—The Pier and Harbour, the Sands.

**7. Broadstairs.** (Albert: Albion). Routes common to Ramsgate and Margate.

**8. Margate.** (Royal York). *Walks and Rides*.—Dandelion,

Birchington, Quex, St. Nicholas-at-Wade, Sarr; returning by Monkton, *Minster*, Mount Pleasant, Cleeve Court, Woodchurch, and Nash Court. Stonar, Northdown, Kingsgate, North Foreland, Broadstairs; returning by St. Peter's, Shallows and Sackett's Hill. *Walks*.—Hartdown, Drapers, *Salmstone Grange*, Buenos Ayres and Westbrook, Twenties and Henegrove, Motherick, Garlinge, and Westgate. By railway, Rams-

gate, Minster, *Sandwich*, and by new railway, Deal. By steam-boat or railway, *Herne Bay*. By water or rail, *Reculvers*. *Chief objects of interest*.—The Pier and the Sands.

## SUSSEX.

9. **Hastings and St. Leonard's.** (1) Marine: Castle: (2) St. Leonards: Harold). *Rides*.—Ore by Hollington, Beauport, Crowhurst, to Battle; returning through Ashburnham, Catsfield and Bexhill. *Pevensey* and *Hurstmonceaux* through Ninfield. *Bodiam Castle*, through Battle. By railway, to Rye (George: Red Lion), by *Winchelsea* (New Inn), or by road over Fairlight, Guestling, and Icklesham, returning by Pett. From Rye or Winchelsea may be visited *Camber Castle*, Udimore, etc. *Walks*.—*Fairlight Down*, Mill, and Glen, *Dripping Well*, and *Lovers' Seat*. Hollington Church. Old Roar. Undercliff, *Ecclesburne*, and Covehurst. Bulverhythe. *Chief objects of interest*.—Castle and East Hills, St. Clement's Church, Martello Towers, Bulverhythe.
10. **Eastbourne.** (Anchor: New Inn: Lamb.) *Rides*.—Westham, Pevensey, *Hurstmonceaux*; returning by Hailsham and Wellingdon: or, by rail to *Pevensey* or Hailsham. Eastdean, Friston, *Seaford*; returning by Sutton and Westdean. *Walks*.—Wellingdon, Eastdean and *Bell Tout* Lighthouse, *Beachy Head*, St. Anthony's Hill. *Chief objects of interest*.—The Church, the Fortifications.
11. **Brighton.** (Bedford: Old Ship). *Rides*.—*Stanmer Park*, Falmer, Ashcomb, *Lewes*; returning by Hord, Piddinghoe, *Newhaven* and Rottingdean; Preston, Patcham, *Ditchling Hill*, Hove, Shoreham, *Bramber*, Steyning; returning by Kingston and Southwick; *Devil's Dyke*; Poynings, Newtimber, Hurstpierpoint, Danny Park and Wolstanbury; returning by Pyecombe and Preston. *Walks*.—Portslade, Aldrington, Hove, Stanmer and Hollingbury, Rottingdean, Ovingdean, White Hawk Hill Camp, Preston, Patcham, Hangleton. By railway—Portsmouth line, to Shoreham, Lancing, *Worthing*; by Hastings line, to *Lewes*, Seaford, (from Berwick Station:)

*Eastbourne* (from Polegate Station); by London line, Danny and *Ditchling Beacon*, from Hassock's Gate. *Objects of interest*.—The churches of St. Nicholas, St. Peter, and St. Paul, Chain Pier, Pavilion.

- 12. Worthing.** (Sea House : Steyne : Marine). By rail, Shoreham; thence to Bramber Castle. *Rides*.—*Lancing*, Highdown Hill, *Cisbury Hill*, and *Chanctonbury*; *Sompting*, Tarring, Clapham, Offington. *Walks*.—*Broadwater*, Tarring, Salvington, Offington. By rail, Arundel and Littlehampton.

- 13. Littlehampton.** (White Hart : George). *Rides and Walks*.—*Arundel Castle*, *Parham*, *Climping Church*, *Amblerley Castle*. By railway, Worthing, Bognor, Chichester.

- 14. Bognor.** (Royal Clarence : Claremont : York.) *Rides*;—Pagham, Hushing Well, Slindon Park, through North Bersted, Shripney, Eastergate, and Eartham; *Boxgrove*, *Chichester*, *Goodwood Park*. By railway, Littlehampton, *Arundel*, Chichester.

## HAMPSHIRE.

- 15. Southsea.** (Portland : at Portsmouth, George : Fountain). By railway, Chichester, *Porchester Church* and *Castle*. *Walks and Rides*:—Milton, Fort Cumberland, *Portsmouth Hill*, Anglesea. By steam-boat, Isle of Wight, *Southampton*. By water, *Fareham*. *Chief objects of interest*.—Fortifications, Dock-yard, Victory, Weovil Victualling-yard, Gosport.

- 16. Southampton.** (Dolphin : George : Royal). *Rides*:—Chilworth and Stoneham, Botley over Northam Bridge; Itchen, Bitterne, and Floating Bridge; Nutshalling, and Redbridge, Rufus Stone. *Walks*:—*Netley Abbey*, Portsmouth Green, Southampton Common. By steam-boat, Isle of Wight. By water, Hythe, and thence to *Beaulieu Abbey*. By railway, *Winchester*, *Romsey*, *Portsmouth*, *Salisbury*, Lymington, Bishopstoke, Dean Garnier's Gardens. *Chief objects of interest*.—St. Michael's Church, Bar Gate, South Gate, Ancient Walls, Piers, Docks, *Maison Dieu*.

- 17. Lymington.** (Angel). *Walks and Rides*:—*Boldre, Beaulieu Abbey, Walhampton Park, Lyndhurst.* By rail, Southampton, Christchurch, Stony Cross, Buckland Rings, New Forest Scenery. By water, Hurst Castle.
- 18. Mudeford.** (King's Arms, Christchurch). *Walks and Rides*:—*Christchurch Priory and Castle, Ringwood, Heron Court, High Cliff Castle, St. Catharine's Hill, Hengistbury Head, Hordle Cliff.* *Drives*:—*Wimborne Minster, Bournemouth, New Forest, Sopley.* *Object of interest*.—Priory.
- 19. Bournemouth.** (Bath : Bellevue). *Walks and Rides*:—Christchurch, Poole, *Wimborne Minster, Wareham, Corfe Castle, Swanage, Badbury Rings, Kingston Hall.* By water, Branksea Island.

## DORSET.

- 20. Swanage.** (Victoria). *Walks and Rides*:—*Sullworth Cove, Corfe Castle.* *Drives*:—*Wimborne Minster, Poole, Wareham.* *Walks*:—*Durlstone Head, St. Aldhelm's Head, Studland.*
- 21. Weymouth.** (Victoria : Royal). By water, *Portland,* By road, *Lulworth Cove and Castle.* By railway, *Dorchester.* *Walks*:—*Radipole, Portland Island, Sandsfoot Castle, Osmington Mills, Mineral Spring, Nottingham, Chesil Bank, Burning Cliff.* *Rides*:—*Smallmouth Sands and Upway.* *Drives*.—*Corfe Castle, Sherborne, Milton Abbey, Bridport, Abbotsbury.* *Objects of interest*:—*Portland Quarries, Sandsfoot and Rufus Castles.*
- 22. Lyme Regis.** (Three Cups). *Walks*.—*Charmouth, Uplyme,* along the coast eastward to Undercliff and Dowlands. *Drives*.—*Sidmouth, Landslip, Axminster, Seaton, Beer, Bridport, Ford Abbey.* *Objects of interest*.—*Cobb Pier, St. Michael's Church.*

## DEVON.

- 23. Sidmouth.** (Royal York : Marine : London). *Walks*:—*Otterton, Landslip, Budleigh Salterton Peak Hill, Knowle Cottage, Sidford, Sidbury, Branscombe.* *Drives.*

—Lyme-Regis, Beer, Seaton, Exmouth, *Exeter*; (by coach daily) Budleigh-Salterton.

**24. Budleigh Salterton.** (Rolle's Arms). *Walks*:—Hayes Otterton, *Bicton Park*, Woodbury Common, by Knowle to East Budleigh. *Exeter* (by coach), Sidmouth, *Ladram Bay*. Budleigh-Salterton.

**25. Starcross.** (Courtney Arms).

**26. Exmouth.** (London: Globe). *Walks*:—Withycombe, *St. John's in the Wilderness*, Budleigh Salterton. *Drives*:—Sidmouth, Exeter, *Ottery St. Mary*. By water, Starcross, Dawlish, Teignmouth.

**27. Dawlish.** (New London: York). *Walks*:—Luscombe, *Haldon Hill*, Oak Hill, Holcombe Down, Ashcombe, Starcross. *Drives*:—Exeter, Torquay. By water, Exmouth, or by the Warren, thence by ferry.

**28. Teignmouth,** three miles from Dawlish; (London: Queen's). *Walks*.—Shaldon, Bishop's Teignton, Dawlish. By railway, Torquay, Starcross, King's Kerswell. By water, *Babbicombe*, Dawlish, Exmouth, Sidmouth. *Drives*:—Ugbrooke Park and Chudleigh Rocks, by Haldon and Ideford; returning by Kingsteignton, Dawlish, and Starcross, by Mount Pleasant; Heytor Rocks, Becky Falls and Lustleigh by Teigngrace, returning by Preston; Berry Pomeroy by Newton, returning by King's Kerswell and Hacombe; Babbicombe, Dartmouth.

**29. Torquay.** (Royal: Hearder's). *Walks*.—*Paignton*, *Babbicombe*, *Anstey's Cove*, *Kent's Hole*, Public Gardens, Tor Abbey, Bishopstowe. *Drives*:—*Cockington Court*, *Compton Castle*, *Dartington Hall*, *Dartmouth*, *Totness*. By water, Brixham, *Dartmouth*, Exmouth. By railway, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Starcross, Exeter.

**30. Torcross.** (Sand's Hotel). *Excursions*.—Start, Prawle Point, *Dartmouth*, Salcombe.

**31. Plymouth.** (Royal: Globe). *Excursions*:—Brent Tor, Endsleigh, Totness, *Mount Edgecumbe*, *Breakwater*, *Whitsand Bay*, *St. German's*, Tavistock, Ivy Bridge, Plympton, Redford; by Cremill to Maker, Rame Head and Cawsand, Oreston Quarries, Saltram Park, *Bickleigh Vale*.



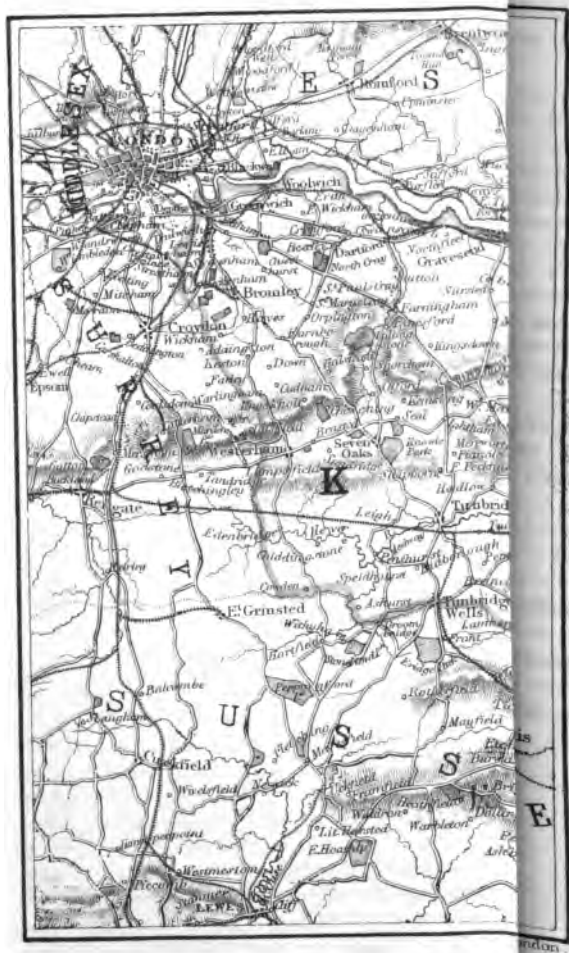
By water, *Eddystone Lighthouse, Trematon Castle*, up the Tamar to *Cothele* and *Morwellham*. *Chief objects of interest.*—*Citadel, Dockyard, Victualling Establishment, Albert Bridge.*

- 32. Instow.** (Marine.) *Excursions:*—*Bideford, Appledore, Barnstaple, Clovelly, Pebble Ridge, Northam, The Hobby, Wear Gifford, Hartland Abbey.*
- 33. Ilfracombe.** (Clarence : Britannia). *Walks:*—Hele, under Hillsborough; to the east of Rillage Point, Sampson's Caves; by Cliff Road to Watermouth and *Watermouth Castle*, Smallmouth Caves. *Berrynarbor Manor House and Church, Combmartin*; by Barnstaple Road, *Combmartin Church*, Newberry Rocks, Sandabay, Trentishoe Downs, *Heddon's Mouth*; from Wildersmouth, passing the tunnel beaches and Arragonite Bay, up the steps in the cliff to the Tors. *Drives.*—*Bridgewater, Braunton Burrows, Lynmouth.*
- 34. Lynmouth.** (Lyndale : at Lynton, Valley of Rocks, Castle). *Excursions.*—*Valley of Rocks, Waters-Meet, Lee Bay, Glenthorne, Heddon's Mouth, Simonsbath, Porlock, Culbone, Ilfracombe.*

## CORNWALL.

- 35. Bude.** (Falcon). *Excursions:*—*Tintagel, Moorwinstow, Kilkhampton Church, Boscastle, St. Nighton's Keefe.*
- 36. Penzance.** (Western : Union). *Excursions:*—*St. Michael's Mount, Land's End, Botallack Mine, Logan Stone, Druidical Circles.* *Chief object of interest.*—*Museum of Geological Society.*





# THE COAST GUIDE OF ENGLAND

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## KENT.

THE SOUTH-EAST COAST of England, lying between the British Channel and the Thames, was called by the old inhabitants Caint, "the open country," for at that period over the interior of the present counties of Kent and Sussex was spread the great forest called *Coed-Andred* ("the wood of the uninhabited part"). As Cornwall is the great treasury of Celtic remains, so is Kent the storehouse of Roman antiquities; the castles of Lympne, Richborough, and Reculver, and the Pharos of Dover still standing, are proofs of their massive style of architecture, and constant use of the native chalk as a building material, which they also introduced as a staple export, to the Continent. Watling-street, from Dover to London through Canterbury, was long the only highway from the coast of France. At Walmer first landed Cæsar, at Ebbsfleet the Saxon. In vain Vortimer drove the Jutes back to their galleys at Stonar, for they shortly after established in Kent the dynasty of the "Sons of the Ash-tree," one of whom was the famous Ethelbert, the convert of St. Augustine. After the extinction of this royal line, the kingdom of Kent was, in 752, reduced to a province of Mercia. The flight of its petty prince Baldred, in 823, before the advance of the West Saxons, left the throne vacant, and the title of king of Kent was henceforth borne by the eldest son of the king of Wessex. Notwithstanding many political changes and the invasion of the Danes, the men of Kent preserved their

ancient laws and customs. At the battie of Hastings they fought in the van of Harold's army, and once more met William of Normandy at Swanscombe, like Malcolm with Birnam's moving wood at Dunsinane, marching under boughs to conceal their numbers, and wrung from him a confirmation of their liberties. From that day their sons called themselves the "Men of Kent," whilst they designated all who had yielded to the Norman rule as "Kentish men." The most important Kentish custom still remaining is that of gavel-(rent) kind, the partition of lands among all the children of a family, for—

"The father to the bough, and the son to the plough."

Though the father was hanged, the child became his heir, and proudly ran the rhyme—

"A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,  
And a lord of the north countrie ;  
But a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,  
Will buy them out all three."

The establishment of the Cinque Ports by the Normans enriched the county by an extensive commerce, while their harbours, then unencumbered by shingle or sand, were frequented by all persons entering or leaving the kingdom—a circumstance which stamps Kent as pre-eminently the historic land of the English coast.

The county of Kent has given the title of earl to Odo, the martial bishop of Bayeux ; William d'Ypres, 1141, the builder of the tower at Rye ;—this free-booter having been banished by Henry II., afterwards turned monk at Laon.—Hubert de Burgh, Shakspeare's Hubert, was the next earl, Feb. 11, 1227 ; then, Edmund of Woodstock, 1321. From the Plantagenets the coronet of Kent passed to the family of Holland through Joan, "the fair maid of Kent," 1360 ; Neville, 1402 ; and Grey, May 30, 1465 ; on Dec. 14, 1706, the earl became a marquis, and April 28, 1710, a duke. The dukedom, extinct in 1740, was revived for Edward, son of George III., on April 24, 1799.

The climate of the south coast of England has been

proved to be the most healthy in Europe by the Registrar-General's Report, 1858. On the Continent the annual rate of mortality is 30 or 40 in 1000 ; in London, 25 ; at Clifton and Bath, 23 ; at Dover, Bangor, Whitby, Scarborough, 21 ; Tunbridge Wells, Harrogate, Cheltenham, Leamington, Kendal, and Buxton, 20 ; Teignmouth, Torquay, Dawlish and Ramsgate, 19 ; Hastings, Malvern, Lowestoft and Aberystwith, 18 ; Worthing and the Isle of Wight, 17 ; and Eastbourne, 15.

The broad marshes of Romney, containing 44,600 acres, part off Kent from Sussex ; they are the Australia of England for sheep, and the numerous flocks can scarcely keep down the rich pastures of the salt-lands. The seawall of Dymchurch, like a Flemish dyke, protects with its embankment three miles of the open flat shore of "the Great Island," although the headland of Dungeness is, owing to the accumulation of shingle, gradually extending itself into the sea. Two miles inland, where the cliff is 110 feet high and near a fort, stands the lighthouse built by Wyatt at the cost of the Earl of Leicester. The chief towns in the district are old Romney and Lydd. The former once possessed a harbour in which rode 250 Danish galleys, one of which was discovered at Northiam in 1822. The church of St. Nicholas is of mixed architecture, Norman and Early English, and contains brasses to T. Smith, 1610, and T. Lambarde, 1514. At Lydd, from *littus* (the shore), is the Perpendicular church of All Saints, in which are three memorials—the effigy of Sir John Meynell, decorated, and brasses to J. Monteforet, priest, 1430, and C. Stupeney, 1608. On the shore were wrecked, according to the legend, SS. Crispin and Crispianus.

## HYTHE.

HYTHE, (signifying a haven,) the first town beyond the marshes, has, like Sandwich, been ruined owing to the receding of the sea ; and also by plague and fire ; the original harbour was at Lympne. The well-known School

of Musketry was established on the west side of the town in 1854. One extra company-officer, with four or five sergeants and corporals, studies rifle-drill in it for a period of three months on an average, and returns to his regiment as Instructor until his promotion. The old barracks built on the hill-side were pulled down many years ago. In 1854 a bathing-house was built on the shore. The only remaining church of four is that of St. Leonard, (R. E. Formby, P. C.,) situated on the declivity of the hills, and commanding a magnificent landscape. The steps to it were built by W. Glanville, M.P., 1729. It is partly cruciform and 135 feet long by 44 wide; the western portion is Norman, the eastern Early English of good design and execution. The chancel of three bays, which externally has three very bold east buttresses, is approached within by a fine flight of stairs; the windows are lancets; the shafts, string-courses, and caps of the pillars being of Bethersden marble: on the south side are three trefoiled stone sedilia and a water-drain. The nave is of four bays, and contains a font with an octagonal cover of oak: in the south aisle was a chantry, the aumbry and water-drain remain. The west tower was rebuilt 1748—51. Under the choir is a fine groined crypt, long used as a charnel: the poor relics of mortality local tradition has attributed to Briton, Saxon, and Dane, slain in successive battles. The accurate Leland does not mention this vast heap. There is a brass to J. Bridgman, 1501. Haymo of Hythe, bishop of Rochester, was a native of this town. Two ancient hospitals, St. John's and St. Bartholomew's, retain no features of interest.

The whole cast of the scenery about Hythe, approaching it from the land-side, will remind the reader of the opening scene of Shakspeare's "As You Like It;" with the orchard before the old house, the lawn in front of the ducal palace, and the forest of Arden. Every variety of view is afforded, rich and wild: down in the valley, where the stream runs gurgling among rich pasture-lands, and through a ravine edged with dark coppices and close belts of wood, short fine turf sinks like velvet beneath the feet; the visitor is

shut out from the world, nothing visible but verdant knolls and the blue sky, with an occasional peep at the green upland, which the sheep dapple like the small clouds on the summer heaven. Let him mount the hill, and he will see below, shelving away, the irregular broken ground, with slopes towards Sandgate, abrupt and bare, except where the stunted thorn-stems, and the wind-curved tree-tops break the sameness ; a church clinging to the side of a cliff ; the town, sheltered by noble masses of foliage, spread out at his feet ; and that which was wanting in Shakspeare's landscape—a magnificent bay, and coast lined with Martello towers ; a view only hemmed in by a boundless reach of sea. The *Marine grove*, lined with wych-elms, connects the sea-shore with the town.

About one mile north of Hythe is *Saltwood Castle*, standing on the site of a Norman stronghold ; but the present buildings are of later date. Some remains of its former state and park-like beauty are yet discernible in the adjoining grounds. The outer enclosure, which takes an elliptic form, has square and circular walls, standing above a moat. It is pierced by a strong entrance-gate, once defended by its portcullis. On the south side of the inner court, which is almost circular, stands a chapel of the time of the Edwards. The great gate-house with its lofty towers, and the long-drawn hall behind, were built by Archbishop Courtenay in the reign of Richard II. An earthquake, in 1580, greatly injured the buildings. Here the four knights conspired to effect the murder of the primate, Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury ; and hither they returned after the commission of that foul deed. The castle belonged to the Archbishops.

The church of SS. Peter and Paul is mainly of the Decorated style, and consists of a nave, chancel, a north aisle, Brockhill's chantry of the time of Henry IV., with three brasses—J. Verien, Rector, 1370 ; T. Brokell, 1437 ; and A. Musten, 1496—a west tower ; and a south door, Norman. The choir has a 4-light east window, a water-drain, and an oaken chest, 7 feet 3 inches long, by 2 feet high. The font has an oak cover.



LYMPNE (Ptolemy's *Limen*, the Harbour), an ancient Roman station, lies about three miles and a half distant. To the west, adjoining the church of St. Mary, is part of a castellated grange of the Archbishops of Canterbury, of the Decorated period, but standing on Norman foundations, laid by Lanfranc. Shepway Cross, where the Lord-Warden took his oath of office, is less than a mile distant. Near Lympe is also a Roman camp called *Studfall* (Land-slip) *Castle*, of great extent, covering ten acres. In the neighbourhood are the ruins of St. Mary's Chapel of Court-at-Street, on the ancient military road—the Stone Street which joined Watling Street at Canterbury: in it Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent, commenced her course of imposture. Aldington was the living of Erasmus. Near the church, which contains a brass of one Weddeol, 1475, is a house with some remains of Decorated work. At Bra-bourne we find a low canopied tomb, of curious construction, in the chancel. Three miles and a half distant is Westerhanger, or Æscing-hanger (from the Saxon Ash-kings, and hanger, a corner of land), a castellated mansion, nearly demolished 1701, which gave title to bluff Hal's gallant knight at tilt and tourney, Baron Poynings, who here built a superb mansion: three towers remain of the nine which were reflected once in the lazy moat. The outer walls on the east and north sides, with two towers, are of the date of Edward III.; the chapel of the entrance court is now a stable. Here Fair Rosamond is said to have had her bower; and Queen Elizabeth rested for one night on her progress to Dover, in 1588. Three miles from Westerhanger are some remains of Horton Priory.

From Hythe to Sandgate runs the military canal, 90 feet broad and 18 feet deep, with a raised bank to cover skirmishers; it is 23 miles long, and continued to Cliffe End, Sussex. The circular Martello towers, which are of brick, extend from No. 1, Copt Point, East Wre Bay, to No. 74, Seaford. They take their names from a fort of a similar character in Mortella Bay, Corsica, which was captured by our troops with extreme difficulty. They were designed to form, in conjunction with the forts on

the shore, a series of coast defences. The Duke of Richmond suggested the plan to Mr. Pitt in 1804.

## SANDGATE.

SANDGATE (the Stair to the Sand) dates as a place of resort only from 1794 ; when houses were first built here for the accommodation of the families of officers quartered in the barracks and depot at Shorncliffe, erected towards the close of the last century. The castle was, however, erected in 1539, and some ships of war were built and launched at this place by Mr. Wilson during the American war. At that period a revenue cutter was constantly stationed off the coast at this point to repress smuggling. A smuggler, driven to extremity, launched his lugger, which was immediately chased by the cruiser in the direction of Dungeness. At length she began to fire ; and then his crew, finding that the shot were falling fast round them, at his entreaty got into their row-boat and escaped, while, with amazing courage and skill, the bold smuggler dashed back towards his pursuers ; and passing within pistol-range, shot across the cutter's weather bow. Volleys of small-arms and one or two of her guns were opened upon his little craft ; but away seaward stood the swift lugger with that one adventurous man. The chapel (J. D. Preston, P. C.) was built in 1822, by the Earl of Darnley. The aspect of Sandgate is south ; it is sheltered from North and East winds by a range of hills, irregular and picturesque, with winding roads of ascent ; the sea-view is clear and extensive : the winter is so mild that plantations grow down to the water-side ; and the climate is beneficial in nervous complaints and cases of debility and scrofula.

At SHORN (bare) CLIFFE, barracks were built in 1784. Sir John Moore, trained H. M. 43rd, 52nd, and 95th regiments here in 1794 : a camp was again established during the Peninsular war ; and a permanent encampment has been formed since that of the Crimea. Here Queen Victoria reviewed the Foreign Legion in 1855 ; and on Monday,

Jan. 10, 1859, the Prince of Wales, on his way to Dover, presented new colours to the loyal Canadians, recently embodied as the 100th Regiment of the Line.

The yellow-leaved poppy is very plentiful along the shore. The botany of the neighbourhood includes some of the rarer plants; *Hippophæ rhamnoides*; *Equisetum fluviatile*; *Silene nutans maritima*: at Hythe, *Digitalis purpurea*: at Saltwood, *Geranium lucidum*. From Sandgate and Folkstone may be visited the churches of Newington, with three brasses of the 16th century—Acrise, and St. Oswald, Paddlesworth—Norman; Cheriton, Early English; Elham, Perpendicular; and the preceptory of Swingfield. In East Wre Bay is an undercliff; at Copt Point is a layer of coniferous wood: ammonites, belemnites, and nautili are abundant in the stratum of gault (argillaceous or marly clay) under the green sand, which contains remarkable fossil Saurians. At Folkstone the chalk rests on wet clay, a fact which in 1716 caused a serious landslip.

## FOLKSTONE.

FOLKSTONE, the subject of a delightful paper in "Household Words," has been the puzzle of etymologists, some deriving it from fairies' stone, the people's stone, or the broken stone, in allusion to its falling cliffs. "Break-neck flights of stairs," Dickens writes, "connect the principal streets by backways. We are at low water a heap of mud without a channel. Looking at trains, steam-boats, sick travellers, and luggage is our great Pavilionstone recreation." Folkstone contained only 120 houses in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and until the formation of the railway it continued to be an insignificant fishing-town; although at the Domesday survey it boasted five churches. "Streets, lanes, and alleys," writes Ingoldsby, "are here fanciful distinctions without a difference, agreeable enough to persons who do not mind running up and down stairs." In 1809 a harbour, with piers of rubble-stone, including fourteen acres, was formed by a joint-stock

company, under the superintendence of Telford. In 1844 the shingle was removed, and the harbour rendered available as a safe port by Peter W. Barlow, the railway engineer. A line of rock, 14 feet under low water, reaches across to Boulogne. In 1831 the population numbered 2,300 persons; in 1841, 2,400; in 1851 it had increased to 7,500. The Customs, since the establishment of the Boulogne steamers, show a similar increase, having been in 1847, 4,000*l.*; 1848, 8,218*l.*; in 1849, 42,260*l.*; and in the first six months of the following year, 41,316*l.* A harbour-house, with a campanile 100 feet high was built in 1843, and the Pavilion Hotel shortly after. The moveable iron bridge, connecting the inner and outer basins, across which the trains pass to the terminus station on the shore, cost 80,000*l.*

The Market House was built in the early part of the century, by the Earl of Radnor; and a new church, Christ Church (W. C. Powell, P. C.), in 1851, by Smirke, at the cost of the present earl, who is the lord of the manor; his eldest son bearing the title of Viscount Folkstone. Sir Eliab Harvey founded the Free School in 1674. Folkstone was the birthplace of Dr. Harvey, the eminent discoverer of the circulation of the blood, 1578, and of John Philpot, the antiquarian. In 1815 a battery of four guns stood near the church. The Bail, a corruption of Bailey, a court or wall, is the only relic of an ancient castle built by William D'Avranches, Earl of Arundel and Sussex. The church of St. Eanswitha, (M. Woodward, V.,) standing on a hill 575 feet high, has a central tower in which are eight bells. The western part of the nave was blown down in December 1705. The sailors used to call it the Hurricane House, from its exposed situation. The chancel is of sandstone, Early English, and in the north wall has a decorated altar tomb with the effigy of a knight, said to be a Fiennes, a Sandwich, or Seagrave! In the south aisle are two kneeling effigies of knights (Herdsons, 1622): the font is Perpendicular. W. Langhorne, co-translator of "Plutarch's Lives," was vicar of the parish, and buried in this church, 1772. From Folkstone Louis Napoleon sailed, when

landing with his tame eagle at Boulogne, he was speedily transmitted to safe keeping in the towers of Ham. Whitings are called in Kent *rumbolds*, after the Irish saint whose name is given to Mechlin cathedral. In former years the fishermen invariably set apart the eight finest whittings out of the net and applied the money arising from their sale to a supper called "Rumbold" on Christmas Eve.

At DEAL there is a flat coast, backed by barren, undulating chalk downs, frequently dotted with Anglo-Saxon barrows, and running inland to Canterbury. From Walmer to Dover the coast presents high cliffs, with samphire growing profusely on their faces. Where they end abruptly—on their spur, in fact—stands Dover Castle, whilst another ridge of chalk hills branches off inland. The valley of Dover intervenes; but on the other side, to the west, the cliffs reappear, and when they approach Folkstone, about a mile to the eastward, a second parallel ridge runs inland as at Dover, the two ranges inclosing a wooded and well-watered valley. At this point begins a series of conical hills, covered with barrows or entrenchments. The first is the SUGAR LOAF, with an ancient road on the hill-side, and a large low barrow on the summit; below is a Roman cemetery. The next is CÆSAR'S CAMP, which forms three lines of entrenchment, covering two acres: in the innermost, or Castle Hill, at a mile and a half north, an oval like that at Dover Castle, probably stood a Roman pharos. Behind the camp is a half-conical hill, with a Saxon barrow; and then occurs another conical hill.

At Folkstone the two parallel ranges of sand and chalk which traverse a great part of Surrey and Kent approach within two miles of each other and terminate—the sand ridge tapering off in a sort of flat on the sea-side. The uplands are barren, but the valleys consist of meadows watered by numerous springs. "To the south of the hill, which is full a mile high, the land," Cobbett observes, "is a poor, thin, white loam; then a very fine rich loam upon the chalk, till it mingles the chalky with the sandy loam; and thus it goes on down to the sea-beach or to the edge

of the cliff. Upon the hill begins and continues for some miles a stiff red loam approaching to a clay."

The following EXCURSION may be made from Folkstone, going by Dover, the passage to which by railway occupies only ten minutes:—From Dover the Canterbury road passes through Charlton, one mile—the church of SS. Peter and Paul here was rebuilt 1820; next through Buckland, with a small church (St. Andrew's), mainly Decorated, one mile and a half; then to Ewell, three miles, where there was a grange of St. John's; Swingfield. Near it is Archer's Court, which is held by a singular tenure, the lord of the manor being required to hold the sovereign's head when sea-sick. At Lydden, five miles, rises the "Nail-bourne," a river that runs once every seven years, so the folks say. From Ewell a road runs to WALDERSHARE Park (two miles), the seat of the Earl of Guildford, and once the residence of the great Lord North. The house was built by Sir H. Furness 1700, after the designs of Inigo Jones. A cross-road, passing Coldred, the church of which has a west bell-turret and stands in a Roman encampment, rejoins the main road (the Whiteway of mediæval writers) at Lydden. One mile further, a cross-road conducts to St. Mary's Church, Barfrestone, built of Caen stone, with walls 2ft. 9 in. thick, 43 ft. 4 in. long, with a nave 16 ft. 8 in., and a choir 13ft. 6 in. broad. This church is an exquisite specimen of highly enriched Norman architecture; the south door and rose window being peculiarly fine.

On the left, in the hollow (nine miles), is BARHAM, the birthplace of Admiral Sir T. Thompson, of the "Leander," 1766, with a small Decorated church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, on which are brasses of a knight, a priest, and a lady; but more interesting as giving name to a narrow strip of down land, four miles long, once infamous for robbers, and dreaded at nightfall for its wandering lights, but possessing also an historical importance. The barrows show that here camped Briton and Saxon, and after them came a magnificent English army of 60,000 men who did not strike a blow when craven John resigned his crown. Here Simon de Montfort pitched his tents to resist

the landing of Queen Eleanor ; and in later times, when Napoleon threatened an invasion, several regiments were posted on the cold bleak heights, where, on a lovely May morning, 1625, Queen Henrietta, not yet a bride, first received the homage paid by the flower of the English nobility.

On the west is a parallel line of low uplands, and in the intervening valley a succession of pleasant glades, sunny fields, quiet secluded villages, churches, and the trees and lawns of Broome—(Sir H. Oxenden, Bart.), and Charlton—(Frederic Curtis) parks, and Broome-place, (J. Bell,) through which once in seven years the capricious Nailbourne condescends to flow. It is a “woe-water ;”—from its colour, troubled or clear, the people divined good or ill. The verdure and cultivation are peculiarly pleasant to the eye after the bare, hilly, and tortuous road just left behind, and the dreary downs over which the traveller is passing. Beyond, on the left, is St. Mary's Church, Bishopsbourne, Perpendicular ; with the bust of its great rector, the judicious Hooker, on the north wall of the chancel, set up in 1633 : in the rectory he wrote his “Ecclesiastical Polity.” St. Peter's church, Bridge (thirteen miles), on the Stour, is partly Norman and Early English. On the north side of the chancel is a table-tomb with an effigy, and near it are bas-reliefs of the fourteenth century representing the Expulsion, the Temptation, and the Offerings of Cain and Abel. A road on the right leads to St. Mary's, Patrixbourne, consisting of a nave, chancel, and square tower, with its spire on the south side, and a small adjoining chapel : the south tower, door, and rose of the chancel are of beautiful Norman workmanship. There is some Flemish glazing of the sixteenth century. The restorations are by Scott. Bekesbourne derives its name from the family of Beke, of the reign of Henry III. St. Peter's church is partly Norman, but mainly Early English ; the east window is a couplet. Archdeacon Batteley, the antiquary, was vicar of the parish. Stephen Hales was born here, 1677. The Gatehouse of the archbishop's palace, with Cranmer's initials, remains. CANTER-

BURY is only three miles from Bridge—(See Walcott's *CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND AND WALES*).

History has gathered about Dover Straits a thousand associations of interest since the old time when

“ The Gaul, ’tis held of antique story,  
Saw Britain linked to his now adverse strand,  
No sea between, nor cliffs sublime and hoary,  
He passed with unwet feet through all our land.”

Philosophy confirms this pretty poetic legend by the assertion of the existence of an isthmus. The strait is narrowest between Romney and Boulogne. Our Lady's Ridge forms still a subterranean causeway from Folkstone to the French coast, and was in all likelihood the basis of an isthmus of chalk and flint, six inches high, thus rising but little above the water. This narrow neck of land was probably burst through by a sudden irruption of the sea, which swept away the intervening land, as another deluge overwhelmed the “Church Valley” between St. Michael's Mount and the Scilly Isles. Desmarest, the author of a prize essay on the subject, attributed the severance to the action of a strong current from the north. Vorstegan, in 1605, argued to the same effect, alleging two reasons,—the coincidence of geological strata, and the occurrence of the same ravenous beasts: “how else,” he patriotically inquires, “should wolves have been found in England?” In the reign of William Rufus a large portion of Holland was inundated by the sea; and many changes, such as the formation of sand-banks on the Kentish coast, were in all probability the consequence of a similar inundation.

## DOVER.

“ Dover famed in the historic page for mighty deeds of valour and of splendid show; the poet's contemplation, and site of regal state.”

The name of DOVER—the Dubræ of the Roman, the Dofra



of the Saxon, and *Dovere* of *Domesday*—is derived from the Celtic *Dur*, water; a word which appears in the *Adur* of *Sussex*, *Adour* of northern Spain, *Dovar* of Ireland, *Adder* of Scotland, and *Douro* in Portugal. The town is 72 miles E.S.E. from London, and 40 miles E. by S. from Maidstone. "The treatise of Dover," said old Lambard, three hundred years ago, "shall consist of three special members, that is to say, the town, the castle, and the religious buildings." Since that period, while several churches, towers and gates have disappeared, the castle and town have been enlarged and present an aspect far more imposing or agreeable than they did in the days of the worthy perambulator. "Not without good cause," he observes, "hath Dover by great pre-eminence been reputed the chief of the Five Ports assigned by laws of Parliament as a special place for passage and exchange, and by ancient tenure acknowledged for lady and mistress of so many manors."

To the admirer of Shakspeare, and that includes every true English heart, its interest is heightened as the scene of some exquisite passages in *King Lear*. On the cliffs were pitched the tents of the French, and the camp of the British forces, the place of Cordelia's death.

The history of the town is romantic, its situation beautiful; with its back to the cliff and its face to the foe, it stands on a shore bending inland with a graceful curve, and at the gorge of a fertile valley, whose green verdure and groups of fine trees are enhanced by the magnificent heights, with ramparts and a citadel rising over long lines of fortification on the east. On the west are three bold bluff precipices, of different aspect and colour: the slender outline of the guardhouse on the middlemost, and of the Foreland lighthouse on the most distant, close out the horizon; and a wavy background of hills, with soft gradations of tone, as they swell one above the other far away, faint as the shadows of transparent grey that lie across the waters beneath the cliffs. In strong relief, nearer and taller, rise the chalky cliffs, crowned with the towers, the ancient church, the ramparts and central keep of the his-

toric castle. Hence ran the old couplet, alluding to the bold bowmen, England's unrivalled infantry in times of old,—

“ England were but a fling,  
But for the crooked stick and grey goose wing.”

No town in England presents a more brilliant perspective, or imposing and grand landscape. The deep blue murmuring sea is here marvellously clear, and ordinarily calm, with its thousand smiles, as the Greek read it, and lies between the rival shores like a vast expanse of burnished silver. Only eighteen miles intervene between the pier-head and Cape Grisnez which is 300 feet high. The undulating hills of France break the unbounded range of sky and water which would otherwise fatigue and satiate the eye. The northern coast gleams in the broad blaze of sunshine so distinct and clear that the indentations of the fields and deep rifts of the white cliffs, the markings of the country inland, the white houses and dark shadowy outlines of the tower of the Hotel de Ville, Notre Dame and the Phare of Calais, with the Column of Napoleon and the dome of the Cathedral of Boulogne, are easily discernible. During the day-time the harbour and roads are full of animation and life: the pilot steamers, and the famous Dover luggers, models of naval architecture, and so picturesque under sail, are on the watch in the offing to take the guidance of their valuable charges; while numberless vessels pass through the Straits—their white sails like huge swans—the trim man-of-war, the laden transport, the timber-freighted barque from the Baltic, the ships from the northern seas or glowing tropics. This moving panorama, with the departure and arrival of the foreign steamers, renders the scene unequalled for gaiety, variety, and interest. In calms, or during the prevalence of foul winds, long lines of vessels, range beyond range, cover the whole sea. When at length the favourable breeze begins to blow, whole fleets sweep by, sometimes to the number of five hundred, sail after sail, with snowy canvas reflecting the golden sunlight, the tiniest glittering afar off like a pale star in the

twilight. Nor is the evening less striking at Dover, when the windows in the amphitheatre, which bends along the base of the cliffs and rises gradually from the harbour, begin to be kindled with lamp and fire from the hearth-side; the bugles of the troops on the heights then begin blithely to sound the retreat, and are answered by the roll of drums from the castle; or the music of the full band, playing before the officers' quarters, peals fitfully and softly across the waters as they heave in broad glistening swells under a calm cloudless moonlight, rippling in with the tide like a flood of diamonds.

It was in the valley near Dover that Wordsworth caught the inspiration of one of his finest sonnets—

“Inland within a hollow vale I stood,  
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,  
The coast of France! the coast of France how near!  
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.  
I shrank, for verily the carrier flood  
Was like a lake or river bright and fair.  
A span of waters, yet what power is there!  
What mightiness for evil or for good!  
Even so doth GOD protect us, if we be  
Virtuous and wise. . . . by the soul  
Only the nations shall be great and free.”

There never was an assertion more unfounded, or more frequently repeated, than that which, on Cæsar's authority, represents our British forefathers as mere barbarians. The stupendous circles of Stonehenge and Abury, the cromlechs and other monuments, prove them to have been no mean mechanics; their armies possessed sharp iron weapons and the war-chariot, sufficient to mow down the legionaries; the Wansdyke was one of their military works; they constructed the roads now traceable within the extent of Wiltshire downs or along the Berkshire hills. The fleets of Carthage, till within a century of Cæsar's invasion, trafficked in tin and carried home corn. The dress of Boadicea offers a proof of the trade long after maintained with the merchants of the continent. The golden coins of Cunobelin now extant attest a native mint.

They had ships, laws, a priesthood, an elective monarchy and hereditary chieftains. The reinforcements sent by the Britons to the people of Vannes provoked Cæsar to invade their country; and their heroic resistance, their determined valour, their spirit of liberty, and their knowledge of military tactics, which foiled his intention of landing here, exasperated his hatred. His testimony is, therefore, the more valuable as it is unwilling—"Of all the natives, those who inhabit Kent, a district the whole of which is near the coast, are by far the most civilized, and do not differ much in their customs from the Gauls."

On August 26, 55 B.C., CÆSAR embarked the infantry of the 7th and 10th legions, about 8000 to 10,000 men, at Witsand, between Calais and Boulogne. At 10 A.M., after a slow passage of ten hours, two galleys and eighty smaller vessels appeared off the haven of Dover. To his amazement the cliffs swarmed with armed troops; and at 3 P.M., satisfied with his empty demonstration, he sailed for the level open beach of Deal, being reinforced with eighteen transports containing his cavalry, which had been wind-bound. He mentions the quick and uncertain surf.

"A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag  
Of 'came and saw and overcame'; with shame,  
The first that ever touched him, he was carried  
From off our coast twice beaten, and his shipping—  
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked  
As easily 'gainst our rocks."

It is certain that from this date until the reign of Claudius the Romans left Kent and Britain alone. The conquerors of the world, however, made here a highway for the preaching of the kingdom of peace. According to ancient belief, it would seem that one greater than St. Augustine, one of the Twelve, or the apostle of the Gentiles, taught on these shores. The local tradition of an early foundation of a church in the castle points to the same fact. It is stated that, on the departure of Cæsar, Man-

dubratius was appointed receiver of Roman tribute at Dover: and Arviragus\*, son of Cymbeline, who succeeded A.D. 43, on his father's death in battle, strengthened the castle-hill, then a British camp, and raised a sea-bank across the mouth of the haven, to prevent the entrance of the Roman ships into this key of Clas Merdon, "the sea-defended green spot," for such was the Celtic name of Britain.

As the sea receded from the south side of the valley and from Charlton, Dover received a line of strong fortifications, consisting of walls in the shape of an irregular triangle and several towers. On the south face were the Fishery or POSTERN-gate, with a bridge built by Mayor Garret; BUTCHERY-gate, destroyed 1819; SEVERUS-gate, of which the foundations near the new bridge remain (it fronted Bench Street and was removed 1800); SNAR, or Pier-gate, under the cliff (destroyed 1585, the site of the old Custom House), with a square tower. On the east side were ADRIAN or Upwall gate, near the Roman cemetery, leading up to the western heights, the foundations of which exist; COW-GATE, or Common-gate (through which the cows passed to the common), in Queen Street, destroyed 1776; ST. MARTIN'S or Monks-gate, and NORTH or Biggin-gate, through which the Roman Watling-way passed (destroyed 1752). The wall then continued along the N.W. side of St. Mary's graveyard, and turning sharply at right angles passed by Stembrook Mill and Dolphin-lane to Postern-gate. In the cellar of No. 7 in the lane are some portions of the Roman masonry.

On tiles found under St. Mary's church were the initials C. P. B. R., for *Cohors Prima Britannica Romana*: this legion was raised by Augustus and sent from Germany to Dover under the command of Vespasian A.D. 43; others bore the letters Cl. Br., for *Classiarii Britannici*, "marines of the British fleet," showing that Dover was a station

\* Juvenal mentions him—  
 "Aut de temone Britanno  
 Excidet Arviragus."

of the Roman navy. A Roman bracelet of gold, weighing nine ounces, was found in 1772 in a field near Dover.

At Dover, in the romance, King Arthur arriving from Brittany finds his galleys surrounded and the coast covered with his rebellious vassals, who vainly oppose his disembarkation. All night he followed the rout, and next day defeats Mordred and his army on Barren downs, where the barrows cover the slain: his next care is Sir Gawain, who had been wounded by Sir Lancelot; he finds the brave knight dead, and carries him to his grave in a chapel amid the choir of Canterbury—

“ Therefore I came with speed  
To Britain back with all my power,  
To quit that traitorous deed.  
And soon at Dover I arrived,  
Where Mordred me withstood;  
But yet at last I landed there,  
With effusion of much blood.”

In the reign of Constantine a garrison of Tungrians was placed here; in the reign of Valentinian the Legion II<sup>a</sup> Augusta was quartered here; and in that of Theodosius a cohort or battalion, the head-quarters of the British Legion, 1100 strong, was stationed at Dover, 346—7. KING WITHRED OF KENT, 688—718, drew a curtain from the Postern-gate to the East Cliff, and thus completely fortified the town on the sea-board. This wall contained St. HELEN'S, near which stood a cross, and EASTBROOK Gates, the foundations of which remain; the latter adjoined St. James's church. To its strength Dover owed its immunity from attack by Saxon invader or Danish pirate. In the time of KING ALFRED the inhabitants had formed a guild to raise ships for the king's navy. In the reign of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR their contribution was twenty sail, with twenty-one seamen each for fifteen days together. The town had no moat and was about a mile square.

In 1048, the castle and town being under the constablenesship of the great Earl Godwin, EUSTACE, COUNT OF BOULOGNE and husband of Goda, the king's sister, arrived in England. On his return by way of Canterbury, when

but a few miles distant from Dover, he and his knights donned their harness, and took by force what lodgings they chose. In the affray which ensued, an injured inhabitant slew one of these foreign offenders; the Normans flew to arms and killed the townsman with about twenty other persons, but lost nineteen out of their number killed, and more wounded. Eustace complained to his brother-in-law at Gloucester, and Edward ordered Earl Godwin to wreak a cruel vengeance on Dover. That brave nobleman armed in defence of his townsmen, and eventually took the field to demand either the surrender of the coward Eustace or a fair trial of the whole case. Edward not only refused to make any concession, but, with the countenance of his nobles, banished Earl Godwin and his sons from the realm.

Guy of Amiens relates that the men of Dover, seeing their helpless position, on the advance of William of Normandy, sent their keys to the Duke while he was halting during five days after the battle of Hastings. However, on his arrival, when the garrison hesitated to surrender, some Norman knights, eager for spoil, fired the town, and it was reduced to ashes with the exception of twenty-nine houses. William ordered immediate compensation for the loss, and furnished the inhabitants with money sufficient to rebuild their homes.

Among the cliffs during ten years lived an anchorite, of a noble and commanding presence, attended by a single servitor: it was said, he had been a pilgrim to Rome and an exile in Germany; but at length he departed for Wales to arm the Britons against the Norman invaders. The wanderer was last heard of as a dying man in a hermitage near St. John's, Chester; and then the folks averred that the recluse of Dover was King Harold.

DOMESDAY BOOK furnishes us with this graphic account of the town:—"Dover, in the time of King Edward, rendered 18*l.*, of which sum King Edward had two portions, and Earl Godwin a third. Besides this, the canons of St. Martin's had another moiety. The burgesses provided twenty ships for the monarch, once each year, for fifteen

days, and in each ship were twenty-one men. [In 1393 Dover furnished fifty-seven ships above sixty tons burden, each, with a master and twenty men, for fifteen days.] They rendered this service because the king had liberated them from sac and soc [*i. e.*, fines and suit and court]. When the messengers of the king came to this port, they paid 3*d.* in winter, and 2*d.* in summer for the transport of a horse; but the burgesses found a pilot and another assistant; and, if more were required, they were furnished at the royal expense. From the festival of St. Michael to St. Andrew's day, the king's peace was established in the town: whoever violated this, the superintendant of the king received the common forfeiture. Every resident inhabitant who paid the royal custom was quit of toll throughout the realm of England. All these customs existed when King William came to this country. At his first arrival this town was destroyed by fire, and therefore its value could not be estimated, nor ascertained when the BISHOP OF BAYEUX received it. At the present time it is valued at 40*l.*; yet the Mayor pays 54*l.* In Dover there are *twenty-nine mansions*, of which the king has lost the royal customary payments. WILLIAM FITZ-GEOFFREY has three, one of which was a *Guildhall of Burgesses*. ROBERT OF WESTERHAM erected a certain house upon the *king's water*, and has held to the present period the royal customs. This house did not exist in King Edward's reign. There is a *mill at the entrance of the harbour*, which wrecks almost every ship by the violence of the tide's current, and occasions great damage to the sovereign and his subjects. It existed not in the days of the Confessor. The nephew of Herbert declares that the Bishop of Bayeux granted permission to his uncle HERBERT FITZ-Ivo for the erection of it."

The town grew under the rule of the martial Bishop Odo and the Norman knights. Hitherto the garrison-chapel of the Castle and the Saxon minster of St. Martin's-le-Grand, had afforded sufficient accommodation for the inhabitants; but now, while the castle was girt with fortifications of great extent, the Priory church of St. Martin's



New Work was erected, besides the parish churches of St. Mary and St. James. In 1091, St. Anselm, wearied of disputes with King Rufus, which seemed incapable of mutual adjustment, proposed an appeal to the pope, but was refused the royal licence to leave the kingdom. He had taken his resolution ; he again sought permission, and was again denied it : he gave the monarch his blessing, and then secretly proceeded for Dover, where William de Warelwast, Bishop of Exeter, who had followed, examined his mails ; but, says Diceto, as he found no money in them, suffered the primate to embark.

STEPHEN, the last of the Norman kings, died here, in the castle or in St. Martin's Priory, Aug. 25, 1154. In 1135, the townsmen had shut their gates against the usurping STEPHEN, COUNT OF BLOIS ; at the age of fifty years he was seized with an inflammatory fever, and breathed his last within their walls. He had come to meet the Earl of Flanders.

In 1156 KING HENRY II. was here ; and again on Aug. 22nd, 1179, after having ridden all night during an eclipse of the moon, to meet the French King Louis, with a gallant train—Henry, Duke of Louvaine, and Philip, Earl of Flanders, Baldwin, Earl of Guisnes, Earl William de Mandeville, and other knights and barons, whom the king received at the water-side. They proceeded to Canterbury, there to make splendid offerings at à Becket's tomb, and intercede for the restoration of the health of the French king's son, Philip. Louis returned by Dover to France.

In 1189, RICHARD I. was in Dover from Dec. 5th to Dec. 11th., and crossed to Calais on his way to the Holy Land ; while 100 large ships and 80 galleys set sail to the rendezvous at Marseilles. During his absence in the Crusades, Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, was Vicegerent of the realm, and he proved to the clergy more than a pope, and to the laity more than a king. Godfrey, the brother of Cœur de Lion, who had been elected Archbishop of York, was at Rome, pleading with the pontiff for consecration. Longchamp held the revenues of the northern province, and,

failing to hinder the prince in his suit, determined to arrest him on his return, Sept. 1191. Godfrey, on landing, at once proceeded to St. Martin's Priory, to offer thanks for his safe voyage, when Matthew de Clere, brother-in-law of the Viceroy, Sheriff of Kent and Constable of the Castle, at the head of some soldiers, seized him as he knelt before the altar. The prince, archbishop elect, and his chaplains, were dragged on foot to the Castle, and there kept prisoners for three days. The Chancellor, on learning the tidings, was alarmed, and at once ordered their release, while he affected concern, and disowned complicity in the outrage. He met, however, his just retribution; the spirit of Prince John being roused, he was summoned to appear before a council of nobles and prelates at Reading. For a time he sheltered himself in the Tower, till, conscious of the certainty of his fall and unpopularity, he resolved on escaping to the Continent. His face shaved, in woman's apparel, and with a piece of linen in his hand, he took ship at Dover, with other passengers. His features and awkward gait betrayed him: the sailors unfrocked him, and after much rough usage, setting him on shore, gave him up into the hands of justice. He was put into prison, in order to save him from the fury of the populace, but the bishops procured his enlargement, and he sailed for Calais.

In 1215, WALTER LE MAL-CLERC, bishop of Carlisle, was at Dover, on his way to Rome, as Prince John's agent to appeal against the league of the barons; while he intended to protest at the same tribunal against a fine which had been levied upon him. His design being discovered, he was arrested here by the king's officers, because he had not the formal royal license to depart the realm. The bishops remonstrated; the king's messengers were excommunicated; and Mal-Clerc recovered his liberty.

In 1212, King John desired CARDINAL LANGTON to meet him at Dover, to arrange the terms for an accommodation of their long-existing quarrel, on the promise of acknowledging the archbishop's primacy and restoring the exiled clergy. In the following year, Philip of France threaten-

ing a descent on the English coast, King John summoned all the military tenants of the crown to Dover, and established a camp of 60,000 men on Barham Downs. In May, PANDULPH sent over two Templars to the king desiring an interview, which John at once granted, and the Templars' church, on the western heights, was the scene of his infamous submission to Rome (May 15, 1213). The legate detained his crown during five days.

“Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia, crown,  
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down  
At a proud legate's feet! the spears that line  
Baronial halls the opprobrious insult feel,  
And angry ocean roars a vain appeal.”

Shakspeare has transferred the scene of John's humiliation to Northampton:—

[Room in the Palace. *Enter* K. JOHN. PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.]

K. JOHN. . . . “Did not the prophet  
Say that before Ascension day at noon  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.”

PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE: “All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out but Dover Castle.”

In 1213, in April, a numerous fleet and army were assembled at Dover.

In 1216 PRINCE LOUIS was laying siege to the castle, the only fortress which resisted his arms.

In 1217, a large French fleet, which had long infested the channel, on August 24th, again put to sea, under the command of Eustace the monk. Hubert de Burgh at once prepared to meet them. “My lords,” said he to the bishop of Winchester and other great persons, “if these men land, England is lost. Are there any here this day who will die for her sake?” With sixteen large ships and twenty small vessels Hubert put to sea. Unslaked lime, cross-bolt, and bow-shaft fell upon the enemy; their rigging was hewn into network, under the eyes of the garrison of the castle, and only fifteen French ships escaped. The prelates and clergy, with banner, cross, and lights, chanting

*Te Deum*, met the conquerors on the shore as they landed with their prisoners, and abundant spoils of gold, silken vestments, and other goodly store.

In 1253, RICHARD DE LA WYCHE, canonised 1262 as Saint Richard, bishop of Chichester, was at Dover, preaching a crusade against Sicily; and on Mid-Lent Sunday consecrated St. Edmund's Chapel, in the Maison-Dieu, in presence of the king. On the following day he fell ill, and on April 3d died. His body, pontifically vested, lay on a bier of state for many days, and was visited by great multitudes of people before it was carried in solemn procession to his cathedral church.

In 1254, KING HENRY III. landed at Dover, in Christmas week, from Gascony, and was at the Maison-Dieu in 1257: on four other occasions he embarked and relanded here.

In 1259, when it was reported that Richard, King of the Romans, was coming to England, the ruling barons at once refused to admit him into Dover Castle. The popular ballad ran on Richard, with this refrain:—

“Be the luef be the loht, Sire Richard,  
Thou shalt ride sporeless o’ thy lyard (horse);  
At the righte way to Doevere ward  
Shalt thou nevermore breke forward.”

On May 15, 1264, Prince Edward and Henry d’Almaine, son of King Richard, were sent under a guard to Dover Castle. According to the Mise of Lewes, the people of the Cinque Ports became rank pirates, and banished foreign traders during Leicester’s usurpation. In 1267, Guy de Montfort was a prisoner in the castle; but, having corrupted his keeper, escaped with him beyond seas. On the morrow of Saints Simon and Jude, 1265, the queen was met here on her landing by the kings of England and Germany, and a great retinue, and proceeded to Canterbury.

On August 2, 1274, KING EDWARD I. and QUEEN ELEANOR of Castile landed here.

On October 14, 1286, the king sailed from Dover. He relanded here 12th August, 1289.

In 1295, in August, while two cardinals were negotiating a truce between England and France, the French came, with 15,000 men and a fleet of a hundred galleys, landed, and burned the town and some of the religious buildings ; but were immediately driven out by the inhabitants and knights, who had the custody of the castle with the loss of 800 men. Some escaped to the ships ; others took shelter in corn-fields ; the rest fought stoutly in the cloisters of the Priory : these, in the night, got into two boats and put to sea, but were pursued and sunk. Fourteen towns-men and one monk (Thomas) were slain. A mint was granted to the town to repair its losses ; and, by patent, 1299, the table of the exchanges was fixed at Dover and Yarmouth.

In 1299, September 8, QUEEN MARGARET of France landed at Dover, and on the following day set out for Canterbury.

In 1303 and in 1319 KING EDWARD II. was at Dover. In 1308, January 22, he sailed from Dover to do homage for the duchy of Guienne, and espouse the Princess ISABELLA ; with this "she-wolf of France," Sir Hugh Despencer, Lord Castellione, and others, he landed here February 7.

On December 21, 1327, QUEEN PHILIPPA arrived from Witsand, with a vast retinue.

In 1329, 26th May, KING EDWARD III. (whom the Commons, in 1372, declared to be "King of the Sea"), with his chancellor, bishops, and nobles, and 1,000 horse, sailed from this port to do homage to the French king at Amiens. In April, 1331, he both embarked and relanded here. On April 4, the king, "like a merchant," went on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Boulogne to perform his vows, and relanded here April 25.

In 1363, King John of France "fell sick and died at London, at the Savoy, whose exequies King Edward did hold worshipfully in divers places. His body was carried to Dover at the king's cost, and then the Frenchmen led him and buried him at St. Denys."

The French, who had ravaged the town in 1338 inflicted great injury in 1377 on the Isle of Wight, Rye, Hastings, and Rottingdean, but here made only an empty demonstration during seven days, until a foul wind drove them off the coast.

In 1382, on December 21, ANNE, the good queen, sister of Wincellaus, King of Bohemia, and consort of Richard II., stayed at Dover during two days. A heavy ground-swell, or an earthquake, occurred at her landing. "Such as should receive her repaired to Dover, when at her landing a marvellous and right strange wonder happened ; for she was no sooner out of her ship and got to land in safety with her company, but that forthwith the water was troubled and shaken as the like thing had not to any man's remembrance ever been heard of ; so that the ship in which the appointed queen came over was terribly rent in pieces, and the residue so beaten one against another, that they were scattered here and there after a wonderful manner."

In 1392 RICHARD II. landed at Dover, having lost several ships at sea, and a large portion of the royal treasures. The mayor and other loyal persons lent the needy king 40l.

In 1398, August 7, Richard II., with the Dukes of York and Gloucester, sailed from Dover to treat of peace with the Duke of Burgundy. On November 4, having heard early mass at St. Omer's, the child-queen, ISABELLA, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., embarked, and having reached Dover in three hours, dined in the castle. Becoming a widow at the age of 15 years, and robbed of her dowry by Henry IV., she re-embarked here under the escort of Sir Thomas Percy.

In 1416, 29th April, the EMPEROR SIGISMUND arrived at Dover to mediate peace, with 30 great ships, 1,000 horse, and attended by the Archbishop of Rheims. "The Duke of Gloucester and divers other lords were ready to receive him, who, at his approaching to land, entered the water with their swords in their hands drawn, and by the mouth of the said duke declared to him that if he intended to

enter the land as the king's friend, and as a mediator to intreat for peace, he should be suffered to arrive ; but if he would enter as an emperor into a land claimed to be under his empire, that they were ready to resist him. This was thought necessary to be done for saving of the king's prerogative, who hath full pre-eminence within his own realm as an absolute emperor. When the emperor hereupon answered that he was come as the king's friend, and as a mediator of peace, and not with any imperial authority, he was of the duke and other his associates received with all such honour as might be desired." In August, he re-embarked at this port ; while Baron Carew, with a fleet manned by 3,000 sailors, kept the channel free. On October 17, after a terrible storm, Henry V. landed here from France.

In 1421, HENRY V. and CATHARINE of VALOIS embarked at Calais, and landed February 1 at Dover, where, says Monstrelet, she "was received as if she had been an angel, and the people ran into the water to bear her to land on their shoulders." It was here (10th June, at daybreak) that Henry V. embarked 4,000 horsemen and 24,000 archers for his last but brilliant campaign in France, in 500 ships, commanded by the Duke of Bedford. Shakspeare records the king's arrival about the middle of May to raise these levies :

" Now we hear the king

From Calais ; grant him there ; there seen,  
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts  
Athwart the sea ; behold ! the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men with wives and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouthed sea,  
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king  
Seems to prepare the way ; so let him land,  
And solemnly see him set on for London."

On October 13 the QUEEN landed at Dover with Henry's corpse ; six noblemen carried banners of the Saints, twelve brave captains bore the pall ; and 500 men at arms in sable armour, their black horses as darkly caparisoned and with lances reversed, followed the bier whereon lay the

royal effigy ; before the funeral-car walked James, King of Scots, the Duke of Exeter, and nine other lords, while on either side marched 300 men bearing torches, and nobles with banner, bannerol, and pennon.

From this port, in 1459, the Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, fled to his government at Calais, and returned with his veterans, whose leader, Sir A. Trollope, deserted them at Ludlow and left them to scatter themselves as they best could. From Dover once more the earl escaped, and in July 1460, landing with the Earls of Salisbury and March, was met by the Primate and Lord Cobham, and so marched to victory at Northampton.

THE MARQUIS OF SUFFOLK, in 1450, was banished the land for five years to appease the murmurs and displeasure of the Commons of England for the death of the Duke of Gloucester, and in sailing to France "he was met on the sea by a ship-of-war, and there presently beheaded by a captain called Nicolas Tower, and the dead corse was cast up at Dover." In July 1810, in digging a cellar at the City of Antwerp Hotel, on the site of St. Peter's church, the workmen discovered a skull, evidently severed by beheading—perhaps that of William de la Pole ; a chalk coffin, found on the spot, was built into the wall.

Falconbridge landed here in 1471, with 300 men, and, increasing his force to 2000, marched on London.

Skelton represents EDWARD IV. saying—

" I made the tower strong, I wist not why,  
I strengthened Dover on the mountain high."

On October 6, 1492, HENRY VII. embarked at Dover to join the Emperor Maximilian in the siege of Boulogne, with an army of 25,000 infantry and 1,600 horse ; he returned in December. In 1513, June 30, HENRY VIII., leaving Katharine of Arragon to be conducted to the north by the Earl of Surrey, set out from Dover for the invasion of France, and "the Battle of Spurs." At the latter end of September, the king again landed here and rode away in haste to give a pleasant surprise to the queen at Richmond. CAMPEGGIO's mails were searched at Dover under pretence that



he was carrying off some of his brother-cardinal Wolsey's treasure, but with the real purpose of discovering the king's letters to Anna Boleyn, which were already safely lodged in the Vatican. In September, 1514, arrived at Dover the sorrowful bride the PRINCESS MARY, accompanied by Queen Katharine and Anna Boleyn. For a whole month, owing to the frequent wrecks in the Channel, she was delayed in the Castle; but before 4 A.M. on October 2, Henry VIII. led her down to the ship which carried her to a hateful marriage with Louis XII.

On May 25, 1520, on his return from Spain, the Emperor CHARLES V. landed at Dover to induce his uncle to declare war against France. Henry, on hearing the news, rode to the Castle, where he found his nephew asleep. The emperor awoke with the stir upon the king's arrival, and met him at the head of the grand staircase. On May 30, Henry VIII., with QUEEN KATHARINE, embarked here to meet Francis I. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Charles V. was at Dover again, May 26, 1522.

In 1527, July 11, WOLSEY crossed from Dover as an envoy to Francis I. On Oct. 14, 1529, ANNA BOLEYN embarked here for Calais, and having relanded on Nov. 14, was married to the king privately in the Castle.

In the summer of 1537, Henry VIII. and JANE SEYMOUR were resident at Dover. Henry was at Dover also in 1538 and 1541. Erasmus landed here, and in choice Latin bitterly reviles the boatmen as extortionate.

On December 27, 1539, ANNE OF CLEVES arrived at the Castle from Walmer. On Monday she set out in a storm for London, and was met on Barham Down by the Primate, and the Bishops of Dover, St. Asaph, Ely and St. David's. On July 14, 1544, HENRY VIII. landed here from a ship with sails of cloth of gold.

A letter of the lords of the council to Lord Cobham, August 22, 1555, desired him to order the justices of the peace and constables near the Dover road to prevent any insult by the people being offered to the king's meaner domestics. The loss of Calais inflicted an irreparable blow upon the interests and prosperity of Dover.

In September, 1555, PHILIP II. sailed from Dover; and again on July 5 for Flanders on the pretence of carrying on war in France; and Mary parted from him for ever. In December, 1555, PHILIBERT, DUKE OF SAVOY, who came to woo the Princess Elizabeth, was so sea-sick in crossing the Straits that he delayed fifteen days in Dover before he would venture into her presence. On November 29, 1586, when the French ambassador BELIEVRE landed and neglected to seek an immediate interview, the queen took advantage of the delay, vowed he was sickening for the plague, and would not see him. At the time of the Spanish Armada, LEICESTER kept at Dover a reserve of 3000 to 4000 men to reinforce the admiral's fleet.

On Saturday evening, the navy of Spain anchored in Calais roads, expecting the aid of the Guises and the flotilla of the Netherlands; and all Sunday, alongside, lay the English armament almost within gunshot; but on Monday morning, at two o'clock, squire and sheriff, pikeman and musketeer, groom and peasant, in their armed and anxious watch, and women and children praying in their fear, saw a sudden glare kindle the cliffs on either shore. The fire-ships in the midst of the Spanish fleet, the roar of the British cannon, the flying galliasses and the pursuing English, assured them that the modern Salamis was fought and won.

In 1571, April, Guido Cavalcanti, bringing a proposal of marriage between Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou from Charles IX. and Catharine de Medicis, was arrested at Dover and taken to Burleigh House, where the queen gave him an audience. In June, 1572, another envoy, Monsieur de Montmorency, landed here.

In 1574, Charles IX. offered in vain to introduce at Dover the Duc d'ALENCON as a suitor to Elizabeth. On August 25, 1601, she arrived here with the intention of enticing Henry IV. from Calais. The queen designed to make a conquest, but ingeniously hinted that she wished to communicate matters of state unknown to her ministers. Rosny (afterwards the Duke de Sully) embarked in a small boat with the king's ungallant reply, and was received

by Sir Walter Raleigh. On June 15, 1603, Rosny was again at Dover, when the Governor Thomas Wymes begged him to visit the Castle; but in his eyes the French looked too narrowly at the towers and walls, while they complained of the gratuities which their guides exacted.\* Rosny re-embarked in July, during a storm; the passage occupied an entire day, and disabled his crew of three hundred Frenchmen with sea-sickness. Archbishop Parker wrote to Lord Burleigh a letter, full of mystery and terror about a mad incendiary, whose threats against the queen had frightened the Mayor of Dover, and were such that for himself he durst only whisper them! On August 25, 1573, QUEEN ELIZABETH arrived from Folkstone, and stayed six days in the Castle. The town presented her with a gold cup.

In 1625, Sunday June 13, at 8 P.M. arrived the QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA of France. Charles had been for some days expecting her coming from Boulogne, but from the leads of the keep had watched in vain. He was at Canterbury when the news of her arrival reached him. Next morning, having ridden over in less than forty minutes, he found his bride breakfasting at the late hour of ten o'clock in the morning. On their journey to St. Augustine's, the queen found a pavilion pitched on Barham Down, and after a stately banquet, held her first court in it.

In August, 1641, MARIE DE MEDICIS, escorted by the Earl of Arundel, sailed from Dover to Holland. On February 23, 1642, the queen and Princess Mary embarked here for France, and the unhappy king rode four leagues along the shore watching the receding sails. In 1646 the faithful Lady Morton, disguised as a beggar-woman, with a hump made out of a roll of linen, carried down to the packet-boat the Princess Henrietta attired as a peasant-boy, who to her dismay kept up the shrill cry, "I am not a boy, I am a princess!" The queen, on October 28, 1660, with the Princess Henrietta, came to Dover, and was received by her son King Charles II. She sat in public, at an entertainment in the Castle, with the Princess of Orange, James, Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, while the hall

was filled with a crowd of the men, women and children of Dover. Père Gamache, her confessor, interrupted the royal chaplain while saying grace, and on the following day celebrated High Mass in the castle hall. Dover must always have been a place peculiarly dear to the Merry Monarch, as on May 25, 1660, he first set foot on its shore.

On May 11, 1660, the painters and tailors of Dover were sent to the fleet to substitute the royal arms for those of the commonwealth; their grand design resulted in a Crown and C.R., cut out of yellow cloth, being set on a white sheet. "The king," says Pepys, "was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of horsemen, citizens, and noblemen,—people of all sorts. The mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the king did give him again. The mayor also presented him, from the town, a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town, towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination." The king turned to his officers and said, "Well, gentlemen, these good folks seem so happy to see us, that it must have been our own fault that we did not gratify them sooner." The people of Dover never heard, according to Pepys, the cannonade of the great sea-battle with De Ruyter, between Dunkirk and Calais, which lasted during the best part of three days, June, 1666, although the Prince sailed with the fleet from Dover on June 1. The Londoners averred that they heard the guns at Kensington, but their neighbours said it was only thunder. A narrative of the tremendous storm of 1676 was published with the title of "The Terrible Tempest."

On June 21, 1672, MARY D'ESTE landed at Dover, and was married in the Castle in the evening to James, Duke of York, by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Oxford.

On September 8, 1679, James II., disguised by a black periwig, and recognised only by the postmaster, landed here from a small French shallop. Mackay, the Whig spy had his head quarters at Dover; but a Jacobite wrote, on the Princess Anne, a popular song, with the refrain—

“God bless our queen! and I may moreover  
Own you our queen in Berkeley Street and Dover.”

On May 19, 1652, Blake and Van Tromp passed through the Straits fighting till nightfall. The English captured one and sunk several Dutch ships.

In 1665 the plague was introduced at Dover by a servant, and 900 persons died of this horrible disorder; they were buried in the spot known as “the Graves.” On May 15, 1670, Henrietta, duchess of Orleans, came over to negotiate a treaty between Louis XIV. and Charles II. for war with the Dutch: when for a whole fortnight the Castle was a scene of reckless festivity, and Charles made acquaintance with de Querouaille.

William of Orange, in the Brill, reached the Straits at 10 a.m. on Saturday, November 3, 1688; six hundred vessels followed, the transports in the centre, with fifty men-of-war in the rear. The fleet spread for a league between Dover and Calais, the armed ships saluting the fortresses on the nearest coast. The troops paraded on deck, and the sounds of drum, trumpet, and cymbal filled the air. At noon the fleet had passed down Channel; but a courier rode post from Dover to London to announce its course. Rapin goes into ecstasies in his description of the spectacle; and Burnet is highly edified.

In 1692 a violent earthquake was felt at Dover. On August 1, 1714, the Duke of Marlborough, then returning from Ostend, was met here by Sir Thomas Frankland, to inform him that George I. had been proclaimed only that morning. The Duke landing amid the salutes of cannon and the shouts of the people, stayed the night at the house of Sir H. Furness. In 1768 Christian VII., king of Denmark landed at Dover. In April, 1776, the notorious

Duchess of Kingston, apprehensive of a writ *ne exeat regno*, crossed in an open boat at night to Calais.

On January 18, 1799, the quixotic Lord Camelford, disguised as a smuggler, arrived at the City of London Inn, designing to attack the rulers of France in their capital. He persuaded a man named Adams to convey him to Calais for twelve guineas, the very intention at that day involving death. Information was given, and he was arrested, with a poniard and two pistols on his person. The privy council, however, acquitted him of any traitorous intention, and he received His Majesty's pardon under the great seal.

The lovers of the night-side of nature will be gratified by the veracious history of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, of Dover, to Mrs. Bargrave, of Canterbury, 8th September, 1705.

On December 11, 1810, a fall of the cliff killed seven people in Snargate-street.

On April 23, 1814, LOUIS XVIII. arrived here, in H.M.S. Jason, at 11 a.m., under a salute from the Eagle, Colossus, Princess Caroline, Newcastle, some gun-brigs, and the Russian ships of the line Svetorstoff and Troche-raroff. The streets were lined with the Scots Greys, H. M.'s 43d Foot, and the Londonderry, Galway, Rutland, and Nottingham militia. The Prince Regent entertained the King, with the Duchess d'Angoulême, the Prince de Condé, and Duc de Bourbon, on board the Royal Sovereign; while the town was brilliantly illuminated. At 1 p.m. on Sunday, Louis sailed for France.

On June 6, 1814 (Monday, at 5 p.m.), arrived from Boulogne, in H.M.S. Impregnable, and landed under Archcliffe Fort, the EMPEROR of RUSSIA, the KING and PRINCESS of PRUSSIA, accompanied by Blucher, Humboldt, and Nesselrode (Count Platoff had landed in the morning), the Scots Greys lining the streets. Next day the King of Prussia sailed in the Nymphen: but the emperor visited the Castle, and did not leave till half-past six, when he embarked in H.M.S. Royal Charlotte. On June 27, they re-embarked at this port, on their return to their

respective countries. In July MARSHAL BLUCHER, and on June 28 the DUKE of WELLINGTON, landed at Dover, and the Duke was carried on men's shoulders to his hotel.

In 1819 the Persian Ambassador with his Fair Circassian landed at Dover.

On June 5, 1820, QUEEN CAROLINE, accompanied by Alderman Wood, landed at Dover, for the purpose of claiming her rights as queen.

In 1822, Châteaubriand, the French minister, landed; and scarcely had he reached his hotel, when the mayoress, Lady Mantell, with twenty-five other gentlewomen, presented themselves at the doors to pay him their compliments, when the polite Frenchman, through his secretary, suggested that instead of his receiving the ladies, they should give him a reception in the evening, at the mayor's house.

On August 30, 1839, a grand banquet was given in the Priory Meadow to the DUKE of WELLINGTON, when Lord Brougham made the opening speech. The depôts of the 27th and 90th regiments lined the streets, and the band of the 11th Hussars played during the dinner, at which 2000 guests were present.

On February 6, 1840, PRINCE ALBERT arrived here and slept at the York Hotel; on the next day he proceeded to London. On November 14, 1842, at 3 P.M., the QUEEN and Prince Albert visited Dover. On August 31, 1858, they landed here, after a foreign tour. On November 17, in the same year, the PRINCE of WALES sailed from this port to the Continent; he re-landed here December 14 following, and slept at the Lord Warden Hotel. The KING of the BELGIANS has invariably landed at Dover on his visits to her Majesty; and the royal princes who attended the marriage of the Princess Royal likewise disembarked at the pier.

On February 9, 1854, Baron Brunnow embarked here, on his return to Russia; and at 3 P.M. Sunday, March 12, the magnificent Baltic fleet, which had been led out to sea by the Sovereign in person, passed the Straits.

On August 16, 1855, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. with

the EMPRESS EUGENIE, and on November 30 the KING of SARDINIA, landed at Dover on visits to her Majesty.

On April 1, 1856, LORD CLARENDON landed at Dover from the Congress at Paris; and on June 16, SIR FENWICK WILLIAMS, from his heroic defence of Kars.

In 1744 and 1787 the learned Dr. King was at Dover, making valuable observations on the Church in the Castle and the Pharos. On July 20, 1650, the amiable Lisle Bowles wrote his Ninth Sonnet here :—

“On these white cliffs that, calm above the flood,  
Uplift their shadowing heads, and at their feet  
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,  
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood ;  
And—whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,  
And o’er the distant waters the still eve  
Sailed slow—has thought of all his heart must leave  
To-morrow ;—of the friends he loved most dear,  
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part.  
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all  
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,  
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,  
And brave the wild wind and unhearing tide,  
The world his country, and his GOD his guide.”

Cole, the laborious antiquary, visited Dover in 1735 and 1769, but, contrary to anticipation, appears to have taken no interest in the town. He merely mentions Churchill's monument in a surly way ; and complaining of detention at the Golden Lion and Silver Head for some days, gives us his long tavern bill, with a sigh that he cannot see Dover from the coast of France. Gray, in his journal, contents himself with a bare mention of the town. Lord Byron alludes to—

. . . . “Albion's earliest beauties :  
Thy cliffs, dear Dover ! harbour and hotel ;  
Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties ;  
Thy waiters running mucks at every bell ;  
Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties  
To those who upon land or water dwell.  
And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,  
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.”



Dickens makes David Copperfield come twice to Dover ; on the first occasion over the "bare wild hills" to his aunt's house as a homeless boy, and again as a sorrowing man.

Wordsworth celebrates his landing in a happier strain :

"Dear fellow-traveller ! here we are once more,  
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound  
Of bells, those boys who in yon meadow-land  
In white-sleeved shirts are playing, and the roar  
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore,  
All, all are English. Oft have I looked around  
With joy on Kent's green vales, but never found  
Myself so satisfied in heart before."

### HISTORY OF THE TOWN.

We now resume the history of the fortunes of the town from the times of the Plantagenets and Tudors (p. 26). The French invasion, in 1295, dealt them a deadly blow ; followed gradually by the decay of the haven, the suppression of the religious houses, and the loss of Calais. "By the reign of Elizabeth it was brought," says Lambard, "to miserable nakedness and decay," although the victualling of the royal ships contributed some advantage to the inhabitants. In an intercepted letter, dated Calais, 23rd November, 1587, from Ingram Thewyng to Hugh Owen at Dunkirk, it is suggested that letters conveying intelligence of affairs in England, where there was a general rising, should be laid in a cleft of a rock at Dover, and answers from abroad placed in their stead. Captain Thomas Mosset, in a humorous letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, tells him of a Spaniard who had laid out his whole estate to furnish a ship for the Armada, but falling sick, was unable to sail in her. On his recovery, the Don came in a pinnace, with an appointment from the Spanish king to be made Constable of Dover Castle, as he thought that it was high time for England to be a vassal fief of Spain. It would be a curious coincidence could we identify

the Don's ship with that mighty galleon of the Spanish fleet which was beguiled into the shallows and burned by the men of Dover.

In 1635 Dover is thus described :—"This long town is indifferently well built, more especially about the Market-place, where they have a fair Town Hall built, with two squares and twenty wooden arches, wherein Mr. Mayor, with his white staff of authority and three maces, with his whole jury of jurats, sits to execute justice. The inhabitants are English, French, and Dutch, for whom there are two churches to perform their devotions, and as many captains to execute their arms with." The Prize-office, in 1666, was removed from Dover to the London district. Sir Thomas Peyton and the other commissioners received a compensation of 500*l.* a-piece.

Beside the Western Pharos, the Templar's Preceptory, the Chapel of our Lady of Pity, the Maison-Dieu, with a truncated spire on the tower, the spires of St. John's Church, the Priory Church, St. Martin's le Grand, and St. Mary's, and the steeples of St. Nicholas Bench Street and St. Peter's Market Place, two round towers, built by Clark, in the reign of Henry VII., A.D. 1498, were conspicuous objects in the times of the Tudors. In 1798 the foundations of one with a great mooring-ring were discovered in Round Tower Street. The defences of the port were the Archcliff and Black Bulwarks ; the present basin is marked as the Grand Parade ; it also bore the name of the Great Paradise. Holinshed thus accounts for this singular title :—"In a sudden flaw or storm of wind at S.E. there hath been seven or eight ships broken all to pieces in one day upon the said cliffs. To relieve and amend the same harbour, and somewhat to mitigate the foresaid inconvenience, there was a round tower built by one John Clarke, priest, master of the Maison de Dieu, about the year 1500, at the S.W. part of the bay, which served somewhat to defend the ships from the rage of the S.W. wind, but especially to moor the ships, which were tied thereunto. For many great rings were fastened to the same tower, for that hereby that part of the bay was made so pleasant

as ever after that corner hath been named, and is at this day called, Little Paradise." Two fortified jetties projected into the sea ; and a curtain, with five embrasures, connected the westernmost with a tower of two stories. Another later view represents the old CUSTOM HOUSE, with its platform paved with stone, and mounted with four pieces of ordnance, a penniless bench, and the merchants meeting on 'Change, as was their wont, between eleven and one o'clock. It bore the name of the THREE GUN BATTERY until 1799, when the corporation sold the site and materials to the inhabitants, who undertook to build the new bridge between Bench Street and Waterloo Crescent. A house erected at the Old Dock by Arnold Braems, in 1662, became the Custom House after the Restoration. In 1806 it gave place to the present structure. An old house of the 17th century adjoined it, with quaint gables, pilasters, twisted chimneys, and a rich entablature.

In Buck's map, 1739, Shakspeare's Cliff appears as Arch-Cliff. The Archcliff Fort is mounted with four guns ; a drawbridge, with an almshouse adjoining it on the south, leads to the Pent ; a ropewalk extends along the beach. Slightly withdrawn from the crest of the cliff, on the side of the Drop Redoubt, was the western Pharos of the Romans : to the west of *Butchery Gate*, and next the Custom House, is the Bench, a fort of three guns. Biggin and Cow Gates still remain. Moat's Bulwark is under the East Cliff. As late as 1762 St. Mary's stood in the fields. With the exception of a Bowling Alley on the beach, dating from the reign of Charles I., there was no house on the shore till 1791, when the father of Sir Sydney Smith (whose night attacks upon the French coast often startled his fellow-townsmen in after years) built *Smith's Folly*, a curious imitation of a fort, roofed with inverted boats, near the castle jetty. In 1778 and 1780 Acts were passed for paving and lighting the town. In 1822 gas was introduced ; and in 1835 an Act provided for further improvements. The next house erected was called, after the then Lord Warden, Liverpool House. The Marine Parade, Liverpool Terrace,

with the houses under the East Cliff were commenced in 1817 ; and Guildford and Clarence Lawns begun shortly afterwards. The Esplanade, in 1833, Waterloo Crescent in 1834, were the next important additions. Camden Crescent was built in 1840. In 1852 the Quays were added round the Pent. It only remains to remark that the picturesque Snargate Street [in Saxon meaning "the hewn way"] derives its name from a village in Romney Marsh.

THE TITLE OF DOVER has been borne by the following distinguished noblemen :—

I. *Henry Carey*, fourth Lord Hunsdon ; created by Charles I. *Earl of Dover* March 8, 1628. He died 1666 ; his son died 1677, without issue.

II. *Hon. Henry Jermyn*, created by James II. *Baron Dover*, May 13, 1685, died in 1708, without issue male.

III. *James Douglas*, *Earl of Queensberry* ; created May 26, 1708, *Duke of Dover*. His son Charles died without issue.

IV. *Hon. Joseph Yorke*, created, Sept. 18, 1788, *Baron Dover* ; died without issue male, 1792.

V. *Right Hon. George James Welbore Ellis*, *F.R.S. F.S.A.* ; created June 20, 1831, *Baron Dover* ; died July 10, 1833. The title is now borne by his son Henry, Viscount Cliefden.

Fulbert de Dover was Baron Chilham by tenure in the twelfth century, but the title died out in the following century.

MUNICIPAL SEAL.—The ancient seal of Dover represents, in the centre of a quatrefoil, the spandrels of which are charged with sea lions, St. Martin, at the gates of Amiens cutting his cloak asunder to give one half to a beggar. The legend is, "Sigillum maiorum portus Dovorie."

CUSTOMS.—Several of the customs were very curious—usages claimed by prescription time out of mind. If any man refused the office of mayor or jurat, his house might be pulled down. The mayor was guardian of

orphans; and a penal law enacted that a pickpocket or outpurse should be pilloried, and expelled the town with the loss of an ear; the fellow-ear to be forfeited if the mutilated wretch ventured to return. For a branded thief, at Dover and Folkstone, the nearest cliff served as a Tarpeian rock. The "Customals of the Town and Port," 4th Edward VI., are in the British Museum. The town was incorporated in the reign of Edward III., under the style of the Mayor, Jurats, and Commonalty of the town and port of Dover. They surrendered their old charter to Colonel Strode, Lord Warden, by command of Charles II. The present charter is dated August, 1684. The borough has returned two members to parliament since the 18th year of Edward II.

## STATISTICS AND POPULATION.

	Area. Statute Acres.	1841			1851		
		HOUSES.			HOUSES.		
		Inhab.	Uninh.	Bulldg.	Inhab.	Uninh.	Bld.
St. James's	9,935	1498	108	25	1832	137	7
St. Mary's	125	1863	64	5	1895	96	5
Hougham	19,827	1027	47	10	1176	88	.
POPULATION.							
	1801	1811	1821	1831	1841	1851	
St. James's	3,027	3,602	4,482	6,060	8,626	10,278	
St. Mary's	5,757	7,634	8,653	9,755	10,159	10,733	
Hougham	2,654	3,528	4,201	4,777	5,738	7,314	
	11,438	14,764	17,336	20,592	24,523	27,625	

## GEOLOGY OF DOVER.

The strata round Dover are the following :—

I. *Chalk with numerous flints.*—After leaving St. Margaret's Bay, the flints increase in distance and in thickness to the *East Cliff*, of which this stratum forms the summit, but below the alluvium, where thick beds, some more than a foot thick, protrude two feet beyond the chalk : on the *Western Heights* it forms the summit. There are four chambers below the citadel, which were hollowed out for troops in the war with France, driven 100 ft. into the hill, and each 20 ft. wide and 15 ft. high ; their roofs are a bed of flint. Forty feet below the crest of the *East Cliff* lies a bed like hard chalk marl, parallel to the flint layers, 18 in. thick, and of a brownish-yellow colour. These fossils are found in this stratum : *Plagiostoma spinosa* ; *Inoceramus Cuvieri* ; *Terebratula carnea*, *semiglobosa*, *subundulata* ; *echini* and sponges.

II. *One large bed of Organic Remains, with flints interspersed.*—This stratum appears on the crown of *Shakespeare's Cliff*, along the upper portion of the *Western Heights* above the road ; and in the middle of the *East Cliff*, at about one-third of its height : from the occurrence of several veins and ochreous marks of sponges, it wears a greyish appearance. The following fossils occur : *Plagiostoma spinosa* ; *nautilus* ; *Terebratula lacunosa* ; *lyra* ; *umbonata* ; *echini galeæ*, *spatangi*, *cedares*, *cucumerini*, *clavated* and *muricated* ; sponges ; *alcyonia*.

III. *Chalk, with few flints*, a soft, white stratum containing a few organic remains and ochreous marks of sponges. It underlies the last stratum in each of the three instances named ; containing iron pyrites ; bony palates and vertebræ of fishes ; *nautilus* ; *ammonites* ; *teredo annularis* ; *plagiostoma spinosa* ; *pecten* ; *inocerami Lamarckii* ; *terebratula* ; *alcyonia*.

IV. *Chalk without flints* appears in the low cliffs on the west, except at the summit, where there are a few flints. The chalk contains numerous thin beds of organic remains.

It lies under the last named stratum at *Shakspeare's Cliff*, and reaches the west side of the harbour. The fossils are ammonites, circular, 12 to 18 in. in diameter; two varieties of echinus, cordated and galeated; nautilus; teredo annulus; inocerami; terebratula sulcata; sponges; alcyonia.

V. *Grey Chalk without flints* occurs at the foot of *Shakspeare's Cliff*, separated from the last-named stratum by a bed of soft marl 50 ft. thick, and containing solenensis, masses of pyrites, cylindrical and spherical; and a few sponges.

VI. *Grey Chalk* occurs westward of *Shakspeare's Cliff*, and contains Ammonites splendens; auritus; serratus; subplanus; ornitus; hausus; lautus; pecten; nucula; similis; pectinata; Terebratula sulcata; anomia; Belemnite, hamites, elegans; pleurotoma; teredo; Inoceramus sulcatus; concentricus; and nautilus, near Lydden Spout.

VII. *Green Sand* and *Blue Marl*.

VIII. *Alluvium* on the crest of the East Hill, 1 ft. thick; on low cliffs to the S.W. 15 ft. thick; and on *Shakspeare's Cliff* 2 ft. thick.

## BOTANY OF DOVER.

**RARER PLANTS.**—*Hills*.—*Asperula cynanchica*; *Carduus acaulis*; *Hippocrepis comosa*; *Gentiana amarella*; *Geranium columbinum*; *Smyrnum olusatrum*; *Orchis cornopæa*; *Ophrys aranifera*; *Hypnum lutescens*.]

*Woods*.—*Veronica montana*; *Paris quadrifolia*; *Hypericum androsæmum*.

*St. Rhadegund's*.—*Agaricus psittacinus*; *Peziza inflexa*; *Hypnum squamosum*; *H. purum*; *Aquilegia vulgaris*.

*Polton*.—*Carduus eriophorus*.

*Alkham*.—*Serapias latifolia*; *Ophrys nidus avis*.

*Combe Wood*.—*Ophrys muscifera*.

*Waldershare*.—*Hypnum Smithii*; *Minium undulatum*; *M. hornum*; *Lathyrus sylvestris*.

*Hougham*.—*Narcissus poeticus*; *Orobanche ramosa*.

*Lydden Spout.*—*Poa distans*. *Lydden Hill.*—*Verbascum nigrum*.

*Folkstone Road.*—*Iris foetidissima*.

*Buckland.*—*Fontinalis secunda*.

*Cliffs.*—*Crithmum maritimum*; *Silene nutans*.

*Priory Walls.*—*Hypnum tenellum*.

*Inner Castle Wall* (outside).—*Brigum unguiculatum*.

*Near Archcliffe.*—*Frankenia levis*; *Papaver hybridum*.

*The Elms.*—*Valeriana rubra*; *Vinca minor*.

*Foreland Meadow.*—*Orchis ustulata*; *Ophrys spiralis*.

*St. Margaret's Bay.*—*Crambe maritima*.

*Shakespeare's Cliff.*—*Euphorbia paralias*; *Brassica oleracea*.

*Rocks.*—*Fucus plumosus*; *filum* (after storms); *Opuntia*.

*Beach.*—*Ulva dichotoma*; *rubra*; *Sedum angelicum*; *Geranium lucidum* (west shore).

*Neighbourhood.*—*Rotholla incuriata*; *Smyrnum olusatrum*; *Chlora perfoliata*; *Ophrys apifera*; *Fucus radiatus*; *subfuscus*; *articulatus*; *confervoides*; *Conferva equisetifolia*; *verticellata*; *fucicola*; *elongata*; *ciliata*; *nodulosa*; *diaphana*; *bysoides*; *gelatinosa*.

## CINQUE PORTS.

The establishment of the Cinque-Ports occurred certainly in the reign of Edward the Confessor, but their complete organisation as a means of communication with the Continent must be referred to William I. This king erected the maritime district they include into an independent government, with a kind of palatine jurisdiction under a warden, who exercised civil, military, and naval power. The Norman titles of jurats (at first, probably, Norman settlers) and barons (a name implying political influence), in place of the denominations of aldermen, freemen, and burgesses, attest foreign constitution. The original Cinque Ports consisted of Dover, Sandwich, Romney (these three only are mentioned in Domesday), Hythe in Kent, and Hastings in Sussex, each having subordinate towns, called Members. Thus even at the



commencement of the present century, to Dover were attached Folkstone, distant 7 miles ; St. John's, Margate, 21 miles ; St. Peter's, 19 miles ; Ringwould, 5 miles ; Birchington, 20 miles ; Faversham, 25 miles : and to Sandwich belonged Deal, distant 6 miles ; Walmer, 8 miles ; Ramsgate, 4 miles ; Fordwich, 10 miles ; Sarr, 5 miles ; and Brightlingsea, 40 miles.

The formation of a royal navy after the Restoration, and the changes in the sea-coast, led to the extinction of the service of furnishing ships in time of war, in consideration of which the privileges of the Cinque Ports were granted. Rye and Winchelsea, the ancient ports added by Henry III., as well as Romney and Sandwich, are now inland towns ; Folkstone a modern town (the old site being covered by the sea), has been added to Hythe to compose a parliamentary borough ; Hastings has no harbour. The representatives were reduced one half by the Reform Bill of 1832—Dover, Sandwich, and Hastings returning each two members, and Rye and Hythe one each. Dover, Hastings, and Deal (the latter incorporated by William III.) were allowed by the Municipal Reform Act to have a commission of peace, while Hythe, Folkstone, and Sandwich could only possess it on petition of the municipal council and by grant of the Crown.

There were three courts anciently held : the Court of Shepway, of which the Lord Warden was president, with the mayors, bailiffs, and a certain number of jurats of each town, and which took cognizance of treason, sedition, counterfeit of coin, and concealment of treasure trove ; the Court of Brotherhood, composed of the mayors of the Cinque Ports and certain jurats, to regulate the affairs of the association of ports, and superintend their affairs, at Yarmouth, in Norfolk ; to assess the port, and apportion the service of ships, and settle disputes ; and the Court of Guestling, in which there sat a number of *invited* assessors, the mayors of all the corporate towns, with jurats from each of them. Latterly they have been held only for the election of barons before a coronation. These, twenty-five in number, had the privilege of carrying the canopy with.

silver bells and staves over the king, and dining at the sovereign's right hand at the feast in Westminster Hall.

The charter of the Cinque Ports was renewed by Charles II., in the 20th year of his reign, and confirmed by James II. The barons wore doublets of crimson satin, gowns faced with the same material, scarlet hose, and caps and shoes of blue velvet. The canopy was given to Dover at the coronations of Katharine of Valois, Edward IV., the consort of Richard III., Anne Boleyn, and Queen Elizabeth; but after that period was allotted to the ports in the order thus established 25 Hen. VIII.—Dover and Romney; Sandwich, Hythe, Rye; Hastings and Winchelsea.

### THE CASTLE.

"Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No tower along the steep,  
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,  
Her home is on the deep."

The Castle (which possessed two sallyports, barbicans, and thirteen towers, most of which still remain) is seated on a precipice 320 feet above the shore, and about a mile N.E. of the town, of which, though extra-parochial, it was constituted part by Act 54 Geo. III., c. 17. Containing within its circuit thirty-five acres of ground, with its massive walls and grey sombre turrets and posterns, it seems a citadel within a town of itself. It stands out dark and magnificent against the background of sky, and "the fame thereof," adds honest Lambarde, "is with our ancient storiers above all other most blazing and glorious." For 1800 years the cliff, which is almost a promontory, has guided the seaman to the shores of England, and for seven centuries it has formed the British Gibraltar. Cicero alluded to its cliffs when he described to Atticus "the approaches of England fortified by wondrous masses," and the coins of Hadrian are stamped with the figure of Britannia seated on rocks; while in allusion to its strength the Bohemian averred that "it was the work of foul fiends, for its equal could not be found in all Christendom."

The site being bluff and steep towards the valley, and impregnable on the sea side, was made the stronghold of the Roman, and it has been said that the legendary Saxon chieftain, Horsa, was governor here.

The position was sufficiently strong in natural defences to deter the Danes from making any attempt upon it. Subsequently it received some artificial strength; for William of Poitiers says, "The Castle is seated on a cliff near the sea, which, naturally sheer, is on every side hewn with tools of iron into entrenchments; and toward the sea rises precipitously as high as a bow-shot." William the Norman required from Harold the surrender of Dover Castle, with the well in the north angle of the keep, as the price of his nephew's ransom. Each of the three wells in the Castle was upwards of 370 feet in depth. The bucket of one now in use holds half a hogshead of water. Harold refused to comply; the battle of Hastings was fought; a large body of people threw themselves into the Castle, believing it impregnable; but at the approach of the Norman army they relied "neither on the defences of nature and art, nor on their multitude." Stephen de Ashburnham, the Castellan, and his garrison, surrendered the place, panic-struck, without a blow. During eight days, the Conqueror employed his army in strengthening the defences; but his troops falling ill of dysentery, he left a sufficient force at Dover, and began his march towards London. William, fully appreciating the importance of the fortress, as "the lock and key of the realm," gave it in trust to Odo, the warlike Bishop of Bayeux; who proved so tyrannical a master that the Kentish men prevailed on Eustace, Count of Boulogne, to attempt a surprise, 1067. He arrived in the absence of Odo and Hugh de Montfort, with the hope of effecting an easy conquest; but the garrison offered a determined defence, and even threatened to make a sally. Eustace was compelled to order a retreat, and the Normans fell with fury on his men, some of whom in their despair hurled themselves from the cliffs; others crowded into the ships with such haste as to upset them, and the rest threw the reserves into con-

fusion. In 1069 the Danes attempted a landing, but were repulsed with great loss by the royal troops.

William shortly after took the castle into his own hands ; but, having strengthened its defences, intrusted it to Sir John de Fiennes and eight Norman knights, D'Avranches, Lucy, Arsic, Peverel, Maynemouth, Porthes, Crevecœur, and Fitzwilliam. These knights held their lands by the tenure of castle-guard, each of them being bound to maintain a certain number of men-at-arms—in all 112 ; twenty-five of whom were to be on guard in succession, besides keeping in efficient repair a tower which bore his name, with a portion of the adjoining ramparts. The entire garrison has been estimated at 1,000 men. Kilburne states the number of knights'-fees given to Fiennes to have been 126 ; the Sandwich MS. 115 ; and Lambarde 56. On the death of William I. Eudo, the governor, seized on the castles of Dover and Pevensey for William Rufus.

In 1137, *King Stephen*, in his wars with the Empress Maud, never desisted from his endeavours, until, by means of Robert, Earl of Derby, he prevailed upon the governor, Walkelyn Maminot, who had wrested it from Robert, Earl of Gloucester, to surrender it into his hands. He was at the time besieged by the queen, who was Countess of Boulogne in her own right, on the land side, while the Boulognese, her subjects, blockaded the straits with a powerful fleet.

In 1216, Hubert de Burgh, with his wonted patriotic and intrepid fidelity disdaining the bribes of Louis the Dauphin, compelled the French troops to retire after a close siege. Upon St. John's day the Frenchmen began to batter the walls along the north side with engines of war, but so many of their number were destroyed by stout Hubert, his 140 knights and soldiers, reinforced by Stephen de Pincester with 400 men, that the enemy were compelled to withdraw the shattered remains of their rude artillery. Louis swore a mighty oath that he would not quit the spot till he saw the French flag wave on the keep, and the whole garrison, man by man, hanged on the gibbet ; and to prove that he was in earnest, he built shops down

the slopes of the hill. At length King John died ; but in vain Louis now sent William Long-Spée, with Hubert's younger brother and forty barons, as his envoys, to persuade the heroic castellan to yield. The most splendid promises and craftiest arguments alike failed. Hubert replied that he held the castle for England ; and the man who betrayed his prince and country could never be honoured by true knight or king. Louis, in despair, broke up his leaguer, and when his father, King Philip, heard that the dauphin had been foiled before it, he vowed, by the arm of St. James, that his son, without Dover Castle, had not won a foot of ground in England. Hubert wisely added a parapet on the spur to the north, and constructed souterrains ; whilst, in order to keep up a permanent garrison, he, in 1258, changed the service of castle-guard for a land-tax of 10s. a year for every soldier the knights were bound by their tenure of "castle-ward" to maintain ; he also abolished the right of forage on the Kentish-men.

In the spring of 1217 Louis repeated his attempt, but with as little success.

In the wars of the barons, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, seized the castle and retained it as the prison of his captives ; but on his overthrow, in 1266, Prince Edward, who had been his captive here in 1264, recovered it, with the aid of the prisoners in the keep, who simultaneously with his assault rose upon the garrison.

Kings Edward I., II., and III. resided in the castle at various times. King John lodged in it Jan. 15, 1213 ; in 1313 the confiscation of the estates of the Knights Templars was signed in the Great Hall. In February 1310, Edward and his queen kept their bridal feast in it ; in May, 1313 they were again its guests. On June 18, 1320, Edward held a council previous to his departure for France. On Sept. 19, 1325, the king signed here the deed of homage for the duchy of Aquitaine, the queen having previously sailed from Dover to compose some matters of state at the court of France. In 1339 and in 1364 the castle was honoured with royal visits. The frequent occu-

pation of it by Henry VIII., and his queens and guests, as well as the visits of Elizabeth and Charles I., have been already noted.

King Edward IV. laid out 10,000*l.* upon the defences. Henry VIII., who, in his 23rd year, abolished the payment of the rents of castle-ward, giving in lieu to the Lord Warden 150*l.* a year, and his successors, Queen Elizabeth and Charles I., all expended money upon hangings, furniture, and repairs, rather than on the maintenance of the fortress. From 1576 to 1582 repeated applications appear to have been made in vain to prevent its further decay, restore it where ruinous—especially on the south side—and place the walls in a proper state of defence. At last the civil war broke out, and found the armoury destitute of weapons, the arsenal of ammunition, the ramparts with a show of forty or fifty cannon; but even these were dismounted. The Parliamentary party in Dover was not likely to overlook such an opportunity. At midnight on Aug. 21, 1642, one Dawkes, or Daux, a petty trader in the town, with ten or twelve bold comrades, quietly took their way to an easy capture; at 2 A.M. they had scaled the slope on the north side, disarmed the sleepy sentinels, and made themselves masters of the place. The Earl of Warwick, who was then at Canterbury, immediately reinforced the slender garrison with 50 soldiers and 70 townsfolk; and in vain the unhappy cavaliers attempted to wrest it from them. Master Daux had but a sorry time of it. According to his deserts, he expected to be made, at least, the governor of the castle, but finding himself neglected, in a fit of revenge and disappointed ambition, he entered into a plan with others to betray it to the king. He died before his scheme could be put in execution. However, one Bray, with several loyal townsmen of Dover, entered into negotiations with Sir Henry Nicholas at Oxford, who marred the prospect of success by his timid and irresolute conduct. In June, 1648, Sir Richard Hardress, with 2,000 men, and some horse from Rochester, occupied the block-house, established a siege, and fired 500 shot into the castle; but Colonel Rich, Sir Miles Livesey, and others,

made a sortie, repulsed the assailants, and captured thirty cannon.

On April 6, 1680, part of the southern cliffs was thrown down by an earthquake. Although Charles II. and James II. resided in the castle, no attention was paid to it; nor for nearly a century later was it better cared for. In 1701 there were 47 cannon mounted. "It is now," says Defoe, bitterly, "neglected and in decay, and its materials at the mercy of those whose appointments give them power over it." In 1745 an additional barrack, capable of holding a single regiment, was erected; and in the beginning of the present century the engineers first thought of constructing a military road, to be commanded by the guns; while the old Deal road, till that period situated in a hollow, was highly inconvenient to the residents in the castle, and would have afforded every advantage to an enemy. Foot passengers can mount by the "Hundred Steps" from the Deal road, which is the most direct ascent. Commanded as it was by the hills on the N.W. and S.W., it was then only that the Horse-Shoe Battery was formed, or any precaution taken for the retreat of the garrison; 40,000*l.* were spent on the fortifications, and a shaft, with loopholes for musketry, sunk in the East Cliff, leading down to the beach. During the French revolutionary war, galleries and casemated barracks were constructed in the cliff, affording accommodation for 10,000 men. In 1856, the casemates overlooking the sea were remodelled, and first occupied by troops; the new quarters erected by Salvin, of London, at a cost of 50,000*l.*, were occupied by the officers of the Bedfordshire militia in the autumn of 1858. No apprehension need be entertained for the security of the castle now; the formation of interminable galleries, loopholed casemates, ditches, drawbridges, advanced works, and the supply of cannon of the heaviest calibre, have rendered it impregnable. At the turnpike the hill is 390 ft. high; on the sea side, the East Cliff is 50 ft. lower.

On Friday, Jan. 7, 1785, Dr. Jeffries, and Blanchard, the famous French aéronaut, fearing the rivalry of Mr.

Sadler, who threatened to compete with them, embarked here in a balloon, in the quadrangle of the keep, at 1 P.M., the wind blowing NNW. They safely crossed the channel, and landed in the forest of Guisnes at 3.30 P.M. About twenty years ago, a charlatan gave out that he would fly from the summit of the cliff; a mob assembled to witness the spectacle, when a man came forward clad in a corslet, knit to a succession of small blocks, which were fastened to a rope fixed to the summit of the cliff, the lower end being secured on the sands beneath. He leaped out for some yards into the air; but the gear became jammed, and the ropes would not run through the blocks, and there he hung midway, like Mahomet's coffin, for a considerable time. On the following day, however, he accomplished the feat. In 1817, the evening gun was first fired from the castle.

The castle may be broadly described as consisting of an inner and outer court, defended by deep, broad, dry ditches, with subterranean passages communicating with the towers. The inner court encloses the keep; the outer court is defended by a curtain, with towers at intervals, except on the sea side. On the west side, upon the eminence crossed by the East Langdon Hill, is a circular camp, with a single ditch and rampart, probably an advanced work to defend the approaches in very early times. The keep is supposed to occupy the site of the Roman *Prætorium*, and the church that of the *Sacellum*; the entrenchments round the latter, 400 ft. by 145 ft., are of an oval form, and consisted of a deep ditch and mound, which remain even now for the most part. The Saxons added works to the westward, strengthened with twenty buttress towers, which the Normans remodelled: they are now, with one exception on the inner side, square or oblong. Portions of the Outer Bailey are Early English, and some features of the style are recognisable in the gateways of the Inner Bailey, which, with the portcullis, are principally Norman. The Constable's Gate is Early Decorated.

On the west side appears a long line of towers. We shall



notice them severally, reckoning northwards from the sea. The names of the eight knights of Sir John de Fiennes will recur to the reader in connection with the towers. The gate of the canons or monks is scarcely discoverable ; the site is due south of the drawbridge, erected 1797. The Duke of Wellington, on his first visit as Lord Warden, narrowly escaped death here ; the shouts of some children startled his horse, which threw him on the road instead of into the deep fosse below. On the north of this is *Rokesley's Tower* ; then, still following the rise of the hill, *Fulbert de Dover's Tower*, long a prison for bankrupts and debtors, under the charge of an official entitled "Bodar," till the prison was removed to Maidstone. The inmates used to tingle a little bell when visitors passed, and protrude a board thus inscribed :—

"Oh ! ye whose hours exempt from sorrow flow,  
Behold the seat of pain and want and woe ;  
Think while your hands entreated alms extend,  
That what to us ye give to God ye lend."

The next is *Hirst's Tower*—here the wall bends inward ; then occur *Arsick*, or as it was called in Henry III.'s reign, *Saye's Tower*, *Gatton Tower*, built by Peverell, and *Peverell's Beauchamp* or *Marshal's Tower* : the latter is strikingly effective and picturesque ; the gate being set between a square and circular tower, the last having a conical roof ; a small belt of trees divides it from the walls of the inner Bailey and the keep above ; while below is spread one of the grandest panoramas which England can offer. In 1771 upwards of one hundred feet of this wall fell down. The next is Port Gostling or *Mary Tower*, so called from having been rebuilt by Queen Mary ; then occurs the principal entrance of the castle, grand and imposing, composed of an enormous archway set between two embattled towers. This is the New, Constable's or *Fiennes' Gate* ; in it resided Bluff Hal and Anne Boleyn ; and in 1817 the Duke and Duchess of Clarence. To this succeed *Clopton's Tower*, built by John de Fiennes, and rebuilt in the time of Edward IV. ; *Godefoy's Tower*, built by Fulbert de Dover ;

and the circular *Crevecoeur Tower*. In the fosse, with a souterrain leading to the Spur, is *St. John's Tower*; on the east side are *Mamminot's Towers*, to which succeeds the *Fitzwilliam Tower*; there are two watch-towers beyond; and at the angle the *Arranches Tower*, flanked on the west side of the ditch by the *Pincester* or *Veville Tower*. The only other tower of interest is *Colton's* (or *Cocklecrow Gate*), which stands over the lane hewn in the chalk, leading from the Pharos and church to the chief or high road from the drawbridge to Peverell's gate. It was rebuilt by Lord Grey of Colton, about the year 1259, and on the north face has the arms of Lord Burghersh, of the time of Edward III., azure, a lion rampant, double queued, or.

The entrance to the Inner Bailey is by the *Well Gate*; and on entering the court some slight remains of the older buildings may be traced; but since the year 1797 successive alterations have wellnigh obliterated them. On the south-east side stood the Duke of Suffolk's Tower and Palace Gate, the old Arsenal, and Royal Kitchen; on the north-east side was King Arthur's Hall; on the south-west side, near the Gore Tower, Guinevra's Chamber, which in the time of Henry VIII. was used as a store-room. The King's Gate was on the north-west, where the entrance is now to St. John's Tower. During the American war the Ordnance contrived to sweep away the Valence, Clinton, and Mortimer Towers on the outer side of the fosse, round the church; and still later the Arthur Gate, and Harcourt and Armourer's Towers.

*The Keep* is a massive square structure, with walls 20 feet thick: on the south side measuring 103 feet; on the north, 108 feet; and on the other sides, 123 feet. It was built in the reign of Henry II., in 1153, under the superintendence of the accomplished Bishop Gundulph, the architect of Rochester Castle and the Tower of London. The timbers and roofs were much injured by French prisoners in the reign of Queen Anne, 1500 of them being confined here, 1706—10. The north turret is 91 feet 9 inches from the ground, and 465 feet above low water mark, at spring tide, and 26 miles from Calais and Dun-

kirk. It was used by Major-General Roy and the member of the French Academy of Science to estimate the distance between the Observatories of Greenwich and Paris. The tower is composed of two stories above the ground-floor. The ground-floor—the ancient store magazine—had originally no external entrance; but a flight of stairs led down to it from within; it is composed of a nave of two aisles, divided by three massive piers; the walls were loop-holed for the archers, and the wall galleries and dungeons remain.

A steep flight of stairs on the south-east side leads to the first story on the outer side: on the right of the landing-place is the *Guard Room*, and to the east a beautiful Norman *Chapel*, with a vestibule, or open porch; a cheveroned arch, with a doorway of two orders, forms the entrance; the east and south windows are deeply splayed, and the whole building is an admirable instance of a successful combination of richness with chaste ornament. As in the story below, the walls are loop-holed, and have galleries; but there are two rooms, each 50 by 25 feet.

On the *Grand Staircase*, leading to the upper story, in which were the *Royal Apartments*, is the *Clock*, perhaps the most ancient now extant; it is of the 15th century. At the left of the entrance of the royal rooms is the famous well which Harold promised to yield to the Norman; it once measured 400 feet to the water, but now only 293 feet, having been filled with rubbish by the French prisoners taken in the wars of Marlborough.

In 1800 bomb-proof arches were constructed over the summit of the tower, and mounted with cannon; the guns, 8-inch 64-pounders, are of long range, and elevated on a traversing platform. As we lean on these tremendous engines of modern warfare, it is no wonder if the imagination transports us back to other days, to the memories that people yonder sunny bay and quiet town below, which form a spectacle of picturesque magnificence scarcely to be surpassed by any in the world; no wonder, indeed, having just trod the stairs which kings and queens, noble knights and squires, mounted centuries ago, and where the eye reaches to the Forelands, Sandwich, Richborough, Re-

culver, Minster, Dunkirk and Calais. There is a rampart and a wide deep fosse supplied by the Dour and the sea; the osier-bound coracle of the fisher lies in the sun upon the shore; the rude arms of the hunter rest idle against the door-post of the wattled huts of the enclosure, and far away looms the dark Druid's circle; suddenly the flashing of mighty oars, the glitter of coats of mail, and the gleam of eagles, proclaim that the Caesar is come; but the hills swarm with the hardy Britons, and although no weapon is cast, nor braggart shout raised, slowly the galleys go oaring on their way. Years pass, and the bright lights of the double Pharos shine night by night from either cliff; the sentinels' watch-towers rise along the eastern steep; walls and gates girdle-in the town; but at length the watch-fire is not kindled, the soldier no longer goes his round, and sad eyes watch the homeward sailing of the legionaries which leaves Kent and England to despair.

Within high garden-walls the solitary Saxon builds his houses of stone; he buries his dead outside the town, opposite yon tower of the Maison Dieu, and hovel and miry lane overlay the tessellated floors over which St. Mary's tower now lifts its spire above the trees. The Danish raven sails harmless down the channel; but where King Arthur landed with his paladins, the base Count of Boulogne sheds the blood of the burghers, and Earl Godwin frets in his stronghold, and the weak Confessor temporises when he appeals for judgment; and Edward goes to his rest, and Harold, the last Saxon, dies, to give place to cruel, pitiless William, who proudly spurs his barb up the hill, to slake his thirst at the well in the keep, which his good sword has won. A little while, and then comes Count Stephen—his brow clouded as though the crown he wore was burning iron, and the sceptre a weary burden—comes to die.

Merrily ring the bells of St. Martin's as the Prior welcomes King Henry and Louis on their way to kneel at the shrine of the murdered primate in Canterbury. Merrily they ring as the Cœur-de-Lion and his Red-cross Knights embark for crusade in Holy Land; sullenly they

toll as the craven Lackland, the unkinged vassal of Rome, walks abject and mean, beside the imperious legate, from whom his barons will wring the charter of English liberties. Merrily, merrily they peal when Sir Hubert chases the French Dauphin from his camp, and sweeps the French galleys from the straits ; slowly and sadly they knell as the royal conqueror of Agincourt, amidst cross and taper, death-dirge of priest, and the lamentations of a people, is borne towards his long home in the aisles of Westminster.

Difficult, indeed, now may it be to conceive, but surely it was the fact, that up these rude stairs beneath us, swept the glittering throng of courtiers and high-born dames, and that the echoes in these lonely walls were once ringing with the merry laughs of light-hearted beauty. Yet the features about the spot no change of dynasty could touch ; new thrones have been set up, fresh races have come and gone, but these eternal hills still rear their grey summits to the sun ; still along the valley steals the balmy air of eve, still the blue waters splash softly on the pebbles at our feet, as when Edwards and Henries, the Tudor and the Stuart, kept holiday and feast where the fortress embalms their memories, and still frowns grimly on the sea which was torn by the shots of the Spanish armada and their pursuing foes, and carried to a throne the callous Prince of Orange. Here trod the flower of European chivalry and the English Justinian, his cheeks bronzed with Syrian suns ; the king whose dying shrieks startled the walls of Berkeley ; and the conqueror of France with the lilies quartered among the English leopards. Here moved the proud, princely Cardinal by the side of Katharine whom he deceived, and of Anne who caused his fall ; the gallant Surrey ; Charles the Fifth of Germany, and Henry with the splendour of the cloth of gold ; Anne of Cleves, and pale Jane Seymour. Elizabeth too was here—she who nerved the heart of England, when along these cliffs the peasant and his trembling wife, the feeble grandsire and the wistful child, watched the flying sails that threatened altar and hearth. Here Charles I. embraced his bride, and here his gay son made merry with carouse and shame.

And across that narrow strait, besides king and emperor, prince and great commander, have repassed and landed in hot haste the messengers of state, unobserved though bearing with them missives which involved the destinies and alliances of races—despatches on whose able tenor and handling depended our national honour, greatness, and security. Long have disappeared town-wall and gate—long have been silent the blithe bells of St. Martin's; for bow and arquebuse, and cloth-yard shaft, have succeeded these tremendous cannon on which we lean. The fugitive of the Reformation, the castle's surprise in the great rebellion, the ships which brought over the author of the revolution, have been witnessed from these walls. Laws, religion, dynasties, have suffered change, all but those cliffs slipping year by year into the waves; all but that wondrous sea, with its colours rich and changeable, with all the hues of a wildrake's neck—bright green, soft azure, and deep blue—like a mirror of polished steel; with broad stripes of fleecy white reflected from the cloud; there smooth as glass, and glittering in the sun like diamonds, here on the shore with snowy foam rippling into lace-like net-work: that ever-changeable, never wearying sea, now pale as the snow on the Alps, now dark as the purple of the storm-cloud; now with the roar of thunder shaking the shore, now in soft whispering telling its deep secret: the sight that never palls, the sound that never tires.

Kilburne quotes his guide's information, that some wine of a consistency like treacle and some congealed salt, which were probably stores for a Tudor expedition to France, were veritable relics of Julius Cæsar's army! Old Leland gravely, but in good faith, describes the bones of Sir Gawaine, that doughty knight; but of mediæval remains there are few. They comprise two ancient keys, a Norman cross-hilted sword of state, and a warder's horn of brass, with this inscription "Agla Gobæus de Alemaine me fecit." It was used to summon the townsmen to the election of a mayor or barons of the port. But there are in the *Armoury* tokens of a recent deed of chivalry, which will make every English heart thrill,—the lances set in rest

in the charge of the 600 light cavalry at Balaclava, with faint streak and pale spot on the straps, the stains of the blood of the wounded heroes who rode back out of the valley of death. Near them are the long pikes of the Sea Fencibles, the successors of the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman coast-guard against invasion. Pitt was their colonel; but when he proudly offered the services of a corps of 2,000 men to Sir John Moore, the cautious veteran in reply assured him, that in case of emergency, the force should be drawn up on the cliffs, where they would look very imposing, while the regulars did the actual work upon the shore.

**CONSTABLES OF DOVER CASTLE AND LORD WARDENS OF CINQUE PORTS.**—Like the Tower of London, Windsor, and St. Briavel's, Dover Castle is governed by a Constable. The government of the castle and cinque-port of Dover is centred in a high officer, styled by patent Constable of Dover Castle, Warden, Chancellor and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, the two ancient towns (Rye and Winchelsea), and their members. The wardenship was adopted by William I. from the Roman officer who bore the title of "*Comes spectabilis littoris Saxonici*," having the charge of defending the sea-board, and ordinarily resided in Kent. The Lord Warden was formerly sworn in at Shepway-cross, near Limpne, and afterwards at the Breden-stone, on the western heights. He exercises jurisdiction from Seaford to Margate. Among the illustrious persons who enjoyed the title, may be particularly mentioned:—

Earl Godwin; Harold, sometime king; Odo, bishop of Bayeux; Robert, count of Ewe; Henry, baron Raleigh; William Longspée, earl of Salisbury; Hubert de Burgh; Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford; Henry, bishop of London; Edward, prince of Wales, afterwards Edward I.; Hugh Despencer, earl of Gloucester; Henry Cobham; Edmund of Woodstock, earl of Kent; William de Clinton, earl of Huntingdon; Roger de Mortimer, earl of March. The following held also the wardenship of the Cinque Ports:—Edmund Langley, duke of York; John Beaufort, marquis of Dorset; Edward, duke of York; Sir Thomas Erping-

ham ; Henry, prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V. ; Thomas and William, earls of Arundel ; Humphrey, duke of Gloucester ; James, lord Saye and Sele ; Humphrey, duke of Buckingham ; Edmund, duke of Somerset ; Richard, earl of Warwick ; Richard III. when duke of Gloucester ; Henry VIII. while duke of York ; George, lord Abergavenny ; Viscount Rochfort, father of Anne Boleyn ; Henry, duke of Richmond ; Arthur, viscount Lisle ; William and Henry, lords Cobham ; Henry, earl of Northampton ; Edward lord Zouch ; George, duke of Buckingham, (James I.'s Steenie) ; Theophilus, earl of Suffolk ; James, duke of Richmond ; Robert, earl of Warwick ; Fleetwood and Desborough, the comrades of "Old Noll ;" Admiral Robert Blake ; James II. when duke of York ; Henry, earl of Romney ; Prince George of Denmark ; Lionel, earl of Dorset ; James, duke of Ormond ; John, earl of Leicester ; Robert, earl of Holderness ; Frederick, earl of Guilford ; Rt. Hon. William Pitt ; the earl of Liverpool ; Arthur, duke of Wellington ; the marquis of Dalhousie.

- Before the Revolution of 1688, the Lord Warden assumed the right of nominating one, and frequently both, of the members for the several Cinque Port towns ; but this was terminated by act of Parliament in 1689.

Under the Castle cliff is situated *Moat's Bulwark*, built by Henry VIII. and remodelled in 1853, which in 1634 is described as a fort upon the side of the high cliff, with 10 pieces of ordnance, and the captain's [Collins'] lodging. The latter building alone remains ; it communicates with the Castle by the shaft. Upon the shore is situated *Guilford Battery*, built 1777, mounting six 42-pounders. On December 14th, 1810, a great portion of the cliff fell and buried seven persons alive at this spot ; on the 15th at midnight 1200 tons of chalk fell on the N.W. side of Snargate street, and it was computed that upwards of six acres of land had been lost between Dover and Folkstone. In February, 1859, a soldier's child fell from the cliff, and was taken up unhurt.

In 1735 a range of wine-vaults 189 ft. long inward, 14 ft. wide, and from 8 to 16 ft. high, were made under the



western heights ; with side paths they are 366 ft. in length. Cobbett, a dupe to his passionate bigotry, describes them as "hiding-places" for the soldiers. In 1780 that rare bird the hoopoo was shot on the downs near the sea.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH'S POCKET-PISTOL.**—On the south-east cliff is a piece of brass ordnance, 24 ft. in length, which bears popularly the title of Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol ; "the idea," writes *Count de Melford*, "that a pistol of this size accorded very well with the gigantic power and despotism of this sovereign made me smile." It was a present from Charles V. to Henry VIII, when engaged in war with France. In a Military Survey, 1625, it is called *Basilisco*. It was cast by Jan Tolhuys of Utrecht in 1544, probably for Maximilian Van Egmont, captain-general of the Netherlands ; the charge is 15 lbs. of powder, and it is pierced for a 12-lb. ball ; its range being estimated at seven or eight miles. It is adorned with flowers and emblematical devices ; a shield with this coat untinctured, six chevronels (Egmont), quartering a fess, embattled, and counter-embattled (Buren) ; and on a scutcheon of pretence, a fess debruised by a saltier chequy (Yssels-tein), with the motto "Sans Aultre" ; the arms of England in a garter, with the royal motto ; an armed woman with book, spear, and palm branch "Victoria ;" another woman "Libertas," a river god "Scalda ;" and an uncouth Flemish inscription,—

"Breekt scheuret at, muur en dal  
Ben ik geheten,  
Door berg en wal, boord mürren hal  
Door mü gesmeten."

meaning—

"O'er hill and dale, I throw my ball,  
Breaker my name of mound and wall."

#### CHURCH OF ST. MARY IN THE CASTLE.

"And not in vain embodied to the sight,  
Religion finds e'en in the stern retreat  
Of feudal sway, her own appropriate seat."

Enthusiastic antiquaries have referred the date of this church to the legendary age of an apocryphal King Lucius,

er the period of the mission of St. Augustine; it may safely be attributed to the interval between the conversion of the Saxons, and the accession of King Alfred.

This church is an imitation of Roman architecture, by British workmen, and the seams of Roman brick seem in several instances to have been moulded or fashioned expressly for their position. It occupies, moreover, the site of the Roman Sacellum. When it is recollected that old Westminster Abbey, built by Edward the Confessor, was the first cruciform church erected in England, it will appear that the transepts of St. Mary's are of considerably later date than the main structure.

In the seventh century King Eadbald, 616-640, founded a college of secular canons in this place for the service of the garrison. Their number has been stated at twenty-four; by Darell, however, it is reduced, with greater probability, to six and a provost. The same combination of military and ecclesiastical structures within one enclosure occurs at Exeter, Porchester, in the Tower of London, and in the very interesting instance of St. German's cathedral, and in Peel Castle in the Isle of Man. The canons' tower, and part of the walls of the quadrangle in which they lived, remained to the last century. About 691 King Withred removed the clergy to St. Martin's-le-Grand, in the town of Dover; probably, as at Old Sarum, Sir Knight and Sir Priest did not agree in such near neighbourhood. Very strict rules were enjoined upon the three chaplains who were retained, two of whom continued to lodge in the Canons' Tower, or the other, Coltons' Tower, called Cockle-crow. Out of regard to the antiquity of the foundation, their Principal was, subsequently, permitted to wear the grey amice, the distinction of prebendaries. There were three altars: at the high-altar the first priest sang mass before the governor, while one of his coadjutors celebrated at nine A.M. at the north altar of the holy relics, and the other an hour later at St. Mary's altar, for the marshalmen and officers; the earlier service being attended by the garrison. In the reign of Henry VIII. the little college was reduced to one member. During the civil wars the services were

discontinued, and about the year 1690, the church became a ruin. The monumental stone of Henry, earl of Northampton, stated, that "his body and monument were removed to Greenwich, by reason of the ruinous state of this chapel, A.D. 1696."

"The remains of this church," observes Mr. James Essex, a Cambridge architect of eminence in the last century, "consist of [flint] rag-stone and Roman bricks; in the middle tower there are yet remains of arches, but they have undergone several alterations, particularly the addition of stone-work to the arches, most of which seem about the time of Henry III., or the earliest in the time of King Stephen." The original windows were all formed with tiles, and the arches turned with the same material: from the three tiers of weather-mouldings on the west side of the tower, it would seem that the roof was of a slight pitch; the second was high and steep, when three windows of corresponding date were added on each side of the nave above the ancient windows; and, subsequently, a third roof, more depressed, was added. The church is cruciform, with a large square low tower—a remarkable instance of such a structure before the time of Edgar—but without aisles; consisting of a nave, 64 by 28 feet; a tower at the crossing 28 feet square; a transept, 72 ft. by 20 ft.; and choir, 22 ft. by 18 ft.: the whole internal length being 113 ft. On either side of the nave are the remains of two clerestory windows of great size: between those on the south side was a door, circular-headed, with an arch of two tiers and Roman brick, like Brixworth, but wanting a drip-course; underneath the westernmost window on the north was a more pointed door, beneath an acute-angled pediment, the weather moulding of a porch—the principal entrance. Two round windows perforated the gable of the north transept, one that of the south wing: the former, had a trefoiled lancet window in the east and west walls. In the west walls of the south transept was a round-headed window, and by the angle of the tower a late Tudor window of three lights. In the south wall of the nave appear two huge indents, which in some old prints are

fashioned like windows, but are evidently the effect of a design to destroy the entire edifice. The choir was lighted by two lancet windows, separated by a shaft with a simple capital on either side: the east window had a splay of 2 ft. 3 in., being in width 13 ft. : on the south side remain a bracket, piscina, and sedilia, Early English. A covered porch unites the nave to the Pharos. In the angles of the tower are graceful Early English shafts, the springers and ribs of arches being filled with a dog-tooth moulding. Two large round brick arches, strong and massive, with bonding-courses of Roman brick like the jambs, 3 ft. 6 in. thick, except a few courses of stone below the impost and keystone, support the central tower on the east and west. The imposts are rudely moulded, and the arch of the west wall recessed; those opening into the transepts are pointed. On the east face are two round windows, and on the south front were two pairs of small round windows of Roman brick, splayed within and without: on the north are three windows. On every side was a round-headed window, with straight jambs, but without any splay, opening below the roof into the church, and forming an internal lantern, above which were two stories, the uppermost lighted by two small windows, a pair on every face, and of pointed form, probably added when the second-roof was set up. A small round-headed window is in the west wall of the nave, the arch springing from a plain square-edged impost of two members, one projecting over the other. The choir arch is 12 ft. wide; the transept arch 17 ft. ; the nave arch, 15 ft.

Although always regarded as the garrison chapel, with the enclosure on the south used as a cemetery, yet the building has for years been suffered to fall into decay. In 1635 it was undoubtedly in use. "I descended," says a traveller, "by the well of 100 fathoms, and so by the sounding place to the church, where I observed three monuments—the kneeling effigy of Henry Howard, earl of Northampton, Sir Thomas Waller, and Sir Robert Ashton."

The church has been long used as a coal cellar; and

though the Duke of Wellington took precautions for its preservation, he refused Mr. Britton permission to make drawings of it. In 1855 the Archaeological Institute addressed a strong remonstrance on the state of this church to Lord Panmure, then at the head of the War department; and he, in reply, assured them of his regret at the emergency which induced the Engineer officers to sanction a gross abuse of the Pharos, but that the wrong was repaired, and directions had been given that the old church should be cleared of coals and kept more decently and respected in future. The order has not been obeyed.

This venerable building has been frequently threatened with destruction during the present century: its demolition would be a national disgrace, whilst its restoration would be of infinite service to the garrison in the Castle, and reflect the highest honour upon the Secretary for War who would carry it into effect. What could be a less unworthy offering of gratitude to that good Providence which has advanced this country from barbarism to its present high position, whilst in the interval of six centuries, since these foundations were laid, the empires of the West and of the East have passed away, and of the petty kingdoms of the Heptarchy erected on their fall not a wreck remains?

**THE ROMAN PHAROS.**—The octagonal tower, built by the Romans as a lighthouse during the second century, resembles Caligula's Pharos at Boulogne. It has flat bricks of a bright-red hue, with blue flinty grit in the centre, or of cream colour and white. Each layer is two courses deep, laid regularly and horizontally at nearly equal intervals; eight are visible on the south-east side; others are concealed by an external coating of flint and stone coigns. On the south side are some specimens, three feet in length, highly glazed, and with chequered or straight channels; they are  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, with grooves, knobs, and projections to dovetail into each other. The other materials employed are travertine, tufa, tophus, (a stalactical concretion or porous stone deposited by calcareous waters,) cut into blocks in size about one foot by seven inches. This tufa may have

been brought hither by Agricola, from the north-east coast of England, or from Normandy. The stone is Kentish rag. In its original form it had an arched eastern door (which resembled the arches of an aqueduct near Luynes, some in a bastion of Le Mans, and at Bourges) six feet wide, the voussoirs being alternately pieces of tufa and double tile, and faced with stone: on the other three sides were Roman arches and windows,  $13\frac{1}{2}$  ft. high by 4 ft. wide, which were afterwards blocked up and reduced to Norman loopholes. Some alterations were made by Bishop Gundulph; and in 1259, it was cased with flint, altered from an hexagonal into an octagonal shape, and battlemented, by Richard de Grey, the Constable. The upper apertures are Decorated one-light windows, added when it was cased over with flint in the fifteenth century. The foundations are laid in a bed of yellow clay interspersed with flints; on this rests coarse mortar a foot and a-half thick (composed of—lime 145 grains, carbonic acid  $112\frac{1}{2}$ , and  $242\frac{1}{2}$  sand and small gravel, in 500 grains of conglomerate); then comes a single course of tile; then blocks of calcareous tufa for a space of 7 ft. 4 in., succeeded by a single course of tile; then three courses of quarried tufa, 1 ft. 10 in.; then two courses of tile, and so on alternately. Its interior is square, about 10 ft. in diameter, while the walls are 10 ft. in thickness. Externally it is 37 ft. in length; each side being 14 ft. wide. Sir George Rooke removed a "pleasing peal of eight bells" from the Pharos to Portsmouth, "since which time," says Defoe, "this rare piece of architecture, 'by order of the officers of the Ordnance,' was barbarously stripped of the lead roof." A coin of Dioclesian was found in the Pharos. On the north face are the arms (which pass current for those of King Lucius) of Erpingham, Constable in the reign of Henry V., the date of some further repairs, Vert, an inescutcheon between eight martlets, arg.

"The door," says Dr. Stukeley, "is on the east side about 6 ft wide, with an arch made of a course of Roman brick and stone alternately, 14 ft. high. All the stones are of narrow scantling: there are first two courses of

Roman brick, which are level with the bottom of the windows; then seven courses of hewn stone, which mount up to the top of the windows; then two courses of brick and seven of stone alternately to the top. The inside was entirely filled up with a staircase; the height of what is left is 40 ft. I believe there were 20 ft. more originally, and the whole number of windows on a side was eight."

COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.—The College of St. Martin's-le-Grand was founded in 691 by King Wihtred, and completed in 726, on land recovered from the sea, where, before the reign of Arviragus, ships had been moored. A wall was then built round the precinct to separate it from the town. The royal founder gave the monks toll of all shipping entering the port. In Domesday Book the possessions of the College, which maintained twenty-four canons, are estimated at 60*l.*, but Norman rapacity reduced the income to 47*l.* Seven bondmen on their land paid 60*s.* to provide the monks with shoes; one of the canons was a physician at St. Margaret's. In the time of King Edward the Confessor the toll of Dover produced 8*l.*; but in the reign of William I. 22*l.* Three churches in Dover yielded 36*s.* 8*d.* The pastures of Medredive (on the east) and the gardens of Dover rendered 9*s.* 4*d.*; and ten and a half mills produced a rental of 7*l.* The college was suppressed by King Henry II., who refounded it at St. Martin's New-work. The church continued to be used for divine service until the year 1528, but in 1542 it was wholly dismantled. The ruins standing on the west side of the Market Place, consist of the east piers of the central tower, the walls of the choir and its aisles, part of the transept, and the chapter-house on the south side of the choir, with a portion of the crypt and a belfry. The north front and the jambs of the great door of the north transept are in an adjoining lane.

In the Cotton MS. map, the church has an eastern apse and apsidal ends to the choir aisles; a battlemented tower, with three windows in each face, and a tall broach spire. The *nave* was of six bays; the *choir* of four bays, and contracted inwards like that of Canterbury, so

as to form an internal apse. The *transept* was aisleless : in each of the three eastern apses were three Norman windows. The nave was 110 ft. by 63 ft., choir and presbytery 93 ft. by 63 ft., transept 85 ft. by 28 ft. ; the tower was a square of 35 ft.

The bells were given to the Chamber of Dover in 1546.

In the churchyard of St. Mary's parish, lies Charles Churchill, a recreant clergyman, bad husband, and depraved man, the Buffo of Beattie : even his undeniable wit and genius could not conceal, much less atone for, his coarse but vivacious humour. One hundred and seventy feet distant from the ruins, and eleven feet from the north-west wall, in 1764, an urn and bay-tree were set above his grave ; the rude headstone bore the inscription which he had desired in the "Candidate,"—

"Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies."

It was restored by Lord Byron, who wrote these lines :—

" I stood beside the grave of him, who blazed  
The comet of a season, and I saw  
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed  
With not the less of sorrow and of awe  
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,  
With name no clearer than the names unknown,  
Which lay unread around it ; and I asked  
The gardener of that ground, why it might be  
That for this plant strangers his memory tasked  
Through the thick deaths of half a century ?  
As he caught  
As 'twere the twilight of a former sun,  
Thus spoke he : ' I believe the man, of whom  
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,  
Was a most famous writer in his day,  
And therefore travellers step from out their way  
To pay him honour.' . . . I did dwell  
With a deep thought, and with a softened eye  
On that old sexton's natural homily,  
In which there was obscurity and fame,  
The glory and the nothing of a name."



**PRIORY OF ST. MARTIN NEW-WORK.** — Of the noble priory church of St. Martin New-work, not one stone remains. The Folkstone road occupies the site of the nave, and the modern houses the place of the north and south aisles.

The church consisted of a nave of nine bays, a choir of three bays, with an apsidal chapel in each aisle, a Lady-chapel, a transept, having in place of an eastern aisle two apsidal chapels in each wing. There was a central tower and an oblong chapter-house, with an eastern apse, parallel with the choir, and to the north of the north wing of the transept. The walls of the church were five feet in thickness, formed of rubble and Kentish rag. Caen stone was also freely employed. At the base of one of the pillars were found, in 1848, some keys of an ancient date, and a portion of a pillar formed of a stalactical carbonate of lime, unknown in this part of Europe, and, probably, brought from Sicily. On the north side of the farm-house are considerable remains of the prior's lodge. The buttresses and the lower portion of the walls of a large building remain under a barn on the west side of the gate, house, and were probably part of the ancient *Dormitory*.

The *Guest House*, commonly described as the dormitory, is now a place for cattle and domestic offices. It is composed of a nave divided from a north aisle by six circular Transitional pillars, supporting pointed arches. On the south-west angle is a large turret engaged, and the west front is composed of a gable with two Norman windows set between a massive buttress; a Norman window lights the aisle. There is a tier of upper broad lancet windows and an entrance-door on the south side.

The *Refectory*, 100 ft. long by 27 ft. wide, with walls to the springing of the roof 26 ft. high, is used as a barn. It has two small windows in the western gable. On the east wall is part of the springing of the vault over a covered passage. In the interior is an arcade, 12 ft. 6 in. above the floor, of four large blank arches of the Norman style, at the east and west ends. Along the north and south sides is an arcade of fourteen arches, alternately

blind and clear, but the two arches next the east end were pierced to light the high table. The nimbi which surrounded the head of the Saviour and His apostles, the lines of the table, and some folds of drapery alone remain to show the position of a fresco of the Last Supper. One bay only in the centre of the roof is original, and that is of the fifteenth century. Externally there are eight windows and six buttresses on the north and seven on the south side. At the west end of the south side was the original entrance, and near it is an early English door now blocked up.

The *Gate House*, Decorated, with an upper chamber and lodge, fronts the Folkstone road.

Archbishop Corboyl, in 1131, commenced the church of St. Mary and St. Martin. In 1140 Archbishop Theobald completed the buildings, and filled them with a convent subject as a cell to the priory at Canterbury, which, after long litigation, was compelled to surrender the patronage to the primate; but, by King Edward III. and Archbishop Islip, it was finally adjudged to Canterbury, on condition that the prior should be a monk of Christchurch. The burgesses of Dover offered a tithe of the herrings and fishery at the high altar, and the king confirmed to the society the profits of the port and toll of the market.

The chief PRIORS of Dover were—

*Ascelyn*, sacristan of Canterbury, known as a correspondent of St. Bernard. He was consecrated bishop of *Rochester*, and died January 24, 1148. He was also Abbot of Hulme. *Richard*, a Norman, consecrated Archbishop of *Canterbury*, April 8, 1174. *John Thornton*, titular suffragan, as "*Sigonensis*" and "*Sirmiensis*" (*Szerem* in Hungary). He was D.D., Master of *Canterbury Hall*, Oxford, Commissary of Oxford, 1506-14, and Prior of *Folkstone*, 1516, where he died. *John Lambert*, of *Folkstone*. *Layton* said to *Cromwell* of him, "The prior and his monks be even as other, but he was the worst." The whole of the priory was in a state of miserable poverty at the dissolution.

No parish priest was allowed to begin mass in Dover

before the *sanctus* bell had been rung in St. Martin's Church. The ancient arms were those borne on the old seal of the corporation, St. Martin of Tours dividing his cloak; but the paternal coat of Prior Robert, Sa. a cross, arg., between four leopards' faces or, afterwards adopted by the priory, has been assumed by the town.

The nave was 183 ft. by 63 ft.; choir, 62 ft. by 60 ft.; transept, 145 ft. by 40 ft.; Chapter-house, 54 ft. by 25 ft.; Lady-chapel, 40 ft. by 29 ft. 6 in.: the extreme length was 285 ft.

SUFFRAGAN BISHOPS OF DOVER.—*John Thornden*, Prior. 1537: *Richard Yngworth*. He was also Prior of Langley Regis. 1539: *Richard Thornden*, or le Stede. He was a monk; canon April 18, 1542, dean May 17, 1556, both of Canterbury, and rector of Bishopsbourne, June 14, 1554. The bishop proved false to his patron, Cranmer, and became a great persecutor. He died 1558, and was buried at Bishopsbourne. 1569: *Richard Rogers*, S.T.B., consecrated May 15; Master of Eastbridge Hospital, 1596; Dean of Canterbury, September 15, 1584. He died May 19, 1597, and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral.

CHURCHES FORMERLY EXISTING.—*St. John Baptist's*, which had an undercroft in Biggin Street, destroyed 1537. *St. Peter's*, used in 1611, north side of market-place, on the site of the Antwerp inn. *St. Nicholas'*, in the centre of Bench Street; still in use, 1526, but a stable in Hasted's time. It had an octangular central lantern, and a broach spire. The lower part of the tower, which had been used as a prison for French sailors, was taken down August 1, 1836. *St. Edmund's*, upper end of Biggin Street. *Our Lady of Pity*, near the pier; a chapel built by a foreign (northern) nobleman, as a thank-offering for deliverance from shipwreck. It was suppressed 1536; washed away by the sea 1576; but the ruins were standing 1606. It was called also Archoliffe Chapel.

*St. Mary's Church* (J. Puckle, P.C.), situated in Canon Street, was built in the eleventh century. It consists of a nave with aisles, a chancel, and a west tower, square, with four tiers of Norman arcades on the western face, and square

pilasters at the angles, the whole being surmounted by a leaded octangular spire. It contains ten bells. A portion of the church to the east was built by the canons of St. Martin's in the reign of King John. It was given to Hubert de Burgh, and in 1384 was appropriated to the Abbey of Pontignac. On the suppression of alien priories by Henry VI., it passed to the Maison Dieu till its suppression in 1544; but in 1546 was bestowed on the inhabitants by the Crown, to constitute their parish church. From 1585, when St. Peter's church was destroyed, till 1836, it was the unseemly practice to elect the barons of parliament in the chancel. The church was paved 1642, ceiled 1704, and an organ erected 1742. In 1804 the fifth and sixth bays from the west were rebuilt. On July 24, 1843, Messrs. Butler began restorations, which were finished 1st October, 1844, and an apse was added at a cost of 6000*l*. The four westerly circular pillars are original Norman, with arches having a chevron moulding; the three other piers on the south side are circular, with Early English capitals, rebuilt by Butler of London. On the north, in place of a single arch, are two pointed arches. The chancel ends in an apse of three sides, with windows glazed by Warrington, 1854. A window in the north aisle has glazing by Clayton and Bell, 1858. The clerestory consists of a single light over the Norman portion, but of couplets of lancets towards the east. The roof is of oak. In the south aisle is the monument of the actor Foote, the English Aristophanes, who died at the Ship Hotel. There is a brass to a Catharine Jones, 1636, and another with a Greek inscription dated 1600. General Forster, who fought for King James in 1715 was buried here. The tower stands on the site of the hypocaust of a Roman villa. The nave is 115 ft. by 58 ft., the north aisle 107 ft., the south aisle 94 ft. The new burial-ground was laid out in 1835.

*St. James's, of Wardendown, Church* (W. E. Light, R.), consisting of a chancel, low central tower, nave, and south aisle, is situated at the foot of the Castle Hill, and was formerly in the gift of the Constable, and in it were anciently held the

Courts of Chancery and Admiralty. Under the tower, which contains five bells (it once had ten), are fine Norman arches, and on the north side is a mutilated door of the same period, now bricked up. On the north side of the tower is another Norman window and a turret staircase. In 1826 the interior was spoiled by the most tasteless alterations and blocks of the ugliest pews. In this church Bishop White Kennet and Philip Earl of Hardwicke were christened. On September 5, 1741, the parish received as a loan the chalice and paten belonging to St. Mary's in the Castle, until divine service should be restored in that Church. There is a monument to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who died at Dover on his way to Italy, 1831.

*Christ Church, Hougham* (C. D. Marston, P.C.), 85 ft. by 55 ft., is composed of a nave with aisles, and a bell turret, Early English, and was consecrated June 13, 1844. *St. Peter's, Charlton*, was rebuilt, 1827.

*Trinity Church*, (A. J. Woodhouse, P.C.) Strond Street, cost 8000*l.*, and was built by Edmunds of Margate. The foundation stone was laid September 7, 1833.

**THE HARBOUR.**—"No promontory, town, or haven," says an old writer, "in Christendom is so placed by nature and situation, both to gratify friends and annoy enemies as this town of Dover. No place is so settled to receive and deliver intelligence for all matters and actions in Europe from time to time. No town is by nature so settled either to allure intercourse by sea or to retain inhabitants by land, to make it great, fair, rich, and populous! Nor is there in the whole circuit of this famous isle, any part, either in respect of security or defence, or of traffic or intercourse, more convenient, needful, or rather of necessity to be regarded than this of Dover."

We find the first notice of the inland incroachments of the channel—a mere estuary between the hills—in the circumstantial description given by Julius Cæsar. "This is the nature of the place: the sea is so closely hemmed in by the mountains, that from the heights missiles can be hurled upon the shore." Within a few centuries the sea had receded so far that King Wihtred built St. Mar-

tin's-le-Grand upon the recent bed, which had once reached as high as Charlton, if not further. Leland says that cables and anchors had been found in the valley. Domesday records the fact of a submerged mill, which annoyed ships by the swell breaking over it. A considerable portion of the land on the north-west was then occupied by the sea, whilst owing to the gradual accumulation of the beach-shingle, the haven was enlarged towards the south-west. Although Richborough and Boulogne were the ports of embarkation used by the 'Romans,' yet Dover appears as a haven in the Itinerary of Antoninus, A.D. 320, and in that of Richard of Cirencester, who copied from an ancient MS. of the fourteenth century. Two lighthouses served to guide its shipping, one on the West Heights, the other in the Castle. In 1855 a framework of oak trellised, 24 ft. embedded in the soil, was found underground near St. James's Street, and is supposed to have formed part of the landing-place in Saxon or even in Roman times: the site was 250 feet from the present course of the Dour. The Roman town was built on the west slope of the hill, along the present market-place and Biggin Street, where Watling Street entered the town.

In the time of Henry VII. the mouth of the harbour was under the castle cliff; but the sea has so receded that five lines of houses now intervene between the shore and the curious timber relic of the ancient port. All persons leaving the realm were compelled to embark at Dover in the reign of Henry III. In the time of Edward the Confessor, persons going beyond seas almost invariably used Dover. In the reign of King Edward II., each of the twenty-one wards into which the town was divided was bound to find one ship for forty days for the king's service; and as a recompense was licensed to keep a passage-boat between Dover and Whitsan. By statute 4 Edward III., c. viii. x., the prices of the passage were fixed at their ancient rate of 2s. for a man and horse, and 6d. for a man on foot. In the reign of Richard II. the tariff was fixed at 6d. for a man, and 1s. for a horse, in summer, and double fares in winter. In 1335 all merchant travellers and pil-

grims were required to embark at Dover only; but King Edward IV., in the fourth year of his reign, capriciously made an enactment, which was not repealed until 21 James I., c. 28, that no pilgrim should embark but at Dover, although Richard II. had given the alternative of Plymouth. In 1776 there were six packet-boats, running twice a week to Calais and Ostend in peace time, but during war to Flushing, the fare being 10s. 6d. Factor and Son established bye-boats to run in the intervals. The sailing days were Saturdays and Tuesdays. It was the great place for export of most of the horses intended for foreign markets.

In 1788, July 1, communications were opened with France by four English and four French vessels, which crossed to Calais alternately. These comfortless sailing packets, one of which a drawing of Turner's has transmitted to posterity, as hove-to off the pier ready to discharge her utterly miserable nauseated crew, were cutters, a cross between a Leith smack and a Margate hoy. The miseries of Dover, and uncertainty of sailing of the still remembered "Britannia," in 1839, are told with considerable humour by a writer in "Blackwood," but not with greater force than by a sufferer in 1815. "I caution all inexperienced travellers to beware of pick-pockets at Dover, and not to marvel at the exorbitant charges of innkeepers. I would recommend to them to pay their bills, as the saying is, like gentlemen, without exhibiting a long face; bearing in mind that fleecing is the order of the day. An amusing scene it was at the inn; what between dialogues in broken English and French, negotiations with Jews for foreign coin, and the rhetoric of captains in praise of their respective vessels." Steamers began to ply about the year 1823. The "Rob Roy," the predecessor of the present line, was broken up about thirty years ago. The last sailing vessels were the "Lord Auckland" and "Sally," when from four to eight hours was not considered an unreasonable passage. Wordsworth addressed a sonnet to a negress, his fellow-voyager from Calais; and successive authors have made merry at the inconveniences and sea-sickness, the odd dress and

quaint ways of their motley companions in crossing the Channel.

In the time of the Roses, and even in the early days of the Stuarts, there was something more formidable than the mere tossing at sea or the vexation of a passport. A jealous guard was maintained at this outlet and entrance of England: the mayor might be curious, Boniface, inquisitive, and the man on the beach over-anxious on the affairs of the passenger. Before the civil war broke out, the Dunkirk pirates were still more vexatious on the water. In 1605 the Dutch attacked some Spaniards in the very harbour, but were repulsed by the fire of the forts. The unfortunate Dons requested to be landed on the coast of Flanders, but in spite of Mr. Secretary Winwood's exertions, the States would not permit the indulgence. The Admiral of the narrow seas had a crew weak with disease, caused by bad diet and ill-found ships. It seemed preferable to accept a ransom rather than hang a captured rover, as a man in chains on Dover cliff would form a precedent for a similar spectacle at Dunkirk. In those times sixteen men formed the garrison; a force which the government refused to strengthen, until Sir John Hippisley should find 40,000*l.* for the king's coffers out of his poor place, with the significant assurance that if the inhabitants complained he would have no enemy at court. Postmasters, when travellers landed, proved inflexible and discourteous. When the imperious Sir Walter Montague sent for ten horses to ride to Canterbury, Moore, the deputy postmaster, refused his demand, and when his superior, Hugessen, was summoned to London to answer for his conduct before the Council, he pleaded successfully his orders, that "if any should please to ride, they should repair in person to the post-house." In 1745 it was not an unusual event for a Dover privateer to capture French transports.

After a large expenditure by Henry VII. in 1500, when the entrance to the haven was beneath Archcliffe Fort, the sea washing the cliffs under the present barracks and touching the town-wall, King Henry VIII., about the period of the visit of Charles V., began works which ulti-



mately cost 80,000*l*. A pier was begun in 1533, on a design by Sir John Thomson, parson of St. John's, and master of the Maison-Dieu; and built of Hackcliffe and Folkstone stone. There were two rows of piles 26 ft. long, filled up with chalk in the interstices; these were let into holes hewn in the living rock, and the posts employed, shod with iron, were driven into the solid chalk. The stones were conveyed to Dover on a rude raft made out of casks and planks, and the chalk was brought in a marvellous barge called Gaboth, which had nine keels. On the pier-heads, which extended twenty rods further into the sea than at present, were built "bulwarks." The effect of these works was to divert the course of the Dour to the westward and accumulate beach: in 1699 this increase was estimated at 150,000 tons, and the cost of removal about 30,000*l*. Archbishop Parker, in 1565, proposed to repair the harbour by a salt-tax. Queen Elizabeth, in 1585, took order in Parliament for a general help towards the relief of the harbour, then in decay, granting a toll of 3*d*. out of every ton passing by the port of this English Elsinore; besides allowing free transport of 30,000 quarters of wheat, 10,000 quarters of barley and malt, and 4,000 tons of wheat. A commission, presided over by Lord Cobham, was empowered to make a pent and sluice, to open the mouth and scour the ground of the harbour from boulder; works executed with such success that a ship of some hundred tons could with safety enter where there was formerly not a depth of four feet of water. In consequence of later improvements, a vessel of five hundred tons could be received alongside the quays, loading for Cadiz, and third and fourth rates were hove down. In 1606 King James I. made the governors of the harbour a corporation, under the title of the "Warden and Assistants of the Port of Dover." Eighteen Acts of Parliament have been passed within three centuries to facilitate their endeavours. Owing to King James's measure the harbour was preserved; and in 1635 the pier is described as "mighty strong upon the main ocean, the mouth of the harbour very narrow, and a dangerous tickle entrance

for unskilful mariners : the ships lie up all along to the bridge, where the sluices are almost to the Custom House." In 1652 it had 22 feet water at spring tide, and King Charles II. attributed a great part of his successes in his naval wars to the advantages offered by Dover. In 1669, seventy sail of merchantmen having been driven from their anchors, ran in for shelter, and thus escaped wreck or capture by the enemy. A Report was sent up on Feb. 12, 1699, that the packets could only enter on the top of spring tides, and in consequence an Act was passed in 1700 for the restoration of the harbour. Captain John Perry made some very valuable recommendations, which were followed out. Between the years 1737-9, 22,000*l.* were spent for the purpose : the north and south pier-heads being rebuilt ; Cheeseman's head repaired ; a swing-bridge made across the mouth of the harbour ; another bridge erected at the entrance of the Pent ; and the head under the Castle fall extended 170 feet. In 1792 a Dutch Indiaman of 800 tons, lately a States frigate, drawing 20 feet, was brought into the harbour.

The *Harbour* consists of three parts : the Inner, the *Pent* or *Breakwater*, 11½ acres in extent, with an entrance 60 ft. wide ; the Middle, the *Basin*, of 3½ acres ; and the *Outer Harbour* of 7½ acres : on the west side are a *Wet Dock* and a *Graving Dock*. Before the year 1820 a *Dry Dock* and *Basin* were constructed to the south of the Outer Harbour. In 1841 a *Quay*, 400 ft. long, was built across the lower side of the Pent, and 431 ft. on the S.E. ; it was begun by Fordham 1832, is 30 ft. deep, and admits vessels of 200 tons alongside. A *Commercial Quay*, called formerly *Pent Side*, was completed 1834. In 1844 four acres were added to the Outer Harbour, enclosed by a *quay* 410 ft. long, from the entrance by the North Pier Head to the west end of the Esplanade, and thence for 270 ft. to the *Wellington Bridge*, 59½ ft. long, and built 1846 ; and again for 30 ft. beyond, where it again turned at an acute angle 412 ft. to the Lower Cross Wall. Mr. Pitt proposed to cut a straight channel for the Dour in order to create a backwater. By the formation of the Harbour of Refuge,

the shifting bar of shingle or beach, which formed especially during south-west gales, and had been a source of constant annoyance, is now detained, and renders the machinery of costly culverts, floodgates, and ingenious sluices (the latest and simplest remedy) unnecessary; but danger was apprehended on the eastern side, owing to the removal of the natural breakwater, and in 1850 a *sea-wall* was commenced at the North Pier Head, and continued along Waterloo Crescent and the Esplanade.

The entrance of the harbour between the piers, which opens E.S.E., is 150 ft. broad, with a depth of water varying from 14 ft. to 18 ft. The port has only 100 vessels of its own, but is frequented annually by about 3,000 vessels, and can accommodate ships of 500 tons. In 1833 there were 160 coasting vessels in the port; the customs in 1833 were 92,702*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, in 1836 34,487*l.*, in 1839 30,562*l.* In 1847 the registered shipping was 109 vessels, with an aggregate burden of 4,249 tons—the customs amounting to 23,590*l.* 14*s.* An embarkation of a regiment here is now a rare spectacle; but one of the most interesting descriptions of such a scene will be found in the opening chapter of the “Subaltern.” An anonymous writer, alluding to the miserable accommodation of past days, thus concludes in a strain which will be applicable to all time:—“What unnumbered thousands—their hearts overcharged with various fortune and emotion—have approached that inconsiderable jetty, or seen that shingly beach disappear beneath the lofty cliff and the batteries on high! To what innumerable feet, and sped on what a variety of errands, have those sea-washed pebbles yielded a noisy pathway! Under what strangely-altered circumstances and unanticipated changes do many of our countrymen gaze once more on those marine terraces, those many-windowed rows! Surely no spot on earth has drunk so many tears, or heard so many sighs commingling with the sea-spray, or whirled on in the passing gust. Nor is health the only object for which men go abroad. Science and curiosity, listlessness and debt, a reputation that requires nursing and will be the better for

repose, economy and education, politics and pleasure, urge their respective votaries."

A *Fellowship of Pilots* was established 1515 to pilot ships into the Thames and up the Medway, under a Court of Load-manage (from leadman, or steersman; load being a corruption of lead or guide, as in load-stone). An act (3rd George III.) established fifty pilots at Dover, 1763; raised to sixty-four in 1801. By statute 1689, William of Orange confirmed their ancient right of choosing their own master.

**HARBOUR OF REFUGE.**—The bay of Dover was chosen in 1844-5 for the purpose of forming a harbour of refuge, under the recommendation of Sir John Rennie, Sir William Cubitt, and Mr. Kendal. The commission which made the selection was composed of Admirals Sir Byam Martin and Dundas; Captains Sir William Symonds, Washington, and Fisher, R.N.; Lieut.-General Sir Howard Douglas; Colonels Colquhoun and Alderson, R.E.; Sir H. Pelly, Deputy-Master of the Trinity House; and Mr. Walker. The latter, associated with Mr. Burgess, is the engineer. It is to consist of 520 acres, within low-water mark, with an entrance 700 ft. wide on the south, and another, of 750 ft., on the east. In April, 1848, the Admiralty pier at *Cheeseman's Head* was begun. Solid masonry, 18 ft. thick, forms the side: the middle portions are filled in with a concrete of shingle and other materials made at Rye; it having been considered dangerous to use the shingle of this beach. The structure is 800 ft. long by 90 ft. broad at the base, with a slope to 50 ft. at the top. For the depths below the surface, diving-bells are employed. It has two landing-places eastward, and one to the west. The contract for 234,862*l.* was signed by Messrs. Freeman and Lee, July 1847; the pier, opened 14th June, 1851, commands ten feet of water at the lowest tide. A second portion of 1,000 ft. was begun in 1854. Furious storms, October 7, 1850, and again on 25th October, 1855, caused considerable injury to the wood-work and diving-bells; but the main structure was not affected. *Townsend's Battery*, built 1777, westward of

the South Pier Head, and the site of the Lord Warden Hotel, was destroyed in 1843. *Amherst Battery*, built 1777, to defend the North Pier Head, was demolished in 1844. The cost of the proposed works is 2,500,000*l*. The breakwater at Cheeseman's Head will be rather more than a quarter of a mile in length, and enclose the bay to within half a mile beyond Smith's Folly: the greatest width of the harbour will be nearly three quarters of a mile, and the length from east to west about a mile and a quarter.

### THE HEIGHTS.

"Rocks of my country! let the cloud yon crested heights array,  
And rise ye, like a fortress proud, above the surge and spray!  
My spirit greets you as ye stand, breasting the billows foam,  
O thus for ever guard the land, the revered land of home!  
The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain, the purple heavens of Rome,  
Yes, all are glorious; yet again I bless thee, land of home!  
For thine the sabbath peace, my land! And thine the guarded hearth,  
And thine the dead, the noble dead, that make thee holy earth!  
Their voices meet me in thy breeze, their steps are on thy plains,  
Their names by old majestic trees are whispered round thy fanes;  
Their blood hath mingled with the tide of thine exulting sea;  
O be it still a joy, a pride, to live and die for thee!"

Thus prettily does Mrs. Hemans celebrate the grand prospect of Dover Cliffs,—Appian's *Κρημνοὶ τῶν Βερράνων*—from the sea. From them the explosions of the English fireships off Boulogne, Oct. 1, 1804, were distinctly visible.

There are three modes of approach: the first by the military road which leads from Biggin Street to the Citadel; the second, for foot passengers, by a path on the north side of Snargate Street; the third is afforded by the *Military Shaft* in the same street, which is composed of three staircases allotted severally to "officers," "privates," and "women"; it consists of 199 steps; three spiral flights of 140 stairs, and of 59 beyond the open tower. From the cliff by the barracks a private of the Sussex militia, in August, 1858, fell in a state of intoxication, crashing through the glass roof of a photographic esta-

blishment, at the back of a public-house, without sustaining any injury.

During the war which ended in 1783, four guard-houses ramparts, and lines, were constructed along the western heights, and 72 guns mounted. In 1803-4 new works and a military road were added, and whole regiments of sappers and miners, as well as workmen, were constantly employed in augmenting the defences. In 1855-6 additional barracks were provided at a cost of 60,000*l*. These quarters were first occupied by the 93rd Highlanders. By subsequent additions they will accommodate 1,200 men.

In 1856 the 42nd Highlanders first occupied the *Lines* of the *Citadel*, which is on the ridge of the hill, defended by ditches and flanking and masked batteries; the garrison-flag flies on the *Grand Redoubt* to the north-east of the citadel, above the barracks, and defended by a deep fosse. In 1853, between this redoubt and the cliff, was built the *Drop Battery*, mounting eight 42-pounders: it derives its name from a huge mass of masonry—the *Breden Stone* or *Devil's Drop*, so called, says De Foe, "from the strength of its mortar:" from this battery salutes are fired. The Breden [or kissing] Stone, on which the Lord Warden used to be sworn into office was, probably, the last remnant of the *Roman Pharos*, or of the *Preceptory* of the *Knights Templars*, the remains of whose *Round Church*, 32 ft. in diameter, with an oblong choir 24 ft. by 20 ft., were discovered in 1806. In November, 1855, Lieut.-Col. Grant again laid them open. It was the scene of King John's memorable interview with Pandulph. His homage to the pope is dated *Apud Domum Militiæ Templi juxta Doveriam*, May 15, 1213.

The abject monarch, entering unarmed into the presence of the Legate, who sat upon a throne-like seat, did homage on his knees: he placed his hands between the palms of the cardinal, and swore fealty to the pope: a portion of the tribute of the realm he laid at the feet of Pandulph, who with insolent pride trampled on the money. At that moment 60,000 men were under arms, the military tenants of the crown being assembled at

Dover; and yet so hated was the prince, that they preferred a national ignominy to any appearance of sympathy with such a monster of cowardice and guilt.

A school-church for the garrison, built by Moxon on the heights, was opened in the summer of 1858; it will hold 800 persons.

**HOSPITAL.**—The *Maison-Dieu* was founded by Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent, and chief justiciary of England; the chapel being built by Henry III. who was present at its dedication, as St. Mary's, in 1227. The society was composed of a master, brethren, and sisters, who attended and lodged poor strangers and pilgrims on their way beyond seas. The king's chancellor with his retinue resided in it, when accompanying the king to France. It received royal visits from King John, 1213; Edward II.; Edward III. 1340; Richard II. 1380 and 1390. Henry III. granted the tithe of the passage fare, and 10*l.* a year out of the port-dues; and it had endowed chantries of the founder, and Edward Prescott, of Guston. The north-west belfry tower, the refectory and chapel, part of the north aisle of a crypt, and a north-east sacristy, remain. The length of the main building is 125 ft. by 28½ broad: it had six large windows, Decorated, on the south; three have been restored by A. Poynter, of London. The large east window is built up; but the fine four-light west window was filled in August, 1868, with stained glass, by Wailes, the gift of Mrs. Bell, in memory of Mr. W. Kingsford. It contains figures of Earl Hubert, and the kings Henry III. Edward III. and Richard II. The floor, unfortunately, has been raised 15 ft. above the original level. By comparison with similar hospitals—the Hotel Dieu of Beaune, and of Cambrai, and St. Mary's Chichester—it is most probable that two bays, eastward of the great hall, were parted off by an open oak screen to serve as a chapel, while on the north side arches opened into the dwellings and rooms of the inmates.

The hospital having been suppressed by the sweeping reform of Henry VIII. 1534, was converted into a victualling office for the royal navy, the only office of the kind

between Sheerness and Portsmouth. An agent resided here and issued stores to the ships in the Downs, from the victualling quay near the old dock at the foot of Snargate Street. In 1831 the Corporation (who obtained their present town-charter, August, 1684) purchased the premises; the refectory was made the town-hall, and the sacristy the sessions-house. In the former the troops in the castle attend divine service; the tower serves as the residence of Mr. Colthurst, the highly efficient and courteous governor of the gaol, which is under the refectory, and contains halberds and partizans said to have flashed in the bright suns of France, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In the hall will be placed the pictures of Charles II. (Vandyke); James II; William of Orange; Queen Anne, (Kneller); George I; Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, (Ramsay); and the Duke of Wellington. On the opposite side of the street was a Saxon burial-ground. The gaol comprises seven wards, with airing-grounds, 22 cells, enclosed by a stone boundary-wall, 24 ft. in height.

The *Dover Museum*, 1, Norman street, built 1848, is open to the public daily from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m., except on Sundays and Thursdays. The Museum formerly occupied the old Town-hall, erected in the reign of James I. over the Butter Market, on the site of an ancient cross. It contains specimens of natural history, minerals, fossils, ammonites, a stone cross with Runic characters; a sepulchral slab of Peter de Creon, poet, of the reign of King John; Dover tradesmen's tokens of the 17th century; an ancient hammer; a basket-hilted sword used by Cromwell, with a medallion, inscription, devices, and mottoes, 3 ft. 5½ in. long; and Roman coins and urns, found under St. Mary's tower.

RAILWAYS.—The South-Eastern Railway, which has opened Folkestone, has also the ancient pretensions of Dover to be the principal outlet of communication between England and the Continent, by rendering the journey from London a mere matter of two hours, and by the establishment of swift steamers in connexion with the trains.

An Act of Parliament was obtained in 1836, and the line commenced in 1838. It was opened from Folkestone on



February 6, 1844, to Dover. No equal extent of distance in England or on the Continent exhibits such romantic features; nowhere have manual labour and constructive talent triumphed over greater engineering difficulties. Dreary chilling tunnels, deep cuttings, high embankments, and bluff cliffs, succeed each other, with occasional glimpses of fine bright sunny sea-views. The following is the order of their succession:—The *Folkstone Viaduct*, 105 ft. high, 780 ft. long, extends over the valley and Ford mill-stream, with nineteen slender arches of 30 ft. span of yellow brick, each with 6-foot piers between them, and was built by Grissell and Peto. It enters by a tunnel the flank of that range of chalk hills which runs from Portsmouth through the southern counties to the sea, between the South Foreland and Folkstone, where the cliffs form a bold escarpment about twelve miles in length, and varying in height from 200 to 600 ft. Along the first seven miles of this precipitous and lofty barrier runs the railroad; and to form the line three headlands have been tunnelled, and smaller promontories blown into the sea. The *Martello Tunnel* opens at No. 1 Tower, and extends 766 yards, with an incline of 1 in 264 ft. The *Warren Cutting*, the heaviest on the line, is undulating and abrupt, so that within 100 yards it emerges from a cutting 120 ft. deep to an embankment 40 ft. high. The Warren forms a romantic under-cliff two miles in length, parallel with the East Weir Bay, and presents a wonderful scene of wild natural beauty. Under the sheep-walk, a line of highlands 500 to 600 ft. high, lies a belt of broken cliffs. Through this wilderness of rocks the road is hewn. The sides are stained red, yellow, and white by impregnations with iron ore, and the tints alternate with masses of thrift, marestail, sea-sunflower, sea-cabbage, and samphire. The calm serenity of the secluded spot is broken only by the hollow rushing of the train. The *Abbots'-Cliff Tunnel*, cut through hard chalk, 12 ft. above high-water mark, and 150 ft. from the sea, 1,940 yards long, is one of the finest specimens of brick-work. The mound at the entrance is the remains of a huge block of chalk which was blasted with four tons of powder. Be-

yond it the solid concrete *Sea Wall*, which occupied four years in construction, three quarters of a mile long, and, varying in height from 60 to 70 ft., at the base 23 ft. thick, and 5 ft. 6 inches at top, has its feet washed by the sea. On the land side rise precipitous cliffs 400 ft. high. The *Round-Down Level*, of seven acres, was formed by blasting the hill, which is 375 ft. high : on one occasion 18,500 lbs. of gunpowder were fired, under the direction of General Pasley, R.E., Jan. 6, 1843 ; and the fallen mass, 300 ft. long, and 375 high by 70 feet broad, covered eighteen acres, was detached without any sound of explosion, and with a gentle murmur glided like a white stream into the sea. The *Shakespeare-Cliff Tunnel*, 1417 yards in length, has two parallel tunnels, each 30 ft. by 12 ft., with seven air-shafts, and as many lateral outlets to the sea, through which the excavated chalk was thrown away ; it is entered by two pointed parabolic arches. The *Timber Viaduct*, close to Dover, is 2,000 ft. long.

**EAST KENT RAILWAY**—designed by Mr. Joseph Cubitt—will connect Dover with Canterbury. The tunnel under the Western Heights was begun in Sept., 1856. It will be 680 yards long, 21 ft. 6 in. high, by 31 ft. 6 in. broad ; and of brickwork 1 ft. 6½ in. thick. The greatest interval between it and the crest of the hill above is 280 ft.

The quick transit which has been already effected, will be accelerated by this railway : a change, indeed a mighty revolution, from the days when the lumbering stage-coach halted one or two nights on the road from London, and it was a miracle to accomplish the journey in one-and-twenty hours ; or from the time when this obsolete machine was driven off the road by the "Phenomenon," which astonished the country folks by the wonderful speed of six miles in an hour, setting out in the morning, and not reaching Dover till night—from early breakfast to supper-time—a cumbersome vehicle with six insides, a cradle swinging below, a high rail round the roof, and a cage-like contrivance behind.

**SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF**, 350 ft. high, commands a superb view ;—the faint mound-like point of Dungeness, the coast of France, from the eastward of Dieppe, by St. Valery and

Montreuil, reaching, with a halo of mother-of-pearl transparency softening the outlines, to Boulogne; then swelling in great curves to Calais, and still onwards till it bends down and is lost in the German Ocean—a sparkling expanse of sea, forming a brilliant foreground. Its ancient name of Hay Cliff has long been exchanged for that of the great national dramatist, who gives it prominent allusion in *King Lear*, Act iv., sc. 1, where Edgar has replied to a question of his blind father whether he knows Dover. Gloucester says—

“ There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:  
Bring me to the very brim of it.”

Edgar then describes the spot, but the cliff has, by repeated falls of the chalk, been greatly changed: in 1772 and 1810 the crash shook Dover like an earthquake; on March 8, 1847, 48,000 tons scaled off the peak, and shortly after 10,000 cubic yards. Shorn of its height, it now recedes inland; but beyond a doubt Shakspeare put an exaggerated description of the steep on the lips of the son, who was dissuading his father from self-destruction:—

“ How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!  
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark  
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.”

Mrs. Ramsbottom's amazement on hearing her daughter Letty's admirer repeat these lines, will be familiar to the readers of Theodore Hook's inimitable *Bulliana*. The rock samphire is still gathered by men let down in a

basket by a rope fastened to an iron crow set in the ground: the plant is used as a pickle. On Aug. 4, 1750, a man who had cheated a Canterbury innkeeper of 40*l.* by means of a forged check, being pursued, threw himself over the cliff; he was taken up alive, but much bruised, and died within ten days after amputation of his right leg.

**SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.**—In August, 1850, the first line of electric cable was laid down between London and Cape Grisnez. Owing to friction on a ledge of rocks, it broke, and another line was opened to Sangatte, closer to Calais. Another wire is laid to Ostend. The greatest depth of water in the Straits is 29 fathoms.

**EXCURSIONS.**—The earliest excursion is usually made to the Abbey of *St. Rhadegund's Bradsole*. For the pedestrian, a stroll of less than three miles across the hill by the Martello Tower, a descent to the left of the workhouse, and a sharp mount over the opposite hill, will bring him to this interesting ruin. The carriage-road lies through Buckland. Rhadegonda was the daughter of Berthier, King of Thuringia, and when a young child was taken prisoner by Clothaire I. of France, who eventually married her. She, however, laid aside the queenly crown for a nun's veil, and built the abbey of Holy Cross at Poitiers, where she died, Aug. 13, 587. The conventual church, now the chapel of Jesus College, Cambridge, was dedicated to her.

The abbey is situated on a lofty secluded hill, formerly surrounded by woods, which were only cut down at the close of the last century, and near a large pool—the origin of the appellation Bradsole, *i.e.*, broad pool, sole being a local synonym for a piece of water. The foundation is due to a Norman knight, a kinsman of the Conqueror, Hugh de Flori. It was frequently in need of fresh benefactors; for Abbot Hugh, in the reign of King Stephen, Richard I., in 1191, and subsequently Jeffrey, Earl of Perth, and Maud his wife, the parents of Henry de Wingham, Bishop of London, were regarded as founders. In the time of King John the monks were on the eve of removing to River as a more agreeable situation. However, the favour of kings and the munificence of Hubert

de Burgh, Haymo de Crèveœur, and other benefactors, gave them the churches of River, Alkham, St. Leonard's Alderthorn, besides three others, and the adjoining manor of Poulton. Blackwose Priory was a cell of this house. Thomas, Baron Poynynge, who died 49 Edw. III., desired to be buried in the choir before the high altar of the church, which he said in his will, "is of my foundation." The monastery was of Præmonstratensian canons. The abbots sat in parliament from the close of the reign of Edward I. The arms were, Argent a fess lozengy gules, in chief a rose. The remains consist of a square entrance *Gateway*, 40 ft. high by 40 ft. in breadth, massive and ivy-grown, with postern and a porter's lodge and chambers. There were two stories, the central room being 17 ft. by 17 ft.; and two quadrangles, the outer being 40 ft. by 27 ft., the inner 65 ft. in breadth. On the south side are some of the domestic buildings of two stories, with a projecting porch and parvise, of a curious pattern of Caen stone and flints intermixed; these, with a part of the north side, form at present a farm-house. On the east is the west front of the *Minster*, and on the west the *Crypt*, under the refectory, kitchen, and other offices. The architecture ranges from late Early English to Early Tudor. Under the main buildings are some subterranean passages. The walls of the outbuildings, barn, paradise, and orchards, cover a considerable extent of ground, and are mostly grown over with rich ivy; they seem to have been defended by an external semicircular rampart and fosse. About the middle of the last century, two foreigners, who said they came from Rome, appeared with hazel divining-rods, and asked permission of the young farmer to search for some concealed treasure, the buried plate of the abbey, and especially an image of the Virgin. What their discoveries were no man ever heard; but the farmer observing a discreet silence, speedily exchanged frieze coat and ploughshare for baldrick and sword. Some time after, the seamen of a ship, then lying off the harbour, made a renewed search; and, among other curiosities, on the south side of the church, discovered an ivory book with gold clasps and

hinges. Under the parlour is a portion of a crypt, 10 ft. high, 9 ft. long by 5 ft. broad.

Dugdale estimates the revenues of the abbey at the Dissolution, 26 Henry VIII., at 98*l.*; Speed, at 142*l.* a year.

From River, 2½ miles, a road conducts to *Alkham*, where the church is interesting, with its Early English chancel, piscina, and sedilia, and an altar-tomb with Lombardic characters. At a distance of three miles is *Swingfield*; at the end of a stony heath (Minnis), and the birthplace of Richard, Bishop of Hereford, who died 1316, and of Lord Chief Justice Sir J. Lineaux, 1442. A Commandery of Templars existed here in the reign of Henry II.: on its dissolution in 1312, a Preceptory of Knights Hospitallers of St. John was established in its place. The present farm-house exhibits the Early English end of the choir of their church; three tall lancets below three circular windows set in a lofty gable. The arms of the Knights of Malta are still visible on the house, which is very curious. The church of St. Peter consists of a nave and chancel, with a west tower and beacon turret. At *Acrise*, one mile west, is a Norman chancel arch; there is a brass to M. Haymen, 1601. Denton, near Swingfield, was the property of the learned Twysden, and more recently of that accomplished gentleman, Sir Egerton Brydges.

Another interesting church, about six miles from Dover, approached by lanes from the Folkstone road, is that of *St. Mary Capel le Ferne*, which has a western tower, nave and chancel, and in the latter are long undivided seats with desks before them, against the west and side walls, a piscina and sedilia; it is formed internally by a screen of three Early English arches, running north and south.

To the north-east, three miles, is the church of *St. Martin Guston* (Gorse-town)—a small Norman building, with three windows at the west end; to the north is the church of *St. Mary's West Langdon* (Long-down), 3½ miles, where was once a Benedictine monastery; and, four miles distant, the church of *St. Augustine, East Langdon*, with a Norman bell-turret, and a pulpit-hanging, part of a vestment of crimson velvet, now destroyed.

DOVER TO WALMER AND DEAL.—A coach runs several

times in the day between Deal and Dover. The road passing over the Castle Hill skirts the *Knights' Bottom*, the site of old mediæval tilt and tourney; and the *One Lone Tree*, a wasted sycamore, which is said to have grown from a stout staff with which a jealous suitor for a village-maiden's love, at Cliffe, slew his rival, a fellow-soldier quartered in the Castle; in his remorse the murderer cast away the weapon, and it rooted and became a tree. At Swing Gate, three miles, a road leads to the church of *St. Peter's West Cliffe*, three miles south-east, and that of *St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe*, five miles south-east, a fine Norman church, with a nave of four bays, and chevron moulding above the arches; a spacious chancel; and on the exterior a very imposing arcade pierced with clerestory lights at intervals. Every night at eight o'clock, during the winter half-year, a curfew-bell is rung; the payment for which is secured by the rent of five roods of pasture land which were given for the purpose by a shepherd who fell over the cliff in 1696. A pretty bay, famous for lobsters, lies about a mile distant; and on the cliff, to the west, are the upper and lower *South Foreland Lighthouses*: the former consists of a tower 30 ft. high, seated on a cliff 280 ft. above the sea; it is illuminated on the dioptric principle, the light being refracted by glass prisms above and below through windows of plate-glass; the latter is also a tower, but lighted by a lamp set in front of fifteen parabolic reflectors. *St. Margaret's Bay* is famous for its lobsters, for which the guillemots, which abound in the cliffs, are said to be good bait. A redoubt is about to be erected on the west side. That rare bird, the *willy*, is only found here and at Beachy Head, in England.

Passing by the grounds of Oxney Court, at some little distance on the left is the church of *St. Nicholas Ringwould*, 5½ m. Half an acre of ground, called Curfew-land, has been held from time immemorial by the parish clerk for ringing the curfew every evening from 2nd November to 2nd February. The tower, which is a landmark, was built 1628. The nave and chancel are mainly Early English, with Perpendicular windows; but it is now in process of restoration. Beyond the corn fields, on the

right, is seen St. John's Church, Kingsdown, built 1850; and in front appears the splendid reach of the Downs to the Isle of Thanet. Kingsdown gave the title of baron in 1850 to Mr. Pemberton Leigh.

### WALMER.

WALMER (the Sea-wall) is about a mile nearer to Deal. St. Mary's Church (J. B. Harrison, P.C.), which has some Norman portions, is situated on an ancient fosse: to the north are the two Norman churches of SS. Peter and Paul, Sutton, and St. Austin's, Ripple. At the latter village are the remains of a Roman camp. On the beach where Julius Cæsar at length effected a landing, August 26th, B.C. 55, when, as a last hope, the standard-bearer of the tenth legion leaped with his eagle into the water, and was followed by his men up the shore. The castle, built by Henry VIII. 1539, possesses a melancholy interest as the scene of the death of the great Duke of Wellington, September 14th, 1852. A willow from Napoleon's grave adorns the lawn! A grove of beeches and sycamores shelter it on the north.

“ Then down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

“ Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with its call!

“ No more surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal  
Be seen upon his post.

“ Meanwhile without the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead;  
Nothing in nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead.”



The round tower of the castle has been replaced by a modern dwelling-house, though the ramparts and irregular bastions remain: the embrasures are now disused, and eight 36-pounders are mounted *en barbette*; that is, so close to the turf that the balls shave it. The Great Duke resided here every year during two months of autumn: a small room three feet wide served as study and library, and contained an iron camp-bedstead with only a mattress and coverlet; the simple ornaments of the house were a plaster cast of Jenny Lind, an ivory statuette of Napoleon, and some common engravings of former Lord Wardens. There is a room, eight feet broad, with walls three feet in thickness, in which Mr. Pitt and Lord Nelson planned all the great naval actions of the French revolutionary war. Mr. Pitt took a lively interest in the alterations of the grounds; but while he was giving personal directions, he would become abstracted, and after a pause, as abruptly resume his work of superintendence. At night his servant often heard him rise before daybreak, and pacing up and down his room declaim an impassioned speech, as if he was in his place in Parliament. Even in his brief opportunities of retirement from London he found no release from the anxieties of high office. The Queen resided here November 10th to December 3d, 1842, and on November 14th visited Dover.

Half-way down Castle Street is the "Duke's House," where the great soldier resided when, as General Sir Arthur Wellesley, he commanded the district. Who can fail to contrast the two chief events of Walmer—the landing of Cæsar with the death of Wellington—and not reflect under what different aspects the same country appeared to the two great captains? For the coracle was exchanged the magnificent line-of-battle ship in the Downs; for the spear and scythed car, the musket and bayonet and the dread artillery; for the Roman galleys, the fleets that transport the commerce of worlds; and now, after eighteen centuries, England, once a tributary of the Cæsars, commands a dominion vaster than that of Rome, wields an influence loftier than hers in the old world, and

is rapidly extending her religion, laws, and language over two new continents. The barracks were built in 1795. The Princess Amelia had a house at Walmer, and at Sir G. Cooke's house Queen Caroline was a guest.

## DEAL.

DEAL, the Saxon Addelan, "a low place by the shore," is rendered famous by the gallantry and seamanship of its boatmen and pilots, who are by statute limited to fifty-six. It is a straggling place, with gusty courts and water-side lanes, and crooked alleys towards the sea, and one long, dull, straight street, parallel to the shore. Deal was the birth-place of Elizabeth Carter, the translator of "Epictetus," 1717; and of W. Boys, the historian of Sandwich, 1753. In the castle, built by Henry VIII., was imprisoned the Roundhead Colonel Hutchinson. On August 15, 1648, Colonel Rich repulsed an attack on it by the Cavaliers, fighting under the eyes of King Charles II., whose fleet lay at anchor off the place. An earthquake was felt here September, 1692. The town was incorporated 1699. The church of St. George (H. H. Dombrain, P.C.), 80 ft. by 50 ft., was consecrated June 16, 1716; St. Saviour's in 1849; St. Andrew's (M. E. Benson, P.C.) in 1850. The Naval Yard is still in use; but the Naval Hospital, which has a front of 360 ft., has been converted into barracks. In the days of the old telegraph semaphore, there were ten stations between London and Deal, twelve between London and Portsmouth, and thirty-one (eight of which were common to the Portsmouth line) between London and Plymouth. In fifteen minutes a message could be sent from Portsmouth, but from Plymouth in three minutes, to the Admiralty. There were sixty-three different signals. It was found that in the year there were two hundred days during the whole of which the telegraph could be used; sixty during which it could be employed only part of the day; and one hundred when few signals at all could be made. The sound of the cannonade at the siege of Valenciennes was heard distinctly upon the shore. The present town is

built on land recovered from the sea, which is now, however, perceptibly gaining on it. The pier is in a state of hopeless decay. St. Leonard's, Upper Deal (J. M. Nisbet, R.), is a mile distant: it retains some Norman features. Two miles further is the Early English church of St. Martin's, Great Mongeham (Monk's home), lately restored; and again, one mile beyond, is St. Augustine's, Northbourne, a fine Norman and Early English church, with a central tower. It contains the effigies of Sir E. and Lady Sandys. Betsanger (Vitalis-hanger), six miles distant, has a Norman church, restored by Salvin.

At Deal, which in 1851 had a population of 7067, landed Perkin Warbeck (1495), Anne of Cleves (Dec. 27, 1579), and Queen Adelaide. This coast has never been disgraced by the infamous practice of wrecking, such as Defoe described it. At Gullkoch, in Cornwall, it is on record that the clergyman, finding his congregation had dropped out one by one, proposed to his clerk to follow, as there must be some good cause for the dispersion. The shore was lined by his parishioners, who, disappointed of a wreck, were watching the escape of the Black Prince smuggling cutter, made under the very guns of a revenue cruiser, which was unable to follow her among the rocks. The parson and his flock returned to church, and the service was resumed at the point where it had been interrupted. On another occasion the preacher, while hastily throwing off his surplice, cried out, "Stop! stop! fair play; let us start together." A stranger, arriving during the horrors of a wreck, exclaimed, "Can this be possible? Is there no clergyman? is there no magistrate in these parts?" "Yes, sir, to be sure," replied an old man who stood by; "yonder he is on the rock, holding the lantern!" The wreckers, with a horrible ingenuity, led a horse up and down the cliffs on a stormy night, with a lantern attached to his head, to deceive poor sailors into a belief that it was a ship's light inshore of their own vessel, so that they were out of danger. But no such melancholy tales are related here. The Kentish boatman lives by the sea; the fleet in the Downs,

the wreck on the Goodwin, and the minute-gun in the dark night, alike call out his skill and courage. For a brave rescue or a gallant venture, there is not a bolder spirit than the hobeller, so called from *hobbies*, small ponies on which the mediæval coast-guard were mounted : he will peril his own life to save a drowning crew. "Is there in this world anything grander than such intrepidity?" asks Count de Melford; "a king in all his pomp and power, opening his assembled parliament—a conqueror marching at the head of his army preceded by his prisoners—are these comparable? are these morally great like these simple sailors—these who brave peril, fatigue, suffering, death itself—death of the most horrible kind—in order to save men who are utter strangers to them!" In 1753, Fielding, then on his voyage to Lisbon, found the boatmen too rapacious to allow him to land; the fare was, he says, "beyond the reach of modern luxury." Honest withal the boatman is; the London merchants during the French war trusted the Deal boatmen with rolls of guineas to smuggle across the channel, and they never lost a single piece of gold. If the wealthy thus broke the laws of their country, it is not surprising that there were also secret haunts, recesses, passages, and hidden cupboards, in which the smuggler stored, beside the bullion, brocade, Genoese velvet, Brussels lace, tea and rum. The ingenuity of these men in evading detection was worthy of a better cause. A noted bootmaker of Oxford-street, London, by their means undersold all his neighbours: on his death-bed he asserted that he had never earned any profit by the sale of leather, but had enriched himself solely by the expedient of enclosing in each heel a Geneva watch, and thus escaping the heavy duty.

The Downs ("dunes," sands), which Shakspeare describes as a "dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried," are, traditionally, the remains of Lomea, Earl Godwin's Isle, overrun by the sea in vengeance for his perjured treason to Edward the Confessor; in all probability the land was submerged by a well-authenticated rising of the sea in

1099, when the last remains of an island of clay were swept away. In 1817, when sinking for the foundation of a lighthouse, the workmen of the Trinity House discovered that the bank was only fifteen feet deep, and rested on blue clay, below which was chalk. Sir T. More and Bishop Latimer both allude to the Kentish proverb, that Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands (or rather of Sandwich haven), implying that the erection of the tower was contemporaneous with the formation of the sands, or that the funds which should have repaired the sea-wall were diverted to that structure. Earl Godwin, "the Kentish firebrand," who also neglected to fulfil a vow made before his foray into the Weald of Sussex, bears the blame. The Downs were the scene of the great battle of Blake and Van Tromp on August 12th, 1652. The English admiral lay here, and on Sept. 28th captured the Dutch rear-admiral and destroyed three of the enemy's ships. For two days Blake gave chase, but in vain. On November 29th, with a force of forty ships, he fought the fleet of Van Tromp, which numbered eighty sail, and suffered only a slight reverse. On Feb. 18th, 1653, during a battle that lasted three days, Blake captured eleven men-of-war and thirty merchantmen from that gallant adversary, as he was sailing with a large convoy and an equal force up Channel. Dampier anchored here Sept. 16, 1691; and Captain Cook went ashore from the Endeavour after his first voyage, June 11, 1771. Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday sailed from the Downs, Jan. 8, 1695. Here, in Sept. 1699, H.M.S. Carlisle, one of Sir George Rooke's squadron, blew up. On Nov. 26, 1703, Rear-Admiral Beaumont, while observing a French fleet, was overtaken by the "great storm," and H.M.S. Stirling Castle, 80, Retribution, 74, Northumberland, 70, and Royal Mary, 64, perished in the sands, with nine other vessels. In the war time, at the beginning of this century, the intermediate channel was the rendezvous of merchantmen waiting for convoy. Gay's song of "Black-eyed Susan,"—

"All in the Downs the fleet lay moored,"—

has immortalised the scene. In 1809 two hundred pendants were flying here at one time. Wordsworth has perfectly described the appearance of the roadstead—

“With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh  
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed;  
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,  
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.”

On the west and north-west the anchorage is sheltered by the coast; and on the north-east to south-east the Goodwins, showing ruddy under the water, form a natural breakwater. These sands lie at a distance varying from three to seven miles from the shore, and at low water resemble an archipelago: cricket-matches have been played on them. They are ten miles long, and about three to four in breadth, and cover seven thousand acres; their shape is like that of a lobster: the Barrier (where the Gull-light ship lies), the East and West Dyke, the North Sandhead (with a light five miles north-east of Ramsgate), make the back and tail; the claws are the North and South Callipers, pointing to the light at South Sandhead, five miles from the South Foreland. The name of the Goodwins may be the Gwyn, significant, like their other name of Lomea (loam), of the soft, tenacious nature of the sands; and the *Downs*, in truth, a mere corruption of *aduna*, the mouth of an estuary, which would exactly describe the old appearance of the shore fronted by the banks from Ramsgate to Walmer; indeed, in the days of the Tudors, they were known as the *Sowins* (like the modern sewers, an exit of water). The tradition that this was a submerged district, and once formed a portion of the mainland, is similarly related of the Lionesse of Cornwall, the Wight (*guict*, severed) of Hampshire, and the Herm of the Channel Isles. It is common to the Red Indian as to the Chinese; to many parts of Europe as to the Malay. A fragment of the coast is yet shown off the Reculvers, still bearing proof of the occupation of its inhabitants—the Horse, the Hook, the Last (daouble ton), the Woolpack, and Whitstable

Road. Volcanic convulsions, the rage of the sea, or setting of the shingle, has changed the ancient features of the coast, leaving dry land where sea was, or swallowing up a whole town, as Winchelsea, in the waves. The Goodwins are a nest of shoals; the upper sands only being quick and shifting. At low tides, a walk along these melancholy dunes, when the channel is bare of ships and presents only a boundless expanse, will inspire solemn thought, awe, and silent devotion; the voiceless lips of the shells, which the foot buries, tell of mighty changes and centuries gone by: all is still as beneath the roof of a cathedral, and the breeze grows mellowed, softer, sadder, as it mingles with the fall of the breakers. No wonder that the sound of voices seems to murmur above that sonorous base, by a deep feeling, where all is perfect solitude—in-eradicable—eternal—in the human heart; just as the Arab hears the *Al!-Allah!* of armies, or the bells of a Christian church, which no man ever yet could find, in the wilderness of Zin; or, as Marco, the Venetian, tells, the Tartar reins in his steed on the steppes that lie between the Ural and the wall of China, while choral music or human cries rise up in that waste of barren plains. Beneath the sands here lie

“A thousand fearful wrecks,  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.”

Every expedient which science could invent has been exhausted by Bush and others, as yet in vain, to plant a stationary beacon on these sands, but numerous floating-lights have been established, in conjunction with those on the neighbouring shore and cliffs, to insure safety to the sailor.

“And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,  
Through the deep twilight of the purple air,  
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,  
With strange unearthly splendour in its glare.

“Not one alone; from each projecting cape,  
And perilous reef along the ocean’s verge,  
Starts into life a dim gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o’er the restless surge.”

About one mile eastward on the shore is Sandown Castle ; like those of Deal, Walmer, and Sandgate, a central round tower, surrounded by four bastions, with walls of stone eleven to twenty feet thick. It will soon be in the sea. Its name is derived from the sand-downs, five miles in length, and a quarter of a mile broad, extending from Peperness to Deal. Here Colonel Hutchinson died, Sept. 11, 1664. Between the north end of the Goodwin Sands and the shore is a large bank called the Brake, five miles long, with a depth of three to twelve feet at low water. The intermediate channel is the Gull stream. In 1776 a swivel-gun, of the fourteenth century, eight feet long, was dredged up from the Gull ; the barrel, five feet long, was of brass, and quite clean ; while the iron-pivot was encrusted with petrified land shells and corallines. It bore the arms of Portugal, and F. R. C., the cipher of Ferdinand, King of Castile. Within the Brake are the Small Downs, with an area of one thousand acres. Captain Veitch and Sir John Rennie proposed to convert them into a harbour of refuge ; but there was this insuperable objection,—the Brake moves : in forty-five years it has advanced six hundred yards towards the shore.

## SANDWICH.

The railroad from Deal to Minster passes through Sandwich, a decayed town, with a population of 2966. On the south coast of England it so happens that, wherever nature is less profuse in her gifts of rich scenery than she appears in other districts, there will be always found noble and time-honoured monuments of antiquity, which speak more audibly to the eye than the tongue of the chronicler can address the ear. They call up stirring thoughts, which render the heart insensible to everything but the eventful story of the country. In Dorsetshire are the wonderful geological phenomena of a land of tropical palm



and extinct vegetation, with forms of animal life now found only in other climes. The lovely scenery of Devon, Hampshire, and Sussex, with its varied beauty, is an ever-present handmaid of the imagination; while in Cornwall and Kent, the objects which peculiarly attract attention are those of historic interest. Such is the case with this now insignificant town and its neighbourhood. The ancient earthworks, like a wall, at once strike the visitor's eye on leaving the station, and the whole appearance of the quaint old place gives promise of a picturesque interior. The streets are narrow and grass-grown; the Stour is still 11 ft. deep and 50 ft. broad at spring-tide, but the harbour is choked with sand. On the river side remains the Fishers' or Bridge Gate, with two circular towers chequered with flint-work; and southward is a postern, the Quay Gatehouse, which once led to a ferry, the very ideal for an artistic sketch. A house in Vicarage Lane has a Decorated doorway; and there are traces of the same style in the hospitals of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew. There are three churches: *St. Mary's*, composed of a nave, north aisle, and chancel, and a tower, built 1718. *St. Peter's* has a nave, north aisle (that on the south was destroyed, October 16, 1661, by the fall of the upper part of the steeple), a central tower, and a chancel with aisles. It contains three monuments of the fourteenth century. 1, John Eue and his wife; 2, Sir Thomas Ely, founder of St. Thomas's Hospital, M.P., and mayor; and 3, an altar-tomb. At the west end of the nave is the effigy of Sir John Gröve, in Caen stone, of the first half of the fourteenth century. *St. Clement's*, a noble church, consists of a nave with a panelled oak roof, and chancel with aisles, a north transept, and central tower, Norman, with a triple arcade. The structure is mainly Early English, but the windows are later insertions. There is some interesting oak stall-work in the chancel, the aisles of which were chantries. The font is Tudor, and octagonal. There is a brass to E. Spencer, 1583. Sandwich (the Town on the Sands) was the Saxon and mediæval Portsmouth. Close by was the battle-field with

the Roman legionary, the savage Saxon, and the merciless Dane. In its roadstead cruised the sea-kings, watching for a foray on the pleasant towns of the interior, until their ferocity caused Sandwich to become the cradle of the British navy, when King Ethelred II. ordained that every 310 hides of land should maintain a vessel at Sandwich. Crusader, pilgrim, prince, and merchant, belted knight and baron bold, must have gloried on their way beyond seas as they passed, in the grave earnest English courage of the burghers, who as calmly repaired their walls after a French assault as they vigorously fitted out a fleet to make reprisals. Never had a town a more moving history. Sandwich grew into importance on the decline of Richborough. In 850 the Danes landed here; in 851 King Athelstan, in a naval action, took nine of their ships. Anlaf spoiled the town 994, and again at midsummer, 1007; Ethelred was here with all his fleet 1008; Sweyn came in July, 1013; and Canute in 1014, landed his English hostages, savagely mutilated. He was here in 1016 and in 1023, when he gave the port to the monks of Canterbury, who resigned it to the crown 1290. In 1046 Lothen and Irling, with 25 ships, spoiled Sandwich. In 1049 Edward the Confessor resided here, and in 1052 fitted out a fleet; Earl Godwin came in the same year. The Cinque Ports' navy usually rendezvoused here. Sandwich at first contributed 5 ships; in the reign of Edward II. 22; later its proportion was 10½. In the time of Charles II. it could afford only 5; in the reign of Edward IV. the port boasted of 95 ships. In November, 1164, Thomas à Becket fled from Sandwich to France, relanding here in December, 1170. On March 20, 1194, Richard I. landed here from his Austrian prison. In 1217 Louis, with 600 ships, burned the town. Edward III. was here October, 1343, bringing a battering train, which he had to return to the Tower. On July 3, 1345, he sailed with Queen Philippa for Sluys, and landed here July 26. On Aug. 30, 1372, he assembled here, for the relief of Thouars, 10,000 archers, 3,000 lances, and embarked in 400 sail. On October 12, 1347, and October 28, 1359, he embarked for Calais, and in 1349

sailed in quest of Spanish pirates. In 1357 the Black Prince here landed his prisoners, King John of France and his son Philip. In May 1405, the king was at Sandwich. In 1416 Henry V. lodged in the Carmelite Friary, and embarked for Calais. In August, 1457, 4000 French, under Marshal de Brèze, landed at night, but were signally repulsed soon after the Earl of Warwick arrived in the town. The king-maker, being at Calais, sent over Sir J. Dinham, who surprised Lord Rivers, and carried him and the whole royal fleet to the service of his employer. Edward IV., after the Battle of Barnet, here secured the fleet of Warwick, and at once repaired the defences of the town, which again became a flourishing port. An earthquake was felt here April 6, 1580, and May 2, 1579. Elizabeth stayed here August 31, to September 3, 1573, but the town was then poor enough. A carrick of Pope Paul IV. sank in the mouth of the haven in the reign of Henry VIII., and the sand formed a bank round it; the shingle silted up in the time of his successor, and the ancient trade was lost; but the Flemings, who settled here during the Walloon persecution, established market-gardens, and grew canary, flax, and teasles. They worshipped in St. Clement's church. The town was incorporated in the time of Edward III., and the charter confirmed 1685. Canterbury Gate was demolished 1780, and Woodnesborough, New, and Sandwich Gates soon after. The Guildhall, built 1579, is of two stories, and contains a council chamber, in which are kept the side-saddle used by Queen Elizabeth, some old armour, the ducking stool and a wooden mortar for scolds; the court hall is below. Male felons were, by Sandwich customals, buried alive and women drowned. In 1644 a poor creature was executed for witchcraft. Sandwich was the birthplace of Sir John Mennes, the post-traveller, 1598; Henry, Bishop of London, 1262; Admiral Rainier, M.P.; J. Burchett, author of the "Naval History;" and Chief Baron Sir Roger Manwood, 1525, who founded, 1563, the grammar-school, of which R. Knolles, author of the "History of the Turks," 1610, was the third master. Besides

the Hospitals of St. John and St. Thomas—the latter has an old refectory with a good Perpendicular window—on the south-west side of the town is that of St. Bartholomew, for travellers and mariners, of Early English architecture, and containing the table-tomb and effigy of the founder, Sir Henry 'de Sandwich. The title of Earl of Sandwich was granted, in 1660, to the Montague family. The name was given to some South Sea Islands, by Captain Cook, in honour of the Earl, who was First Lord of the Admiralty, and stood gossip to his invention of the well-known component of a hasty luncheon, when prevented by business of state from returning to dinner. Three miles north is the fine Early English church of St. Nicholas, Ash, with an Edwardian effigy and two altartombs.

The botany of the neighbourhood includes some interesting plants: at *Sandwich*—*salicornia herbacea*; *eryngium maritimum*; *poa distans*; *P. bulbosa*; *ovia cristata*; *convolvulus soldanella*; *borago officinalis*; *silene conica*; *cœnanthe pimpinelloides*; *læster tripolium*; *ranunculus lingua*; *lychnis dioica*; *carix pseudo-cyperus*; *C. distans*; *C. divisa*; *C. arenaria*; *serapias longifolia*; *myriophyllum verticillatum*; *phalaris arenaria*. *Sandown Castle*:—*salix argentea*; *atriplex littoralis*; *trifolium maritimum*; *T. glomeratum*; *medicago polymorpha*; *sedum anglicum*. *Deal Castle*:—*dianthus caryophyllus*. *Walmer*—*pisum maritimum*. Those rare birds, the Kentish dotterel and cream-coloured swift-foot, have been seen in this neighbourhood.

The Stour, famous for salmon trout, parts off the Isle of Thanet (Fire Beacon Isle). Up the channel of the Wantsume—closed centuries ago—sailed, in 360, Lupicinus, the Emperor Julian's master of the Ordnance towards the Thames, and in 1052, Harold, thus escaping the rough seas of the Foreland.

A little more than one mile north-west of Sandwich are the remains of the old Roman fortress which defended the port of Rutupæ—whose oysters were famous with the epicures of the age of Juvenal—now known as

Richborough (the Town of Dominion) Castle, covering an internal area of five acres, the theatre of the opening scene of British history. Built by Stilicho in the time of Vespasian, it has stood eighteen hundred years, little changed from the time when, by the watch-fire gleaming on the cliff, the sentinel challenged all comers in the mother-tongue of Rome, or Lucian and Ausonius married its name to their immortal verse. Its walls, 12 feet thick, and varying from 20 to 30 feet in height, are built, with beautiful regularity, of blocks of chalk, boulder, and sandstone from Beechy Head, fronted with Portland granite, laid in seven courses each 4 feet wide, and connected together by double rows of red or yellow tiles, and mortar like solid rock; they will probably last as long as the earth on which they rest. The internal facing is of flint. The north wall is 560 feet long, 23 feet 2 inches high, and 10 feet 8 inches thick. It is thus composed: four courses of flint; then three courses dressed; then four orders, each of seven courses of ashlar and two of tile; next eight courses of ashlar and two of tile; and uppermost, nine courses of ashlar.

The corn-field flourishes close beneath the ramparts. The ash and wild trees pierce through the fissured walls, which are clad with creeping plants. Under the broken heaps of masonry flows a narrow river down to the dreary shore and marshes, where the fields of long tasselled reed grass, worthy of Camilla's dainty feet, murmur in the wind and ripple over like a wavy sea; where, too, dyke and channel yet remain to show the labour of the monks. In the rents of the once strong bastion that was lined with the arms of the soldiers of the empire, the farmer now lays his ploughshare, and the wandering gipsy shelters from the storm.

In the west wall, which is much dilapidated, was the Decuman Gate. At the north-west and south-west angles of the curtain were solid round towers; the south and west walls retain portions of square mural towers. The Porta Principalis, or Postern, was in the north-east wall; the Prætorian Gate was on the slope towards the estuary;

the Decuman fronted the Prætorian, and the second was opposite to the First Gate. In the Sacellum the standards were kept. On a platform, 144 feet by 104 feet broad, is a second mass of later masonry, cruciform, 87 feet by 17½ ft. with a transept 46 feet by 22 feet. On it was built St. Augustine's church, still standing in Leland's time. About a quarter of a mile south-west are the remains of a circus, 210 feet in diameter. At Richborough, in 596, St. Augustine landed on his way to Canterbury, chanting litanies and bearing banner and cross. Opposite Richborough is the Isle of Stonar, where Vortigern defeated the Jutes. At Stonar, Turkell the Dane landed.

Five miles from Sandwich stands St. Mary's Church Minster, of which Henry Wharton and Lewis the topographer were vicars, and near which Thorne the chronicler was born. It has a Norman nave and Early English chancel, with eighteen oak stalls, transept and west tower, with an octagon spire. In the north transept is the tomb of Edile de Thorne; there is also a brass of Sir J. de Northwode, 1325, and his dame. The monastery here was founded by Domneva, 670, who obtained from King Egbert as much land as a tame deer could cover in a single course, as an atonement for the murder of her brothers by one Thunor, who endeavoured to stop the hind, and was swallowed up by the earth at Thunor's Leap. The most famous abbess was St. Mildred. In 1027 the whole sisterhood was massacred by the Danes. The church was rebuilt by King Canute. Near it are the remains of an Early Norman grange of St. Augustine's Abbey. The view is most beautiful from these high lands, extending over the rich grass meads of Thanet, and seaward, across the Downs and Goodwin Sands, to Calais. It embraces the whole coast from Sandwich to Deal and Pegwell Bay, and overlooks the Weald of Kent and the pale towers of Canterbury; whilst on the north are the broad undulations of the Thames, the lowlands of Sheppey, the marshes of the Medway, and the distant shore of Essex.

In recent times a coast-guard has been established to prevent the descent of smugglers. Perhaps none of

the southern counties was more notorious than Kent for a successful contraband trade. Along the whole coast which the reader will follow, from the North Foreland to Romney marsh, with a dark moonless sky and a southerly breeze, many a lugger would run in. The Polders of Sandwich knew many a buried keg and precious bale. Hythe, with its flat beach, carried on a thriving contraband trade inside Dungeness. The rugged ground behind Sandgate, which not a century since could boast only a few fisher's huts, a little beershop, and a general store, was trodden by lines of rapid horses, carrying cargoes into the interior; while up the cliffs of Folkstone, where dragoons did the duties of the preventive service, and the steeps eastward of Dover, men scaled their way where the samphire-gatherer might tremble to ascend. The soldiers gained frequently large sums; a squadron of light cavalry commanded by Lord Sheffield, made 3000*l* of prize-money at Deal.

If report says true, the smuggler's trade was not confined to the poor fishermen, but richer gamblers made venture, when the customs' servants were venal, and the riding officers scattered. Scarce a wood or a barn, a cave or stable, but served as the cellar and hiding-place of a daring but popular calling.

**PEGWELL BAY.**—Along the south-west coast of Kent there is no water-drainage, with the exception of the petty stream of the Dour. The Rother, which once entered the sea at New Romney, now flows under Rye in Sussex. The only considerable stream is the river Stour. The Little Stour rising at Lyminge unites with the Greater Stour near Stourmouth, where the river parts into two branches, of which one enters the sea at Reculver, and the other in Pegwell bay. This channel of the Stour, which insulated Thanet, was known as the Wantsume, and even in Bede's time had a breadth of three furlongs; at St. Nicholas-at-Wade and Stonar ferry-boats were kept. In the time of Henry VIII. ships of some burthen could pass through it; but it is now navigable only as high as Fordwich. Epwine's-fleet (channel) or Ebb's fleet, was

called by the Welsh "the house of the ferry-boat." Here the Saxons landed 449: Hengist and Æsc in 465, when they defeated "the Weales and twelve aldermen" and Horsa and Vortigern were slain, according to the tradition, by Vortimer. At Stonar, Louis the Dauphin anchored May 21, 1216.

*Pegwell Bay* is famous for shrimps. Paley notices a curious phenomenon which is almost peculiar to this coast. "Walking in a calm evening," he writes, "and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it is this; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!"

Between *Pegwell Bay* and *Ramsgate*, the chalk cliff loses three feet yearly. Owing to the dryness of the soil, the proverb runs,—When England wrings, Thanet sings. In this bay, at *Ebbsfleet*, landed the Jutes from *Jutland* and *Holstein*. Their flag, the *White Horse*, now assumed as the ensign of *Kent*, allegorically represented *Hengist* and *Horsa*, both words signifying that animal. The old law of *gavelkind*, still in force, preserves the memory of these invaders. From a similar partition of property a well-known London suburb bears the name of *Kentishtown*. At *Ozingall*, near *Ramsgate*, are the graves of some of the Saxon invaders.

## RAMSGATE.

The town derives its name from *Ruim*, a headland and gate, the local appellation of a stair, or depression in the chalk cliffs. In the reign of Elizabeth it was a small



fishing-place, and at the beginning of the last century traded with the Baltic; its inhabitants returned from their fishery in time to reap their corn. Wrecking, locally called Paultring, was also a profitable occupation. The rhyme ran thus, describing the men of Thanet:—

“ Ramsgate herrings, Peter’s lings,  
Broadstairs scrubs and Margate kings.”

The climate is more bracing than on the south coast, but is warmer by a few degrees than Margate. Ramsgate wears a busy look, having ship-building yards, and ropewalks, a considerable fishery, and an extensive coasting trade, carried on principally in colliers; and ships in stormy weather take advantage of its excellent harbour. There is now a cheerfulness, life, and stir about the water-side, which exhilarates the spirits. Industry, commerce, and activity are visible on every side: the shipping in the harbour, the crowded London steam-vessel, the fishermen’s boats, and the throng on the quay, all contribute to give vivacity to the scene. Ramsgate has an area of 8098 statute acres: in 1841 it had 2814 houses inhabited; 237 uninhabited; 39 building; in 1851 the numbers were respectively 3187, 255, 43. The population numbered in 1801, 5,746; in 1811, 7,580; in 1821, 9,733; in 1831, 12,351; in 1841, 16,581; and in 1851, 17,828.

A curious custom used to prevail called “going-a-hodening,” which consisted in singing carols, while a horse’s head (hoden) carved in wood was carried in procession; to the songs were added the ringing of handbells, and the snapping of the jaws of the hobby. Even recently the girls on Shrove Tuesday burned the holly boy, a rude bundle of holly, while the lads burned a similar sheaf of ivy called the ivy girl.

The Town-hall in Harbour Street, with a market beneath, was built in 1839, and a military road for the embarkation of troops was completed 1808. The old church was built 1785-1791. St. George’s church, (R. (Harvey, V.) 148 ft. by 68 ft. with a tower 137 ft. high, was completed in 1829, at a cost of 24,000*l*. In it is

buried Sir William Curtis, on whom the wits fastened every kind of humorous grammatical mistake. Christchurch (T. H. Davies, P.C.) was built in 1847; Holy Trinity church (J. Gilmore, P.C.) in 1849. St. Laurence's (G. W. Sicklemore, V.), half a mile distant, is an ancient Norman building, with nave and chancel, and a central arcaded tower; the chancel contains a memorial of N. de Manston, 1441. Lord Truro was buried in it. The Roman Catholic church, St. Augustine's, Early Decorated, 90 ft. long, with a transept 60 ft. long, was built by A. W. Pugin. In the garth is the chantry of the Digby family.

It was long in contemplation to form a harbour at Deal, but it so happened that on December 16th, 1748, a number of vessels escaped shipwreck, by entering the little unfrequented port of Ramsgate. Public attention was thus drawn to its capabilities, but, probably, it would have died away, but for the petition of the Lord of the Manor, who prayed that no steps might be taken to render the harbour available, as the value of his property depended on the frequent wrecks which occurred in the vicinity. A Bill passed the indignant House of Commons, and the works, after the designs of W. Ockenden and Capt. B. Brooke, commenced in 1748, and within twelve years, two immense bulwarks were thrown out. From 1755 to 1761 the works were suspended, but resumed 1761 until 1773, inclosing an area of 46 acres. 200,000*l* were spent, when it was found that the encroachments of the sand threatened to render the costly expenditure fruitless. Dredging by lighters and ponderous rakes was in vain resorted to. At length the ingenious Smeaton, the architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse, discovered the secret. The want was a river;—this he determined to supply by the creation of an artificial reservoir at the head of the harbour; and thus the opening of six sluices, at low water, insured the flow of a strong stream, which most effectually swept away mud and sand within three years. In 1787 all was well, and vessels found safety; indeed in January, 1790, the country folk flocked from far and near, to behold the unwonted sight of 160 vessels safely sheltered

within it: the entrance being 240 feet in breadth, and admitting at all times ships of 300 tons, and at spring tides of 500 tons burthen.

The dry-dock was completed 1784. The east pier which has a small fort at the head, is 3000 ft. by 26 ft., and 16 ft. above high-water. The west pier measures 1500 ft. by 24, and has a lighthouse, built 1792-1802. 400 ships have at one time found refuge here. In 1838-9 a patent slipway 409 ft. by 60 ft. was constructed for building and repairing ships, even of 500 tons burden. The piers, which are built of Purbeck and Portland stone and Cornish granite, at a cost of 60,000*l.*, form a polygon, and afford a marine promenade of nearly 3000 feet long. Near the piers are found *atriplex littoralis* and *antirrhinum spurium*. At the entrance of the east pier is a small battery, and near it is an obelisk to commemorate the embarkation of King George the Fourth for Hanover. The king sailed September 25, and relanded November 8; he was so pleased with his reception, that he constituted the town a royal port, and caused the Custom House to be removed to it from Sandwich. George the Third, Queen Caroline, the Princess Charlotte, and her Majesty, when Princess Victoria, have been visitors. Lady Augusta Murray died here, March 4th, 1830.

The first steamer, the *Eagle*, sailed from Ramsgate to London in 1820. She became afterwards the King of Denmark's yacht. In 1816 the *Majestic*, of 25-horse power, was the first steamer which crossed from Ramsgate to Calais. She carried two hundred passengers, who embarked not without grave apprehension for their safety.

From the fine broad sands the *Augusta* stairs, and from the west pier the steps called Jacob's ladder, (from the old timber ladder, built 1754,) communicate with the heights. An admirable picture of Ramsgate sands, "Life at the Sea Side," by W. F. Frith, R.A., lately engraved by the Art Union of London, has familiarised the scene to many. It is the same as it was ten years ago; although the town itself has been enlarged to thrice the size. Near the pier, the visitors who fill the houses in the terrace and

crescent, most do congregate, seated for their customary three hours on their penny chairs ; the ladies working or reading the well-worn novel. A German wind-band performs for their pleasure at intervals. After the money collector has gone his rounds, the gipsies and sellers of plaster-casts, flowers, or shell-work, circulate among them, offering their wares. The young lady shaded with the parasol watches the Savoyard's white mice, while her companions are busied with their netting or crochet work. The minstrel thrums his guitar. Of the merry children, some ride by on slowly-moving donkeys, some with dresses knee-high, and bare little feet, play among the waves, and some with tiny spades raise castles in the sand, which the waters soon destroy. There is the exhibitor of the wonderful canary-birds, his bugle laid above the cages ; here an elderly London citizen cons his daily "Times ;" in the back-ground his son, telescope in hand, has donned a garb, half in imitation of the costume of the Royal Yacht Club, half as much resembling the dress of an ordinary boatman. The hare on a table beats the tambourine with its paws, to the delight of another group. The mysterious smuggler offers his silks and laces ; the suspicious-looking sailor presents his parrot for sale ; the hurdy-gurdy and the doleful organ, the monotonous chorus of the Ethiopian serenaders, and the discordant Pandean pipes, the ceaseless drum, and shrill scream of the Punch and Judy, alternately or combined, fill up the pauses of conversation. Season after season amusements and performances continue unvaried ; and the cause of complaint made thirty years ago is not likely to be removed, that owing to the consumption of shrimps, the places of resort are rendered "unpleasant to some by the nauseating smell and appearance of the remains of millions of marine animals of the crab kind." The floating beacon, the Gull, and two smaller lights off Deal, are visible at dusk.

One mile from St. Laurence's are remains of a chapel at Manston Court, and two miles further some portions of a Decorated house may be seen. Ellington house was

the scene of a hideous tragedy in 1652. Its owner, Adam Sprakelin, who had wasted his fortune in profligacy, lived in constant dread of arrest, and at length suspected that his wife, Catherine, daughter of Robert Lewknor, of Acrise, was betraying him to his creditors. Having secured their only servant, he wounded his wife with an axe, and as she sunk on her knees praying for mercy, and for pardon on her murderer, he cleft her down: the wretch then slew his favourite hounds, and stretched them at her side. The infamous assassin was hanged on August 25th.

At East Cliff (Sir M. Montefiore), one mile, the favourite residence of Queen Charlotte, Admiral Lord Keith, K.B. lived when in command of the Channel fleet; as did the Prince of Wales in 1803.

Two miles to the north is Broadstairs,—the “Our Watering Place” of Household Words—a neat village, with 2975 inhabitants. It had a wooden pier built by the Culmers in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and substantially repaired after a terrible storm in 1667; but swept away in 1808, when the present pier was planned. “It is,” writes Dickens, “a queer old pier, fortunately without the slightest pretensions to architecture, and very picturesque in consequence;” the church, (C. F. Newell, P.C.,) he adds, is a “hideous temple of flint, like a great petrified haystack.”

BROADSTAIRS is a small, quiet, and retired bathing-place; yet, during August and September, very few lodgings will be found vacant. The sands are as firm and pleasant to the feet as those of Ramsgate and Margate; the sea view, from the pretty green esplanade before the neat rows of houses upon the cliffs, is grander; while the rude pier and fishing-boats form a picturesque foreground. On the shore, amber has been found, as at Deal, and in other parts of the Isle of Thanet.

*Trinity Church* was built in 1829. In the middle of the last century, considerable employment was afforded by the cod-fisheries in the North Seas. The Goodwin Sands lie off at a distance of two leagues. The *York Gate*, an ancient flint-work archway, built by

George Culmer, 1540, restored by Lord Henniker, 1795, protected it from privateers. Above are some remains of the chapel of St. Mary de Bradestowe, the Broad-place, to which sailors lowered their sails in reverence. A sperm-whale, 61 feet long, was cast ashore here Feb. 1762.

About a mile and a half inland is *St. Peter's*, (S. Robins, V.,) with a church, composed of a Norman nave of six bays, chancel, aisles, and embattled tower on the north-west, constructed of flint-work: the marks of the earthquake of April 6, 1580, left a fissure upon its face: it contains the graves of the father of Sheridan, and of the noted smuggler, Thomas Joy, the Kentish Samson of the reign of King William III., who could match his strength against a powerful horse, lift a weight of 2240 lb., and break a rope that could carry 35 cwt. He was drowned in May, 1734.

To the eastward, distant  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, is the *North Foreland Lighthouse*, 63 ft. high, with patent reflectors, which show a light visible at the Nore. The first lighthouse on this headland, as well as that on the South Foreland, was built by Sir J. Meldrum, in 1636; a timbered building, with a light burning in a glass lantern. This lighthouse having been burned down in 1683, was replaced by an octagonal structure of two stories, with an open grate of blazing coals on the top: in 1732 the fire beacon was enclosed with sash-windows and kept bright by bellows, which the keepers blew during the whole night. At the close of the last century two stories of brick were added, surmounted by a domed decagonal lantern 12 ft. high, and 10 ft. in diameter, which is coated with copper. In 1733 the receipts of the two lighthouses amounted to 1,200*l.*, and in 1831 to 12,010*l.* Off this point, the Duke of Albemarle, with 54 sail, engaged the Dutch fleet of 80 ships, under De Ruyter and De Witt, during the first four days of June, 1666. Near the cliff, is *Arx Ruochim*, from the British name of Thanet, Innis Ruochim—Romans' Isle; it is a red brick castle faced with chalk (which Lord Holland averred was built by Vortigern, 448), within an enclosure of flint-work of the time of Henry VIII. From this point to the Reculvers, eleven

miles, the cliff loses two feet every year. *Kingsgate*, formerly St. Bartholomew's, situated on the summit of the steep, commemorates the landing of King Charles II. and James Duke of York, on June 30, 1683, on their way to Dover. Near it is a villa, built under the superintendence of Lord Newborough, by Henry Lord Holland, in imitation of Cicero's Farm! On which Gray wrote the lines beginning—

“ Old and abandoned by each venal friend,  
Here Holland took the pious resolution  
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend  
A broken character and constitution.”

*Hackendown Banks* were the site of a battle between the Danes and Saxons in A.D. 850. *Harley's Tower*—a round pseudo-classical structure of flint-work—was erected to the honour of T. Harley, Lord Mayor of London, 1768. *Whitfield Tower*, near Northdown, built in memory of R. Whitfield, is a landmark for seamen. Rounding the Foreland, the next town is

## MARGATE.

Gray called it “ Bartholomew Fair by the Sea-side.” Elia, in the “ Margate Hoy,” has been little less severe; and Peter Pindar as mercilessly represents the commotion on the arrival of a stranger :—

“ Soon as thou gett'st within the pier,  
All Margate will be out to crow;  
And people rush from far and near,  
As if thou hadst wild beasts to show.”

Horace Walpole dubbed the place an Abigail in cast-off clothes. The town is situated between two flat shoals of chalk—Nayland on the west and Fulnam on the east—both covered at high water. Margate furnished 15 ships and 160 men for the siege of Calais. Here embarked the Elector

Palatine with his hapless wife the Princess Elizabeth. William III. frequently sailed from this port; the Duke of Marlborough embarked here July 1, 1701; he also sailed from this place on his Dutch campaign, May 12, 1702, relanding Nov. 16, 1706; George I. was here twice; and George II. left it for his continental campaigns. Queen Caroline first set foot on English ground at Margate; the Duke of York, with Prince William of Gloucester, embarked and relanded there in the summer of 1793; and Lord Duncan on his return from the battle of Camperdown. In Leland's time there was a decayed wooden pier; and Margate continued to be an insignificant fishing-village until the middle of the last century. In 1769, Cecil-square, and shortly after Hawley-square (so called after the land-owner, Sir H. Hawley, Bart.), were built; in 1787, the theatre was erected by Robson and Mate, at a cost of 4000*l.*; on June 21, 1792, the first stone of the Sea-Bathing Infirmary for scrofulous patients was laid by Dr. Lettsom, the climate being considered favourable to their cure; the Town Hall and Market-place were erected in 1821 at an expense of 4000*l.* Margate, with an area of 4572 statute acres in the parish, had, in 1841, 1971 inhabited houses, 170 uninhabited, and 3 buildings; in 1851 the numbers were respectively 2021, 149, 1. The population amounted in 1801 to 4766; in 1811, was 6126; in 1821, 7841; in 1831, 10,339; in 1841, 11,050; in 1851, 10,099. The church of *St. John* (C. T. Astley, V.), mainly Norman, consists of a nave of nine bays, a chancel, with aisles, and a square north-west tower containing six bells; the tenor of the old peal was given by Dendelyon, and the inhabitants used to repeat the rhyme—

“ John de Dandelyon, with his great dog (a ship),  
Brought over this bell upon a mill-cog.”

The vestry at the end of the north aisle, was used from 1616 to 1700, as the store magazine of the Fort. The font is Tudor and octagonal; the organ by England, 1795. The brasses comprise those of Sir John Dentdelion, 1445,



and Cauteys, 1431 ; T. Smith, priest, 1433 ; P. Stone, 1442 ; Cardiff, vicar, who died 1515 ; R. Notfield, an effigy, 1446 ; a knight, 1590 ; and A. Morris, 1615. Trinity Church (S. Prosser, P.C.), Bath-street, was built by W. Edmunds, and consecrated June 11, 1828. It has a tower 135 ft. high, which is a seamark ; the church cost 26,000*l*. The fort on the north side of the town was armed with four 24-pounders and four 18-pounders ; most of these, with two on the pier, were removed, February, 1797, only three 18-pounders being left at the fort, for signalling any lurking privateers to vessels rounding the Foreland. In 1787 an Act of Parliament was passed for building a stone pier, but the wooden jetties still remained. After great damage by a storm, on Jan. 14, 1808, Mr. Jarvis, a surgeon of Margate, commemorated in the landing-stairs called by his name, renewed in 1809 the proposition for a pier of stone. On April 6, 1810, the first stone was laid, and in five years the pier, built of Whitby stone was completed by Rennie, at a cost of 100,000*l*. ; it is 900 ft. long by 60 ft. broad, and 26 ft. high. The lighthouse, a Doric column, was built by Edmunds', 1829, at a cost of 8000*l*. Jarvis' Jetty, of oak, 1120 ft. long, was completed in 1824. At the "Dane" is a grotto hewn out of the chalk, and lined with shells ; the work of an ingenious artizan, who emigrated to America. It was long regarded as a venerable relic of antiquity.

Margate is chiefly indebted for her prosperity to the invention of steam. The old sailing hoys, or passage packets, eight in number in 1797, were sometimes seventy-two hours on the passage to London, and ordinarily from eighteen to twenty-four hours, the fares being 7*s*. after-cabin, and fore-cabin 5*s*. Dibdin commemorates the miseries of the passengers. In July 1817, the first steamer made the voyage in nine hours, at the high fare of 15*s*. for the first, and 12*s*. for the second, cabin. Her speed was 6 to 7 miles an hour, and Sir R. Phillips, who made the passage from scientific interest in the result, chronicles his exultation at passing the slowly-sailing or becalmed hoy. The hoys, after a long contest, began to run between London

and Rotterdam, although two boats still retained their original employment. Benjamin Beale, a Quaker, and a native of Margate, here invented the "umbrella-screen" of the bathing-machine. A strong sea-wall of stone, which cost 20,000*l.*, has been erected in front of the Marine-terrace, and extends about a mile. A tablet on the pier commemorates the wonderful escape of the York, East Indiaman, from shipwreck, Jan. 1, 1779. In the summer of 1820, 60,000 people were landed; at present, sometimes 100,000 are set ashore in a single season.

A journey—which occupies only twelve minutes—bridges over the short distance between the two neighbouring watering-places which are especially the resorts of the million. Ramsgate, however, is somewhat more fashionable than its neighbour, and the streets are quiet compared with the throng of busy idlers who fill the narrow streets of Margate. In addition to the ordinary amusements and occupations of the holiday-seeker, here the pleasure-garden, the alcove, the lounge and bazaar, are as much frequented as the fine level sands. The passage-boats to Ostend have long since ceased to ply from Margate, but London suffices to crowd its lodging-houses. Even years ago, before steamers were established, 20,000 persons were annually brought to Margate; and as the North Foreland was then often weathered with difficulty, passengers rarely cared to proceed to Ramsgate, even by land. A few seasons only followed the substitution of steam-power for sails before the annual number of visitors was increased to 77,000. When the Member of Parliament, and the Peer, start with dog and gun by the Great Northern Railway for the bare moors, to harry the grouse, cabs set down the citizen and his family on the quay by London Bridge, and the steam-boat is soon crowded from stem to stern with baggage and its owners. A voyage of five hours,—in which are passed Greenwich Hospital, Blackwall Docks, Woolwich Arsenal, Gravesend and Tilbury, Southend, Sheerness, and the Nore,—enables them to take their evening stroll on the broad jetty at Margate, up and down the noble pier, or along the spacious sands. What pen can

depict the arrival of the "Husbands' boat" on Saturday night,—the anxious expectant crowd and tender embrace? Healthy, keen, and invigorating is the air, and the soil dry. Though cold and ungenial in winter from its north-easterly aspect, the town is delightful in summer time. In the beginning of the present century, from July to the end of October, the Assembly Rooms were presided over by a master of the ceremonies, common to both Ramsgate and Margate, and were governed by a code rigorous as that of Bath under Beau Nash. On Sunday evenings sacred music was performed; on Thursdays, quadrilles and country dances succeeded each other from eight to twelve, P.M. No lady was admitted in a riding habit, no gentleman with a sword, or wearing boots, or pantaloons! At midnight the dance was out short in the midst; nor could it be commenced unless twenty couples took their places, and those who came late were compelled to begin at the lower end of the set. The price for a bathing machine for a gentleman was fixed at ninepence, that for a lady was one shilling.

The Fort is now the gayest and most fashionable part of Margate. The town, depending upon its visitors, has the bustle of a great inn, and the motley look of a fair-day. There are no manufactures; but the boatmen, an industrious and brave class, cause some employment in making fishing-nets, and rope-spinning: their chief gains are from the salvage of wrecks, and from hovelling—an employment which consists in supplying ships with provisions, or rendering them aid when in distress. Eight of these hardy men, under a "captain," who occasionally has a month's leave of absence, are intrusted with the care of the floating light on the Gull.

The Margate Roads are sheltered seaward by the Sands, which are dry at low-water. From Sheppey to the North Foreland, sands extend with a breadth from high-water mark varying from a quarter of a mile to a mile; beyond them are "Flats," on which at low-water there are not more than two fathoms.

The interesting objects in the vicinity are the following.

All Saints, *Birchington* (three miles), has a nave of six bays, a chancel and aisles, and a north-east tower with a shingled spire; on the north side of the chancel is the Quex Chantry, with a brass of John Quex, 1449; R. Quex, 1459; J. Heynys, vicar, 1523; and an effigy of Sir H. Crispe, 1575. In the Park are two towers, which serve as sea-marks; one contains a peal of twelve bells, the tenor weighing 12 cwt. "In this beautiful island," observes Mr. Cobbett, "every inch of land is appropriated. No hedges, no ditches, no commons, no grassy lanes,—a country divided into great farms; barns two hundred feet long; ricks of enormous size, and most numerous; crops of wheat five quarters to an acre on the average." From the old manor-house of Quex, in which William III. sometimes lodged while waiting to embark for Holland, Mr. Quex, an infirm old man, was, in 1657, carried off to Bruges by Captain Golding, detained eight months, and not restored till he had paid a ransom of 3,000*l*. Dandelion, once the residence of Charles James Fox, bears the name of its old knightly owners, Dentdelion. At *Salmstone* (one mile) was the country house of the abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, of the time of Edward II. It consists of a chapel and hall, connected by a transverse building; the chapel, which has a good king-post roof, is now a barn, and the hall appropriated to the domestic offices of a farmhouse; the infirmary, on the north side, is Decorated, and serves as a granary. *St. Nicholas-at-Wade*, so called from a ford of the Wantsum, (six miles), consists of a nave of six bays, Norman on the north and Early English on the south side, a chancel with aisles, and a south-west tower, Decorated; the front is Early English. *St. Mary Magdalene, Monkton* (one mile south), consisting of a nave, chancel, and west tower, contains the brass of a priest, 1450. At Monkton Court there are some remains of a building of the fourteenth century, in which the monks' dormitory has a plain roof.

The Thanet Sands, 90 feet deep, the beds being connected with the London clay formation, spread along the coast as far as Birchington, where the ground rises, and the chalk

again crops out. These sands contain many rare fossils, such as *pholadomya cuneata*, *cyprina Morrisii*, *corbula longirostris*, and *Scalaria Bowerbankii*.

The RECULVERS form a picturesque object from Margate, and may be made the point of a pleasant excursion by water; still greater facility for which will be afforded on the completion of the intended railway from Faversham to Margate, by Herne Bay, Reculver being one of the proposed stations. It is distant about four miles from Herne, where Nicholas Ridley was vicar. Herne church (T. S. May, V.), 113 ft. long, has a fine massive Early English tower, with paises and three chancels, that at the north-west angle of the nave having Decorated windows; the great west window is of five lights, Perpendicular. The aisles are battlemented. In the church are brasses to J. Darnley, a priest, Sir P. Hall, 1420; E. Fyneux, 1531; J. and M. Fineux, 1592; C. Phelip, 1470. There is a good oak chancel screen. The principal chancel has a piscina and sedilia of three seats. At HERNE Bay (one mile and a half), a new town was laid out in 1830, well-planned on an extensive scale, of which portions only are yet built; but even now it is a pleasant watering-place, suited to persons of the quiet tastes, described in another part of this GUIDE. The Pier, under the superintendence of T. P. Telford, commenced in 1831, and rapidly completed, reaches no less than 3640 ft. from the shore. A fine parade, one mile long and fifty feet broad, was also formed along the beach. Twenty years ago, there were here only a few houses irregularly built. The lofty Clock Tower was the gift of Mrs. Thwaites. Christchurch (G. Graves, P.C.) was consecrated in 1840. On the Pudding-Pan Rock, a Roman ship, containing pottery ware, is supposed to have been wrecked, as fragments are still often dredged up by the Whitstable fishermen.

The church of St. Mary at Reculvers, which was dismantled in 1811, stood on a cliff 25 feet above the sea, and one mile inland in the reign of Henry VIII. In it King Ethelbert, the first Christian king of Kent, who had a palace and died at Reculver, is said to have been buried, as is

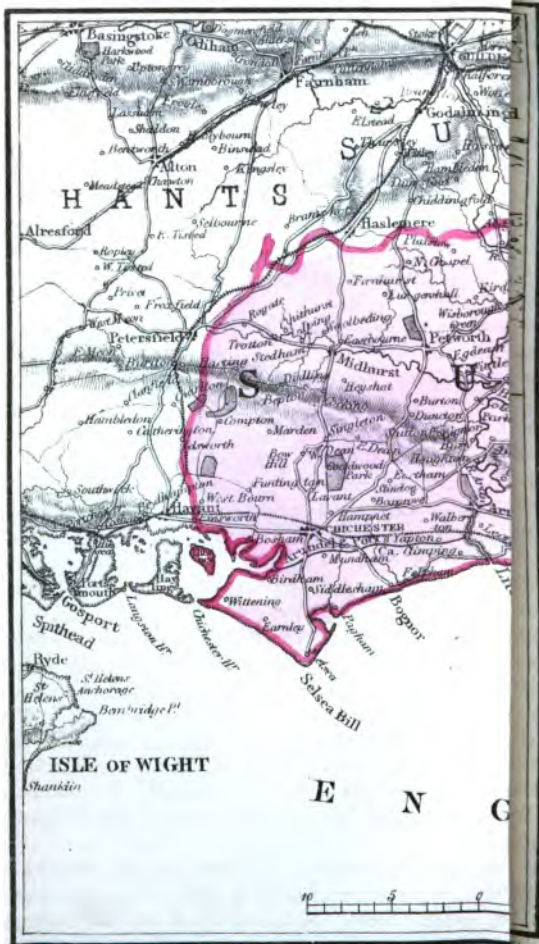
recorded of Ethelbert II. in the Annals of St. Augustine. The two massive west towers of this Benedictine minster were purchased by the Trinity House in 1810, to serve as a sea-mark, and are only preserved from the ravages of the sea by groins, and stone-work on the beach. The spires were restored by an open frame-work at the same time. A legend is connected with these spires. Sir Geoffrey, the last of the St. Clares, left his two orphan daughters as wards to his brother John, the Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury. The eldest took the veil, and in due time became Abbess of Faversham; the younger was betrothed to Henry de Belville, who fought by the side of Richard III. at Bosworth field, and being desperately wounded, was carried to the Blackfriars monastery, in Leicester, where he died. The lady at once sought a home in the cloister, and for fourteen years the sisters passed a calm and uneventful life, until Frances, the Lady Abbess, was seized with a marsh fever. In their distress, the two fond women vowed that if the disease abated they would make an offering at St. Mary's shrine at Bradstow (now Broadstairs), in the Isle of Thanet. Their prayers were heard, and they took ship to perform their pilgrimage; but at night a dreadful storm drove their vessel on the Horse Bank, near this coast. The abbess was hurried into the boat, and reached the shore in safety; but, in the haste and confusion, her sister had been forgotten. It was not until the morning that the wreck could be reached, and then, half dead with cold and fear, the Lady Isabella was only rescued to die in her sister's arms as she touched the land. Alone and on foot the abbess went her way to Bradstow, and on her return restored the old church here. Eleven years passed away, and the twin towers restored by her bounty became the monuments of the abbess and the nun—the two loving women, who lay side by side beneath their shadow;—and they bore henceforth the name of the Two Sisters. So runs the tale. There are some remains of the Roman fortress of *Regulbium* (the ancient beacon), or Reculver; the walls on the land side are still standing, grown over with thick foliage, among

which the wild fig and dwarf elder (*sambucus humilis*) are remarkable. The northern wall which surmounted the cliff has been washed away, and nearer and nearer every year the sea has come creeping on, threatening, more merciless than time, destruction to the towers of the venerable minster, and the last vestiges of the Anglo-Saxon palace, and the Roman camp.

“ The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like an insubstantial pageant ended,  
Leave not a rack behind.’







## SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND.

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### SUSSEX.

THE GEOLOGY of the coast of Sussex comprises the following formations:—half way between Hythe and New Romney in Kent, we find westward the Weald clay; beds of sand and clay extend eastward to Pevensey, while from Pevensey to Langley occurs the west turn of that depressed horse-shoe bend of the Weald clay, of which the eastern termination is found beyond New Romney. Between Eastbourne and Langley we have firestone, Shanklin clay, and gault; from Southbourne to Brighton chalk occurs; the valley of the Adur is composed of alluvium, blue clay, and silt; Shoreham stands on alluvium and sand with comminuted shells drifted up by the wind. The southern base of the Downs from Shoreham to Worthing includes clay, sand, and gravel, outliers of the Isle of Wight and London basins; their summits and valleys are composed of diluvium, ochraceous clay and gravel; boulders and large blocks of sandstone with coarse breccia abounding throughout the district from Brighton to a point midway between Shoreham and Littlehampton. The London-clay formation then occupies the coast to the extremity of the county.

The remarkable features of Sussex are its Weald and Downs; the prevalence of Early English architecture, and of Anglo-Saxon names. A knowledge of the patronymics of those settlers who occupied its marshes in preference

to their sterile home on the shores of the Baltic is indispensable before we can ascertain the derivation of many of the names of the towns in the neighbourhood of the coast. They are the following—Hastingas, Pidinghas, (Pidinghoe, *i. e.*, Pidinghas-hill), Ofingas, Somtingas, Rotingas (Rottingdean), Teorringas (Tarring), Weorthingas, Storringas, Brihtlingas, Mécingas (Meeching), Gystlingas, Fleccingas (Fletching), Moellingas, Angmeringas, Climpingas, Polingas, Stæningas, and Dicelingas (Ditchling).

The coast of Sussex is peculiarly interesting as having been the stronghold and scene of the last defence of the Britons; the encampments of the Belgæ forming a chain of military communication traversing the country. On the scarps of the Downs their hill forts are still found near Storrington, Sullington, Ditchling, Lewes and Cissbury: upon the sea-side, ramparts with a deep fosse at Seaford, Shoreham, and other points, protected the passes to the interior of the Ermyrn Way. One branch led from London to Chichester, another from East Grinstead by Lewes, Southease and Newhaven to Beachy Head. The British words—Pen (headland), as in Penhurst, Coc (Chief), as in Cuckmere (the chief water), Glyn (vale) in Glynde, and Ise (water) in Southease—are still found in the names of places.

It was not until the expedition of Vespasian, A.D. 46, that Sussex became subject to Rome, and then Cogidubnus, a British prince, was appointed governor of the maritime district of Hants and Sussex. The chief town (the site of the present city of Chichester), bore the appropriate title of Regnum. The Stone Street, a Roman road to Kent, passed from Chichester through Bignor, Amberley, along the heights to Chanctonbury, by Lancing, to Aldrington; another line, branching from Bignor, took its way by Wolstanbury, Ditchling, Hollingbury, Whitehawk Hill, Mount Caburn, Lewes,—to Anderida or Pevensey.

The great forest of Andred (the uninhabited Weald) measuring 120 by 30 miles, extended from the mouth of the Rother to Privet, in Hants. Between this forest and the river Thames the country was called Caint—the open country, and west of the Andred, Gwent—the champaign,

Immediately before their departure from Britain the Romans concentrated their troops, numbering about 20,000 men, upon the south of the island. On this coast they had a force of 6000, consisting of the second legion, which was quartered at Richborough. The neighbouring fortresses of Reculver, Dover, and Lympne, all within easy distance from each other, were garrisoned by auxiliary cohorts; the whole district and frontier being placed under one commanding officer, called the "Count of the Saxon shore," and thus jealously guarded against the piratical inroads of the Saxons, as well as affording the only means of retreat. There were detachments of Abulci at Pevensey, and other auxiliaries at Aldrington, (Portus Adurni), these motley troops being composed of Dalmatians, Belgians, Frisians, Batavians, Gauls, Tungrians and Slaves.

The short sharp swords of the Saxons under Hengist and Æsc won some fair lands on the coast of Kent, but before the Jutes under Cerdic ravaged the shore of the Southampton Water, another horde landed at Wittering in 477, under Ælla, with his three sons Cissa, Wlencing and Cymen. Year by year they drove back the Britons into the fastnesses of the Weald, until in 485 the great king Ambrosius rallied his chiefs and gave battle to the invader at Mercredburne. Ælla receiving a severe check, sent for reinforcements to Germany, whilst the Britons occupied Andreda. Within five years occurred that terrible event which has been recorded by the Saxon Chronicle with a simple touching brevity, infinitely more "dreadful," it appeared to Gibbon, than the laboured lamentations of Gildas: A.D. 490, "Ælla beset Andreda-Ceaster and slew all that dwelt therein, nor was thenceforth one Brit left." Ælla bequeathed Surrey and Sussex (South-Sex or Saxony) to his son Cissa, who founded Chichester; one of his successors, Ethelwald, 648, received St. Wilfrid and became his convert. On the death of this prince, Sussex became the appanage of the eldest sons of the reigning king of Wessex; until, in 860, both crowns were united in the person of Ethelbert; in 871

they devolved on King Alfred. This great prince constantly resided in Sussex; his name is still commemorated in the village called Alfriston, near which is Burrough Castle one of his forts.

In 900 the Danish sea-rovers landed near Chichester, and two huge barrows, near West Stoke, are said to cover the graves of the slain Northmen; again under Colans and Sweyn they ravaged the inland parts, and Earl Godwin harassed the coast with a fleet from Ireland. The Normans ultimately made their successful landing at Pevensey, and divided the country into six rapes or districts marked out by a rope, with a castle to guard each pass—at Hastings, Pevensey, Lewes, Bramber, Arundel, and Chichester. Despite of the Norman occupation, the blue eyes and fair hair of the Sussex lasses, and the provincialisms of the peasantry, still betray markedly their Anglo-Saxon origin.

But of all the changes that have passed over the country, none are more remarkable than those achieved by the fashion of sea-bathing, recommended by two obscure medical practitioners in the last century, and by the longing of the million for fresh air promoted by the rapidity and cheapness of railway conveyance. Within a few years, from an insignificant hamlet, Brighton has grown into an enormous town; by the side of Hastings a rival, far more stately and larger, has sprung up; cottages and villas have taken the place of fishermen's huts, and the coast of Sussex is so quickly accessible that Horace Walpole's complaints of the dangers and difficulties of travelling, read like a romance.

Kent and Sussex were included in the earldom of the celebrated Godwin. William d'Albini, lord of Arundel and Chichester, chief butler of the kingdom, was earl of Sussex in 1155. The title became extinct in the person of his grandson Hugh, 1243, but was revived (1282) for John de Warren or Plantagenet; it remained dormant on the death of his son, 1347, until Robert Ratcliffe, K.G., high chamberlain, a gallant soldier and unscrupulous promoter of the divorce of Katharine of Arragon, was invested with the dignity by Henry VIII. On December 8, 1529,

Queen Mary gave him the privilege of standing covered in her presence. The last male heir died in 1641. Thomas Saville, Lord Castlebar, was created Earl of Sussex, May 25, 1644, for his adherence to the king; his son died 1671, childless. On October 5, 1674, Thomas Lennard, Lord Dacre, was advanced to the title, but it expired with him, 1715. On September 26, 1717, Talbot Yelverton, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, was created Earl of Sussex; on the death of the third earl, 1799, the earldom became once more extinct, but Prince Augustus, sixth son of George III., was created Duke of Sussex, November 27, 1801; he died April 21, 1848.

A few old customs still survive. Wassailing is carol-singing from Christmas to Epiphany: the ballads, which are fast dying out to be replaced by low London rhymes, include the Baillie's Daughter of fair Islington, the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green, Lord Bateman was a Noble Lord, Sweet Country Life, The Husbandman and Serving man. The tunes are quaint and simple. In some parts of the country the boys keep up apple howlings; gathering in a circle round the trees in the orchards, they sing—

“ Stand fast root, bear well top,  
Pray heaven send us a good howling crop;  
Every twig apples big, every bough apples one,  
Hats full, caps full, full quarters, sacks full.”

One lad then sounds a cow-horn, while his comrades beat the trees lustily. Forty years ago the squirrel was hunted annually on St. Andrew's day. The peasantry believe that if an infant dies, its spirit returns to inform the parents.

KENT DITCH, three miles from Rye, parts the counties of Kent and Sussex. The railroad from Ashford to Hastings passes through *Ham*, six miles, and *Appledore*, four miles, a little village, once on the verge of the great forest of Andred's Sleod, and now forming a hilly island on the Romney marshes. The royal military canal, which commences near Sandgate, passes through this hamlet. The church of SS. Peter and Paul has a Norman tower.

It contains four brasses, dated Keriel, 1460 : 1525 : Harflete, 1602, 1626. Appledore was once a maritime town of the Saxons. Where ships once sailed are green pastures of milk-white flocks and grazing herds ; where the river, narrow and sluggish, wound under Studfall, through marsh and muddy banks, by means of the sea-wall, which gives name to Dym-(Dam) church, 50,000 acres of the finest land in Europe are now enclosed ; and westward towards Rye, where the surge once rolled upon a desolate shore,

“ Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean,”

is an expanse of level fields. However, on nearing the town, broad patches of verdure are strikingly intermingled with the sand and pebble which blocked the channel of the Limene and choked the harbour. So valuable were the eastern marshes that they gave the title of Lord of the Levels to the famous Henry de Bathe. The pedestrian, who has no objection to a walk of upwards of seven miles, passing by Brizet and Old Romney, in whose garth, says Leland, “ within memory ships have anchored,” may visit St. Mary’s church at New Romney. The lower part of the tower is Norman, the upper part Early English. The nave is partly Norman, and partly Decorated. There are three sedilia on the south of the south chancel aisle, under a plain arch. To the south-west is seen Dungeness lighthouse, 110 feet high ; seven miles distant is the town of

### **RYE (the River Bank),**

with a population of 4,592, principally engaged in ship-building, sea-fishery, and in the many adjoining hop-grounds. It is the port of Tenterden and of the vale of the Rother, or Limene, which flows past it. The town stands upon a hill forming an abrupt steep on the south and east, and sloping towards the alluvial lands on the north and west. It is surrounded by water, except upon the north side ; the houses rise in three parallel lines

of streets, grass-grown and dull, and crossed by lesser lanes, one above the other in picturesque confusion ; with the massive steeple and low spire of the ancient church, the towers of William d'Ypres, and his grey walls crowning the whole site. The Rother flows on the east, and on the west the Tillingham ; they form a confluence below the town. On the land-side are the white chalk cliffs once washed by the sea, the reeeding of which was the cause of the decay of Rye, as by a terrible flood it destroyed Old Winchelsea.

In the reign of Edward III., Rye was fortified on the north and west sides with walls pierced by a postern, and having two entrances,—the Strand Gate, on the south-west, which was pulled down in 1815 (its site is marked by the town arms upon a fragment of the old wall), and the *Land Gate*, on the London and Dover road, a strong, embattled structure, with a machicolated front and deep arch, set between two round tower bastions, 47 ft. high and 25 ft. in diameter. On the south-east side is the *Ypres Tower*, first built by William d'Ypres, Earl of Kent, in the time of King Stephen ; he won the battle of Winchester, but soon after assumed the cowl in the Flemish Abbey of Laon, where he died. It is a tall square fortress, on the edge of a steep, rocky cliff, with tufts of sea-grass on its broken front ; round towers defend the angles. It was purchased by the corporation in 1500, for a court-house, but is now used as the borough-goal. Close by is the *Battery*, with embrasures for 18 guns, commanding a fine view from Fairlight to Folkstone cliffs, over the broad reaches of Romney Marsh ; Lydd steeple is distinctly visible. An old German gunner, from the banks of the Rhine, here planted a vineyard, and produced fruit such as grows in the Wittenhauser, on the Weser. In Mermaid-street is the *Old Hospital*, once the residence of Samuel Jeake, the historian of the Cinque Ports ; a horoscope adorns the front ; a house on the opposite side of the street bears the date of 1706. On *Conduit Hill* is the Perpendicular *Chapel of St. Clair*, once belonging to the Friars Eremita, but now deserted as a wool-house. The *Grammar School*, with crow-stepped gables, was built in 1636.



The French burned Rye in 1377, and again in the reign of Henry VI. The men of Rye had a sorry time: in 1378 they petitioned Richard III. to think of the poor town which had been several times taken by the enemy. On the sea-side it was still open, and they were unable to repair their walls; and at the last taking of the town, as they piteously reminded the King, after the Frenchmen were gone away, the mayor and jurats were hanged and quartered because they had not made a successful defence. Henry VII. visited the town; and Queen Elizabeth, on her Kentish progress, August 11-14, 1573. Charles II., who was here in May, 1673, reviewed the English and French fleets in the bay; George I. landed here, January 7, 1725; and George II. lodged in a house at the south-west corner of Middle-street, in December, 1730; his son, the Prince of Wales, was here September 3, 1756.

Steamers used to ply between Rye and Boulogne. The approach of the bay is intricate and difficult, being impeded by shingle and sandbanks, and the sea is two miles distant; the marsh lands were reclaimed, whereas the water on the levels would have formed a backwater to scour the harbour. The present canal, running southward to the sea, was therefore begun in 1750, completed June 14, 1762, and known as Rye New Harbour. In the sixteenth century the harbour became choked, but the great storm of 1570 re-opened it, and rendered it again navigable. The sea once more receded, so that in 1607 the port was inefficient; and in the middle of the 18th century, it was determined to abandon the old channel, and open a new entrance. In the reign of Charles II. a 64-gun ship could ride in the bay, and Admiral Blake anchored here in 1662, whilst watching for the fleet of Van Tromp. The Rev. Daniel Pape, rector of Penn, ingeniously suggested, in 1778, the construction of a dam across the old channel, and was rewarded with a gold medal in 1804 by the Society of Arts. After a large outlay on the new works, the old harbour was, in 1779, again taken in hand; embankments on the west, and a wooden pier of piles on the east, now secure a depth of 17 ft. of water at spring tides;

the entrance is 160 ft. broad ; at low water the harbour is dry.

In the bed of the Rother was found, in 1824, an ancient Dutch merchant ship, built of oak, black with age. After the great storm which drowned Winchelsea, Oct. 1, 1250, the Rother left its ancient channel, up which in 893 a fleet of 250 Danish pirates sailed. In 1824, ten feet below the mud and sand at Northiam, one of their galleys 65 ft. by 13 ft. was discovered ; it was decked, with cabin and forecastle, and rudely caulked with moss. The *King's Field*, and *Dead Man's Lane*, on the north-east, were the scene of a battle fought against the Northmen. In 1572 a considerable body of Huguenot refugees, who had been driven out of France by Catherine de Médicis, found an asylum here ; in the latter part of the reign of James I. these settlers, or their descendants, returned to their homes. The church of *St. Nicholas*, patron of mariners, is cruciform, and 161 ft. long ; the choir measures 60 feet by 28, the transept 80 ft. In the centre, under the lantern, swings the huge pendulum of the great clock, which claims to be the oldest in England, whose iron tongue continues to tell how—

“ Time and the hour run through the roughest day.”

There are eight bells in the tower, which, like the transept and eastern arches of the nave, is Norman. The nave and chancel, with their aisles, are Early English, or very Late Transitional Norman, but received Perpendicular additions,—the east window, the rich flying buttresses, all the southern and one of the northern arches of the chancel,—after the French burned the church in 1448. In the sanctuary is a brass, with the effigy of T. Hamon, M.P. and Mayor, 1607. The north chancel aisle was the chapel of St. Clare. It contains the monument of A. Grebell, who was murdered in the churchyard, March 17, 1742, by John Breeds, a butcher, in mistake for his brother-in-law, T. Lamb ; the assassin was hanged in chains on the marshes. The chancel of the south aisle contained the altar of St. Nicholas. In the south transept are three Norman sedilia ; and adjoining it the porch and sacristy.

The whole building is in a disgraceful state of irreverent neglect. On the south side of the garth is a stone house which belonged to the Carmelite friary. Rye returned two members to Parliament, from 42 Edw. III. till 2 Will. IV., c. 45, when it was constituted part of an electoral district. Sir Arthur Wellesley was M.P. for Rye in 1802. The rare *Amphidesima compressa* is found in the harbour. J. Fletcher, the dramatist, was born at Rye, Dec. 20, 1579.

About the middle of the last century bodies of smugglers, armed to the teeth, rode fearlessly through the streets of Rye; and on one occasion as many as fourteen men were hanged for a cruel murder of some custom-house officers. In 1746 two brigades were despatched to Rye, "to awe the smugglers." No person dared to molest them, for their ordinary practice was to fire off their pistols, to intimidate the authorities, and warn them of the consequences of interference. The thirst for gain has been productive of infinite crime and misery on these quiet shores; honest labour was laid aside, or despised for the perilous trade of the contrabandist. Satins, Lyons silks, and gewgaws were made the snare of women, and strong drink of their tempters. The cottagers learned to take the deepest interest in these illegal practices, and to delight in the daring courage and ingenious stratagems practised by the smuggler. Further westward where the inhospitable shore, the terrible rock, and unscalable cliff, were often strewn by the autumn gale and winter tempest with wreck, the minute-gun at sea woke a fierce delight in the peasantry; many a scattered homestead and wayside inn received into its cellars and hiding-places other treasures and stores than illicit goods, or richer cargoes run on moonless nights. Dark stories are told of keenly watching eyes tremblingly set on the struggling ship, and a battle of inhuman hopes and fears, as she seemed to escape or be driven on the fatal strand. There are tales of death-lights hung out and waved, to lure the wretched vessel to certain destruction.

"Blow wind, run sea,  
Ship ashore before day,"

were the vile words which men, fired with frequent drams, shouted on dark, wild nights, before they went to sleep. Such scenes of plunder and horror are now prevented by the brave men of the revenue service; chests and lading drifted on shore are preserved by that gallant body; many a seaman is rescued by their gallantry,—and if, without their aid, he touches land to lie helpless on the sands, it is certain that life will be regarded, which the Creator gave, and even the warring elements have not taken. Would that it had been so always, and the infamy of the wrecker had never disgraced the coast of England!

Defoe classes together the wreckers of Cornwall and Sussex. "The savage country people," he writes, in 1770, "scuffle and fight about their right to what they find in a desperate manner. These parts may truly be said to be inhabited by a fierce and a ravenous people; for they are so greedy and eager for prey, that they are charged with strange, bloody, and cruel dealings, even sometimes with one another, but especially with poor distressed seamen, when they are forced on shore by tempests, and seek help for their lives; and where they find the rocks themselves not more merciless than the people who range about them for prey."

The traveller will not wonder that pestilence and plague, bred by the unwholesome marshes, have often desolated the town, and as he mounts the hill towards Playden, will readily summon up the view which lay at the foot of the cliff many centuries ago; a lonely island-rock, storm-swept and bare, standing amid the broad bay that reached from Fairlight to Hythe. Little inlets then penetrated into the heart of the woodlands, and two broad creeks stretched away under the shadows of an apparently interminable forest which clad the shore, and was lost inland in misty distance; one running up to Robertsbridge, and its fellow as far as the valley under Epiton. Three rivers ran downward to the sea—the Rother towards Romney, the Brede and the Tillingham straight onward from Beckley and Battle, to mingle their clear waters with the lake-like bay beyond, on which have been seen the sails of Cæsar the

Roman, the flashing oars of the galleys of the Saxon and the Dane, and, perhaps earlier than all, the gallant ships of Tyre. Certain it is that the wondrous trade of Phœnicia has left the monuments of its ancient worship in the sun-tower, the mystic circle, the rocking stone, the cromlech and the stone avenue on the shores of Ireland and Wales, on the moors and plains of southern England, while its track to these then barbaric countries may be followed by similar landmarks on the cliffs of France and Galicia, on the western seaboard of Spain, and among the forests of Sardinia; even to the home of the merchant princes upon the sands now strewn with the ruins of Carthage.

Half a mile to the north is *St. Michael's, Playden*, mainly Early English, with a central tower, and a tall, tapering, shingled spire, whose cross is still a sea-mark to the sailor. The south porch is of timber; under the steeple is a rich screen; and near the door a Flemish slab of black limestone, a memorial of one of the numerous Walloon settlers in Sussex. In the garth stands an old oak, in which formerly a tar-barrel was placed, and fired as a beacon to give notice of the approach of enemies on the sea. It is observable how ancient was the employment of beacons, and how recent is the introduction of telegraph and light-house. The Jew had his sign of fire on the top of mountains; the Persian kings had a line of fire-towers between their palaces and the remotest cities: the Greek, as in the fine passage of the Agamemnon, used the torch to convey news; he held it steady if friends approached, and waved it at the appearance of an enemy. The Roman built the Pharos on the coast, and kindled the occasional "herald-fires" in case of alarm. The beacon signal before the reign of Edward III., was a stack of wood on a high place, which was fired to give notice of the enemy's approach; in his reign pitch-barrels, as at Playden, were first employed. Camden informs us that light horsemen, called hobellers, kept watch by day. No person but the king or the high admiral was allowed to erect a beacon. *St. Mary's Church, Northiam*, stands eight miles north of Rye. The west tower is mainly Norman; its turret having a stone

spire, a rare feature in this district. In the nave and aisles are portions of all the later styles. The chancel was rebuilt in 1835. The church contains brasses of R. Bedford, priest, 1518, Nicholas Tufton, 1538. The adjoining Frewen Mausoleum was built by Smirke in 1846; it contains a brass, a bust of A. Frewen, by Behnes, and a stained glass window by Willement. The Tudor *Church House* stands on raised terraces, with flights of steps leading from a lawn shaded by noble chestnut trees. It is built in the form of the letter H, in compliment to Henry VIII., as the ground-plan of Sherbourne was designed by Raleigh in the shape of an E, in honour of Queen Elizabeth. Several interesting houses stand within reach; among them *Carriers*, the birthplace of Archbishop Frewen in 1588. (The great yellow loosestrife is found in the neighbourhood.) *Diater* (G. Springett) is a timbered structure, shorn of one half its length—a small building, bearing date 1583; *Hole Farm* (M. Frewen), is of the same period. The *Well House* (one mile), of the time of Queen Elizabeth, has an old hall without a chimney; *Tufton Place* (1½ mile west) was once a seat of the ancient family of Tufton; *Brickwall* (T. Frewen) has a three-gabled timbered front of the time of Elizabeth on the north, with a drawing-room, and rich ceilings made by French artists of the 17th century. There is a collection of portraits by Jansen, Holbein, Lely, Kneller, Garrard, and G. Loest. On the staircase are an organ by Schmidt, Archbishop Frewen's wheel-barometer, the ogre Oxenbridge's spur, and the green silk shoes of Queen Elizabeth, which she left here during a visit, Aug. 11, 1573, whilst journeying to Rye. The queen dined on the green, under an oak tree, of which a fragment still remains. Two miles north from Rye is *Iden*, once inhabited by that loyal gentleman who slew Jack Cade, near Heathfield, in 1450; the moat remains. On a hill, two miles west, is the church of *Peasemash*, Norman and Early English. The botanist will find in the neighbourhood wall-germander, common whitlow grass, navel-wort, smooth cat's-ear, and *Caterech officinarum*; at Rye *pisum maritimum*, marsh mallow, and *medicago denticulata*; and at Udimore, *Veronica chamædrys*.

A road, for the most part straight and dull as one in France, leads from Rye to Winchelsea,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. In the Salt Marshes, and almost midway, but half a mile distant from the road, is *Camber* [the harbour] *Castle*, one of the coast forts of Henry VIII., built 1538. It cost 23,000*l.*, and is composed of a central round keep, with circular bastions, and small curtains. It was dismantled, as useless for defence, in 1642, although a century before its walls had been washed by the sea. Three miles to the south-east of the present hamlet, where the sea now covers its ruins, stood the ancient town of

### WINCHELSEA (Corner-Isle),

population in 1851, 778. King Edward the Confessor gave the town, together with Rye, to the Abbey of Fécamp; they were, however, incorporated as Cinque Ports by one of the early Plantagenet kings. The site was a low island on a sandy flat, around which, except upon the west side—the only land approach—lay a wild waste of waters. On the south and east lay the British Channel; on the north flowed the Rother. On Dec. 7, 1063, King William landed here; and in Dec. 1170, two knights, on their way to Saltwood Castle to plot the death of the primate à Becket. In 1188 Henry II disembarked here from Normandy. In 1229, so flourishing in trade and powerful was Winchelsea, that it furnished a contingent of no less than 10 out of the 57 ships which composed the Cinque Ports' navy. Rye only gave three, and Hastings five, sail.

The most dreadful storms are on record during the early part of the 13th century: the sea fiercely set in upon the walls, but the sailors of Winchelsea had become notorious for their piracies, and the old legends aver that tempest and flood fought against the guilty town. The civil wars and dissensions had left these terrible marauders free to plunder and sink every peaceful ship that sailed by, leaving no babblers to tell the tale. So it fell that as evening closed one fatal day, October 1,

1250, a small galley came onward to the shore, laden with pilgrims to the glorious shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, in the "Martyrdom" of Canterbury. The banner of the Cross floated from the masthead, the standard of the Saint waved over the bow, and the solemn vesper hymn rose from the crowded decks, when, with fierce shouts, two large ships bore down upon the devoted galley. Once more the waves rang with the horrible shrieks of the dying; an empty vessel burned on the waters, and the gold and the gems, and splendid offerings were wasted to provide the wine-cup and orgies for the pirates of Winchelsea. But that night the song was hushed, and the rude merriment silenced by a sound more awful than mortal ear ever heard. Blood-red and swollen, the moon upon her change betokened the coming tempest; then the sea left its courses and flowed twice without ebbing, and it roared so loud that, miles away inland, man and wild beast trembled; for the thunder was but as a child's whisper in comparison. In the dark gloom that fell at midnight the broad ocean burned with a lurid light, as if on fire, and the white-crested billows rose up and, after a marvellous manner, smote one against another, like war-horses under men striving for the mastery. It seemed to be the break of the great day of doom come at last. Then along the face of the sea swept a voice of wailing, and of forty men and more the ghastly spectres of the dead were seen rising from the depths. The cry was to repentance and restitution, and all knew it was the boding call, the "warning of the Woes." Before morning 300 houses and several churches were lying under the avenging waves.

Time passed on, and the men of Winchelsea, in the presence of the King, May 8, 1264, refused to lend him aid, and declared for De Montfort, who was here, June 14, 1265, inviting over foreign troops. But, on the death of the earl on August 4 in that year, Prince Edward took the town by assault, with such slaughter, that Winchelsea never fully recovered the chastisement. In vain he commanded the bold and desperate pirates, who were the scourge and fear of the coast, to desist from their lawless



practices ; and a severe defeat by the men of Fowey was of no more effect. On the eve of St. Agatha, February 4, 1287, was heard once more "the Warning of the Woes" over the haunted seas ; but there was no voice of the winds, for, silently rolling in, the great waters of the sea gathered over street and quay, dwelling-house and church ; and before morning, from Clivesden (Cliff's End, Pett) to the voucher of Hythe, all the fair lands were drowned, as centuries ago was the district of Lionesse.

The final inundation had been foreseen. In 1252 there had been a disastrous sea-flood, attended with great loss of life, and in 1254 the trees were bare of leaves, and the wheat harvest was not reaped because the brine lay so thick upon the land. Edward I., on his visit, in 1276, to Winchelsea (the birthplace of Robert, who became the primate in 1295, during Edward's reign), saw plainly that its ruin was inevitable. He therefore directed Bishop Kirkby, the lord treasurer, to select a site for a new town ; and he chose the rock of Higham, then a mere rabbit-warren, but two miles in circuit. On the east and north lay the sea ; on the south a road led to Fairlight ; on the north-west was a ferry towards Udimore. During six or seven years the walls were gradually built ; the streets were broad and large, straight as a line, and crossed at right angles ; there were eight principal highways, and the houses were set in 30 squares or quarters, each of  $2\frac{1}{4}$  acres. Four gateways formed the entrances of the town, and in the centre rose the magnificent church of St. Thomas à Becket. On the south-west side was a castle adjoining St. Leonard's church ; and there were in addition the chapels and convents of the Franciscans, St. Anthony, the Black Friars, and the church of St. Giles. King Edward, who had a hunting-seat at Newenden, came to his new harbour and town, then the Portsmouth of England, for the purpose of inspecting his fleet. As the king rode by the earthwork near the Strand Gate, his horse, startled by the noise of a windmill, and rendered fiery by whip and spur, sprang over the bulwark. The crowds, assembled on horse and a-foot to see the King,

imagined that he was crushed by the fall ; but before they could recover from their amazement, he was quietly re-entering by the gate, the road below having been softened into mud through heavy rains.

King Edward III. lodged in the Friary, and embarked here in 1350 ; and on August 29 he won a great sea-fight over the Spanish fleet, laden with rich Flemish cloth, under the eyes of Philippa, and an anxious multitude, who watched the fight from the hills. Six-and-twenty ships were taken, and great was the slaughter among the enemy ; for the Spaniards would not yield, but chose to die on the point of the sword, or were drowned in the sea. In 1359, 8,000 Frenchmen landed, fired the town, and slew many of the inhabitants assembled in the great church during the celebration of mass ; the number of their victims who were carried down to their graves at St. Giles's, gave name to Dead Man's Lane. On March 15, 1360, S. Paul, with 120 sail, and 20,000 men, ravaged Rye and Winchelsea. Edward III. disembarked here October 6, 1372. On June 29, 1377, the Frenchmen, landing from five vessels, burned and sacked Rye ; and during five hours the flames of the town could be seen far along the coast. But in Winchelsea watched Haymo de Offington, the brave Abbot of Battle, with his men-at-arms ; and he gallantly withstood all the taunts of the enemy, replying to them that he was a priest, and stood there not to challenge but to defend. In 1379 Rye and Hastings were burned, and Winchelsea was taken by the French under John de Vienne ; again in 1380, by the Spaniards, who landed at Fairlight ; and for the last time Rye and Winchelsea were burned by the French in 1449. In the reign of Henry VI. Winchelsea was the chief port of embarkation for the Continent.

These constant forays had impoverished the town, and diverted its trade ; its religious houses were dissolved ; and the sea began to recede. In 1573 Elizabeth passed through the place ; it was apparently so prosperous that she called it " Little London," but refused to open or improve the harbour ; whilst she warned the scarlet-clad

magistrates that all this splendour would depart with the sea—a doom foreshadowed by the legend on their seal. In 1690, H. M. S. “Anne” was burned at sea off this bay. Manufactories of crape and cambric have been established and failed. Winchelsea, which returned two members from 42 Edw. III., till 2 Will. IV., c. 45, now forms only part of an electoral district. Lord Brougham was M.P. for the borough, 1815-1830. Though the corn-field grows over the buried street, and the plough-share grates on the walls of the upper floors of ancient houses, the borough has been contested at no slight cost. Colonel Draper spent 11,000*l.* on a single election, and lost it; his opponent, Sir John Banks, having a larger fortune, insured his success.

Winchelsea is now a mere country village, with houses round two sides of the principal quarter; and one small square with a few cottages; yet how picturesque is the wreck,—how venerable are the ruins! There is not another spot like this in England: along the fields may be traced the lines of demolished streets, and one still sees a fragment of the old tower of St. Leonards, on which once glittered the magic vane which loving hands turned, believing it would make the favourable breeze to blow, and restore to them the dear ones far off upon the sea. There are ruins of crypt and vault, in which were stored the wines of France, and the richest wares and merchandise of the Continent; some gaping among fields, some lying beneath floors, from which the upper fabric has long disappeared. These cellars were once to England what the London Docks are now. They have plain barrel vaults of ragstone, with arched ribs, like the crypt under the altar platform of the church, and of the time of Edward I.; one is 50 ft. long by 18 ft., and 12 ft. high. Near the New Gate is a gable end, with a doorway of the fourteenth century, and near the Land Gate is the lower story of two old houses, while the upper story is of wood, covered with tiles. The Town Hall and gaol, on the north side of the church square, are of the fourteenth century, and form a mutilated, but interesting, remnant of a fine structure.

In Chestnut Field may be seen some few remains, walls and crypts, of the Dominican Friary. On the south side of the town in the Friary Park (R. Stillman) is the ruined, ivy-grown chapel of the Virgin, which formed part of the church of the Grey Friars' Monastery, founded 1310. It is apsidal, and entered by an arch 26 ft. in breadth. The refectory and dormitory have been converted into a dwelling-house, the residence, in 1780, of the brothers Weston, two desperate burglars. These ruins are only shown on Mondays. Three gates remain; towards Rye is the STRAND GATE, the most perfect of them. It is a picturesque, massive pile, of ragstone; a broad, square gatehouse, Early Decorated, with a round tower at each angle, and set on the slope of a hill; the arch is segmental, and there are remains of the stair to the upper room; the gateway forms a heavy frame of stone, through which, looking from the inside, Rye upon its hill is seen, as in a picture. The NEW GATE is the latest in point of time; it stands on the road to Icklesham and Fairlight, half buried among trees and high banks covered with wild flowers. Towards Udimore is the Ferry, Pipewell, or LAND-GATE, a plain square structure of ragstone, with round-headed segmental arches. It stands alone in the centre of the road; on it is a shield, with the name "Helde" (perhaps the mayor of the town) sculptured upon it. Between the Land and New Gate (now one mile apart) may still be traced the solid foundations of the stout walled mound, and remains of the deep moat that defended the town; beneath them lay the fishing-boats, as by the eastern quay were ranged the great ships; to the south and east, where the sea washed the steep rock of the peninsula, the rampart was of earth; on the north the cliff formed the natural protection. On the south-east side was the place of arms for the archers and spearmen to rally, or march out.

No adjacent towns so similar in position can be so unlike in appearance as Rye and Winchelsea. Here are high grassy acclivities rising loftily out of the marshes, trees clothe their sides, luxuriant foliage crowns the summit; through the green boughs may be seen south-

ward the blue sea, with the white-sailed ships ; to the north are the bare lands, laced with a maze of water-channels ; soft light and shadows flow over the decay of stonework from which time has taken the sharpness of its outline ; the ruins are not rudely contrasted with the modern buildings ; all is harmony. In the centre of the town stands the imposing fragment of the once cruciform *Church of St. Thomas à Beckett*. Only the chancel remains, with its broad, triple-gabled front, mantled in grand folds of ivy. The arches of the transept stand out boldly before it, but on either side. Beneath the porch Evelyn passed in 1652, and under the wide-spreading ash tree on the west side of the garth, Wesley, then 87 years of age, preached his last sermon in the open air, October 7, 1790, crying, like "the voice of the Woes," "Repent !" The choir (Early English and Early Decorated) is of three bays, and was built 1288-92 ; the piers are of Caen stone and Sussex marble. The side windows are filled with a rich and peculiar tracery of foreign design ; the east window is Perpendicular, of the time of Henry VI. There are three finely canopied sedilia, shafted with Sussex marble. Beneath the sanctuary, which is laid with Minton's tiles, is a crypt. On the south aisle is the chapel of St. Nicholas, or Alard chantry, which, with its sedilia and water drain, is of the close of the reign of Edward I. It contains some superb monuments, nobly conceived, and of exquisite workmanship, which are not exceeded in beauty by any memorials in this country. These are a richly carved tomb, with the recess under the canopied arch diapered, and an effigy of Gervase Alard, Admiral of the Cinque Ports in 1303-6 ; with a similar tomb and effigy of Stephen, his grandson, and successor in office. In the north aisle is the chantry of John Godfrey, M.P., 1441, and of Maline, his daughter, wife of Simon Farncombe. There are also three canopied tombs of Caen stone, with effigies and slabs of Purbeck marble of the time of Henry III., probably removed from Old Winchelsea ; they represent a cross-legged knight armed in mail, a lady, and a priest. In the choir, restored 1850 by Gough, are a brass of an ecclesiastic, 1440, and an incised

slab of R. Alard. On July 12, 1628, Elizabeth, Viscountess of Maidstone, was created Countess of Winchelsea; the earldom descended to her son, Sir Thomas Finch.

There is a choice of roads from Winchelsea to Hastings (8½ miles); the high road passes through ICKLESHAM (2½ miles), and GUESTLING (4½ miles); the lower road is by Pett (five miles from Hastings). The church of St. Nicholas, Icklesham (Church Home), has a tower, with a stunted spire in the centre of the north aisle, and a Norman nave of six bays; the chancel is Early Decorated, and contains some plain sedilia and a water drain; the north aisle is Early English, or Transitional Norman; the south aisle being half a century later. There is a table-tomb without an effigy, for H. Finch, 1493. The tower, restored by Teulon, 1847-52, contains three bells. The village is remarkably pretty, and the church stands among some fine trees, with a large yew on the north side. At *Rye New Harbour*, south of Winchelsea, but in this parish, the same architect built the hamlet church of the Holy Spirit, which was consecrated August 29, 1850. From *White Hart Hill* there is a fine view, over rich pastures and thick woods, to Winchelsea, and Rye on its rock, with its outline against the sea; the distance being closed by the Kentish cliffs between Folkstone and Dover. The church of *St. Laurence Guestling*, beyond *Broomham Park*, stands about a quarter of a mile from the road. The structure is Transitional Norman; the tower is surmounted by a low spire. On the north the nave is parted from the aisle by two Norman arches with chevron mouldings, and on the south from the Ashburnham chantry by three pointed arches rising from octagonal pillars. An ancient carved Flanders chest stands in the vestry. The font is circular and plain. At Maxfield there is an old timber-house; G. Martin, translator of the Rheims edition of the Holy Bible, was born there.

Hitherto the coast which has been traversed, forming the eastern extremity of the county, has been low land, a continuation of Romney marsh. The royal military canal from Hythe, 23 miles in length, 60 feet broad, and 9 feet

deep, is defended on the northern side by a redan, ceases at Cliff End, below Pett, and there also occurs an interruption in the line of martello towers which began at the same place. The Forest ridge here commences, and is continued for five miles, embracing Fairlight, Hastings, and Bexhill. In the sands at low water, during spring-tides, may be found the remains of a forest, which was probably overwhelmed in 1250. Hook Point is a spot of wild and picturesque grandeur, where the hills break, and the low coast, thickly set with a chain of round towers, begins. The next headland is Goldbury Point. The church of SS. Mary and Peter, at *Pett*, is insignificant, and of remarkable ugliness. A castellated building, the residence of W. L. Shadwell, has a fine position on the side of the hill, under Fairlight.

In the neighbourhood of Pett will be found *Lastrea oreopteris*, *L. spinulosa*, *ruta muraria*, wild gooseberry, *scirpus sylvaticus*, frog-bit, yellow flag, great water-dock, navel wort, slender hare's ear, and greater periwinkle; at Guestling, the botanist may add common celandine, potentilla, enchanter's night-shade, marsh-cinquefoil, valerian, narrow-leaved marsh speedwell, and *spiranthes autumnalis*.

The cliffs are formed of Hastings' sand, white and friable, which rests on Tilgate clay, and abounds in fossil remains of fishes: in the lower stratum specimens of the greater lizards have been found. Lee Ness Point stands between two wooded ravines, and is chequered by long fissures, crossed obliquely by other rents into a resemblance of a tessellated floor. In the top is found red oxide of iron; and under the sand-rock green and purple variegated clay. Ferruginous and fawn-coloured sands and sand-rock, inclosing lignite, with stiff grey loam, are found at Bexhill, and on the highest point of Fairlight Down: behind Pelham Place, Hastings, and at Ecclesbourne, the white sand-rock is 100 feet thick. At Winchelsea, Rye, Ore, Ecclesbourne, the White Rock, and East Cliff, occurs sand-rock, intersected with courses of calciferous grit: at the East and West

Cliff, clay, shale, and thin beds of sandstone appear, with lignite and silicified wood, and endogenites erosa. Veins of argillaceous iron ore, forming a clay with red stains, are found in the East Cliff and rocks near Covehurst Bay: to the west of Ecclesbourne, and on a ledge at the Cliff End, appears dark-coloured shale, with masses of sand-rock, rich ironstone, lignite, and carbonized plants.

## HASTINGS.

The termination Ing, in Sussex, denotes a Saxon settlement. The tribe of Hastings, probably, gave name to the town of Hastings, which is first mentioned in a charter of King Offa, dated at the close of the 8th century, as the possession of the Abbey of St. Denys, near Paris, by gift from Duke Behrtwald. Elia describes Hastings as "a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stockbrokers, Amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the ocean." The town is seated in a hollow, sheltered by the lofty undulating hills of Fairlight on the north; on the east, fine bold cliffs, four miles in extent, reach to Cliff End, but are intersected by little wooded valleys, and sparkling brooklets running down to the sea; while on the west, St. Leonard's, terrace-lined, is spread along to the flat shore of Bulverhythe, ("the townsmen's haven,") with each little headland crowned by a round martello tower. The view is closed in by the graceful sweeping curve of the Bay of Eastbourne and by Beachy Head, like a violet cloud resting on the sea. There is scarcely a spot which has not inspired some of the most exquisite pictures, and magical cunning of their pencil, ever achieved by Daniell, Harding, Prout, Stanfield, or Turner.

The vale appears, in ancient times, to have been covered with a forest, while the sea penetrated further inward; for, at the foot of Carlisle Parade, when the sands shift with the tide, timber and hazel-nuts are found embedded in



a black soil, formed of decayed foliage and boughs ; and from George Street to the Priory, the houses stand upon a beach foundation. The white sand of the cliffs is used in the manufacture of glass: the iron-stone, also found here, if the coal districts were not so distant, would afford a remunerative trade: the expense of smelting, as matters stand, is now too costly.

From the reign of King Athelstan to that of William Rufus, a mint was established in the town. In 1052, Earl Godwin drew to his side the bertsekarls, or sailors, of Hastings and Kent. It was constituted a Cinque Port by King Edward the Confessor ; and was bound to supply to the royal fleet, out of the general contingent of 57 sail, 21 ships, each with 20 men and a boy, for 15 days, under the banner of St. Michael, as the vessels of Dover bore the standard of St. Martin of Tours. The detached members were Pevensey, distant 20 miles ; Seaford, 22 miles ; Beaksbourne, in Kent, 48 miles ; and the Vill of Grange, Rochester, 50 miles. In the reign of Charles II., the port could supply only 5 ships. In the centre of the present *Marine Parade* there stood, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a wooden landing-stage, with an incline called the *Stade*. The site is marked by the *Pier rocks*. The only vessel which now approaches the shore, is a collier brig, which lies on the beach during a single tide to deliver its cargo, "turned exhausted on its side, like a faint fish of an antediluvian species." Even in this short time she runs the risk of being wrecked if a gale of wind should spring up. The pier was destroyed Nov. 1, 1597 ; and owing to the tidal wave, which forms a shingle trap here, no harbour can be formed.

On Sept. 28, 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, disembarked his men upon this beach. The 600 vessels which brought them from St. Valery sur Somme, ranged from Pevensey Bay to Bulverhythe. As he leaped on shore, William fell flat along the sand ; his knights were terrified at the omen, and murmured "Dieu aide !" But the Duke, springing to his feet, exclaimed with ready wit, "Nay, sirs, I have

taken seisin of the land. As far as it reaches, it is ours." When one of his chiefs still hesitated, and hinted at the desperate nature of the expedition, William struck him dead at his feet. The so-called *Conqueror's Table*, a flat slab of rock, is now at the entrance of the *Subscription Gardens*. The Norman army halted here until Oct. 13, employing their time in throwing up entrenchments near the site of the middle railway station, and on the East Hill, and in ravaging the country. After the great battle by the "Hoar appletree," the Normans divided Sussex by rope into 6 districts (rapes), each with a harbour; Hastings fell to the lot of Robert Count D'Eu, the Conqueror's uncle. In Dec. 1093, William Rufus lodged in the newly-built Castle, when Anselm consecrated, in the Chapel of St. Mary, that eminent statesman and bishop, Robert Bloet, to the see of Lincoln. Here the king also summoned his nobles to swear fealty before he sailed to Normandy. In 1094, an army of 20,000 was encamped in the neighbourhood. From this castle, King John issued his claim to the sovereignty of the seas. In 1263, it was the scene of a skirmish between the royal and baronial forces. In the reign of Edward III. (1370), the town returned two members to Parliament. On Aug. 21, 1378, the French burned down St. Clement's Church, which belonged to Fécamp Abbey. A wall, pierced with three gates, for the future protection of the town and valley, was drawn from the Castle to the East Cliff; part of the curtain was standing till the beginning of the present century, and some fragments still remain in Bourne Street. In 1666, the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, opened fire upon the town: two of the balls may be seen fixed in the south side of St. Clement's tower. On July 26, 1797, a remarkable mirage occurred here, and lasted from 5 to 8 P.M.; the coast of France was visible from Calais to Dieppe; and Dungeness, and even the cliffs of Dover, were seen by the naked eye. It is the only instance of such witchery of *Fata Morgana* in England. In 1760, a battery of eleven 12-pounders (which afterwards, and till within a recent

period, mounted six 24-pounders) was erected at the east end of the present *Parade*, formed 1800-1812, and 920 feet in length. On the *White Rock* was another battery of three guns, which were taken out of the San Josef, 112, by Nelson, in 1794. This rock, which stood near the present Infirmary, was cleared away in 1834, having been broken and rent by the severe storms of the preceding year.

The old town is most picturesque, with its avenue of dark elms on the London road, and its grey church-tower dwarfed under the enormous steep of hills, on either hand; one golden with the gorse-blossom, and spotted with the Minnis (a stony place)—huge grey boulders dappling the green slopes;—the other girt with the trees of the croft, and the ruined castle, like a mural crown, set upon its dark brow. Behind the maze of quaint streets, crooked and narrow, rises a wavy screen of lovely country; before them is the broad sea. Situated on a dry sandstone, and sheltered upon the north, Hastings has a mean temperature of 43°, in winter; while in the adjoining counties it is only 40° or 35°; the climate is, therefore, very relaxing. The visitor who comes down All Saints' Street, with its rows of irregular houses, raised pathways, and rude flights of steps, will observe many signs of the staple craft of the place—sea-fishery and boat-building chiefly occupying its inhabitants. The kilns of the lime-burners are up the valley—not as in Devon and Cornwall, built upon the cliffs like ruined forts. The mackerel season lasts from January to June; the herring fishery from September to December: while trawling fills up the intervening months of the year. There are about 80 boats employed; the cost of a large lugger, complete, is 1,000*l*.

Under the East Cliff—a magnificent hill, ranging in height from 188 feet on the west, to 208 feet on the east—is found the most picturesque spot in Hastings, and one not surpassed along the entire southern sea-board, independently even of the grand scenery that frames the busy crowd assembled about the fish-market, where a Dutch auction is held. The seller is offering each lot at a certain price,

which he lowers by sixpence gradually, until some buyer calls out, "Hap," or "I will have it." Blue wreaths of smoke eddy up and are caught away by the wind, as the fire burns fiercely under the caldrons in which the caulkers boil their pitch. The trawlers are drawn up upon the hot shingle; their many-coloured, often-patched sails drying in the sun, and the net hoisted up to to the mast-head. On every side, among a labyrinth of black-timbered store sheds, are strewn anchors and mooring-rings, red with rust; coils of rope, and heaps of ballast: about the capstans lie loose spars, creels, and lobster baskets. The boatmen's children play merrily in and out: their sturdy fathers, in boots knee-high, and striped guernsey or dark-blue frocks, are under the lee of their luggers, mending their nets, or tarring their gallant craft; while their mates are heaving away on the windlass, lowering their boat down the shelf of shingle into the water, and singing a lusty song as they pace their rounds. Behind all, under the cliff, is the domed well-house, of ruddy brickwork, contrasting with that titanic wall of white sand-rock; and its bubbling waters are spreading freshness, and cool the sultry air, as they are drawn into pitchers by the groups of women who gather about it: on its front are inscribed the words, "Waste not want not." Close by, over the dark roofs to the east, glimmers the gable cross of the Mariners' Church, where the fishermen, in their own simple hearty manner, worship God on His one blessed day of rest.

The Town-hall, in High Street, was built in 1823: the principal chamber, 44 ft. by 18 ft., and 15 ft. high, contains a shield taken from the French at the conquest of Quebec, and presented to the corporation by Gen. Murray of Beauport. Until the Municipal Reform Act, 5 & 6 William IV., c. 76, the town was governed according to charters of Elizabeth and Charles II. Of the Augustine Priory of the Holy Trinity, founded in the reign of Richard I. by Sir W. Bricet, not a fragment remains: its site is now occupied by the Priory-farm. All Saints' Church (H. S. Foyster, R.),

at the foot of the East-hill, is Perpendicular, of the early part of the 15th century. It consists of a west tower, 73 feet high, with five bells; chancel, with sedilia on the south wall; a nave and south porch, on the front of which is a cross, set between two niches of the 12th century; within is a benatura. The font is octangular, with trefoiled niches and blank shields. The pulpit-cloth was part of the coronation-canopy of Queen Anne. "Old Humphrey," who for some time lived at High Wickham, was buried in the yard, 1854. It contains the brasses of T. Goodemouth, 1520; Barley, 1592; and Wilkes, 1563; and a Flemish slab, of hard bluish-grey Liege marble, containing coral-lines, to R. Mechyng, d. 1436. *St. Clement's*, High Street, (T. Nightingale, R.), is also Perpendicular, and rebuilt after 1378. The church consists of a west tower, with 6 bells, chancel, nave with aisles, and north and south porches. The font is octagonal, with incidents of the Passion carved upon it. The pulpit-cloth was made out of the coronation canopy of George I. The quasi altarpiece was painted by Mortimer. The church contains the brass of T. Pierse, 1606. The east window, by Gibbs, to the memory of a late rector, was set up in 1857; in the north aisle is a similar memorial to Lord Chewton, who fell in the Crimean war. Above the church, on the side of the hill, are some curious caverns, tunnelled out originally to supply sand, but in recent times used as "hides" for contraband goods.

*St. Mary's-in-the-Castle* (T. Vores, P.C.), Pelham Crescent, a Grecian building, was built by the Earl of Chichester, 1828: in it Bishop Ryder was buried in 1836. *St. Mary Magdalen's*, Warrior Square (W. W. Hume, P. C.), built by F. Marrable, was consecrated Sept. 13, 1852; *St. Leonard's Chapel* (W. R. T. Marsh) was built in 1833; *St. Clement's Halton* (J. Parkin, P. C.), in 1838; the *Mariners' Chapel* in 1854. *Holy Trinity Church* (Dr. Crosse) was commenced by Teulon, in Robertson Street, 1857.

The statistics of the town are as follows :—

	Area. Statute Acres.	1851.		
		HOUSES.		
		Inhabited.	Uninhabited.	Building.
Ore . . .	11,372	637	7	3
All Saints. .	585	1,194	29	10
St. Mary's ,	2,070	1,392	42	47

POPULATION.						
	1801	1810	1821	1831	1841	1851
Ore . .	1,338	1,463	2,020	2,563	3,047	3,594
All Saints	2,683	3,345	4,557	6,092	6,028	7,576
St. Mary's	492	680	1,743	4,139	5,761	10,045

There appears to have been a British entrenchment thrown up here, as at Walmer and Dover, when Arviragus threw off fealty to Rome. The tenure of the Castle conferred, from the year 1269, a barony, which was, however, for years merged in higher dignities ; but it was not until 1461 that Sir William Hastings became a baron by creation. In 1808, the title passed into the family of Rawdon, the representative of which, after a brilliant career as Governor-General of India, was created a Marquis, Feb. 13, 1817. The town gave its surname to the family of Hastings ; one of whom was created Baron Hastings, 14 Oct., 1264 : and another member, Earl of Pembroke, 13 Oct., 1339. John, the second baron, had a great-grandson, Hugh, created Baron Hastings, Feb. 25, 1342. The title of Baron Hastings was restored in the person of Jacob Astley, 18 May, 1841.

The honour or manor, was held by William I. and II. ; Henry III. ; Edward I. and III. ; John of Gaunt ; Richard II. ; and Henry IV. ; the Counts d'Eu ; Peter of Savoy ; Earl of Richmond ; the Dukes of Brittany ; John Earl of Montford ; the Lords Hastings, Hungerford, and Huntingdon ; and by the premier Duke of Newcastle. In 1412, Sir John Pelham conveyed the manor to Thomas, Lord Hoo and Hastings. From the family of Pelham, Pelham Crescent derives its name. The remains of the Castle cover an acre and one-fifth of ground, but are of no great importance. The south side, 400 feet long, was always considered to be sufficiently defended by the cliff, which is 156 feet high. The east side had a plain curtain, 300 feet long, with a fosse ; the walls, 8 feet thick, are of flint and rubble, and strengthened by three semicircular towers. The north-west side, 400 feet in length, had also a ditch. The wall is loop-holed, with a square tower to the south, and a sally-port ; and more westward are a round tower, with courses of herring-bone work, the remains of a staircase, and a doorway which once led into the chapel of the king's free college of St. Mary. The building was Transitional Norman, 110 feet long, and consisted of a nave and chancel, with aisles : among its canons are found the names of à Becket and Wykeham : its site presents a mere waste of ruined capitals, bases, and fragments of sedilia, water-drain and font. The arch is a modern restoration. The great gate stood to the north of the present entrance.

Hastings Castle fell to decay before the middle of the 14th century ; and the legend thus accounts for its ruin. One of its foreign lords so incensed his wife by his vile suspicions, that she made appeal to the king that he would desire that henceforth she should be treated with honour. The husband concealed his rage, but one day, having found her giving instructions to the falconer, he slew the unhappy servant on the spot, and ordered a funeral pile of faggots to be set up in the inner bailey. The lady, with her infant son, was led out a sacrifice ; for she parted her jewels and ornaments as memorials among the weeping retainers, and without a murmur mounted

the pyre. As the flames burst out around her, a cry arose that the castle was on fire. Despite every effort, nothing was left of keep, tower, or bastion, but a girdle of charred stones. The murderer fled the country, having first placed the ashes of his wife and child in a stone coffin, which still stands among the ruins. From the north tower, tradition says, a noble lady leaped down, as the only alternative to dishonour, from the pursuit of Henry III. In the castle-yard, so went the romantic tale, the fair Adela, daughter of King William, presided as Queen of Beauty in the first tourney ever held in England. Robert Count d'Eu, the Castellan and founder of St. Mary's Chapel vanquished all comers, until Stephen, the stout Count de Blois, entered the lists, unhorsed him, and compelled him to yield the hand of the princess to himself.

The great days of the Cinque Ports are over: Romney, Hythe, and Winchelsea, are inland towns; Rye and Sandwich retain but shadows of a harbour; and Dover must wait till its piers and breakwaters be completed, before the dangers of its bar will disappear, and accommodation be afforded to ships of any size. Hastings will never again send bailiff to Yarmouth, or boats to the fishing-grounds of Norfolk; there is no backwater to scour an artificial harbour, and at a distance of three quarters of a mile from the shore the sea is only four fathoms deep. Yet the progress of the town has been considerable, although the profits of its fishery have suffered through the facilities of conveyance offered by the railways from the western counties; for, until the completion of those lines, swift four-horse vans carried up the fish caught in the early part of the night to the London market by morning, and thus distanced all competition. Dr. Baillie first brought the town into repute as a resort for invalids. Gloucester Place was built in 1817; Pelham Place and Crescent, and Castle Street, in 1820-5, by Joseph Kay, architect; White Rock Place, in 1834; Carlisle Parade, Robertson Street, and Eversfield Place (the latter called after the lord of the manor), in 1850. It is no longer in "its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained,"—as



Elia truculently asserts—"a fair, honest fishing-town, and no more, with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their material filched from them." A lofty and handsome range of buildings, upwards of a mile in length, terraces, squares, and paradises, with a broad esplanade, the finest in the kingdom, now joins Hastings to its western suburb of St. Leonard's, which is entered under an archway. An imposing line of houses,—some fronted with colonnades—called the *Marina*, is continued for yet another mile along the fine sea-walk, raised many feet above the shingle. It was on the view from this spot that Campbell wrote some of his finest lines:—

"E'en gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,  
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,  
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's  
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,  
For these wild headlands and the seamew's clang.  
With thee beneath my windows, pleasant sea,  
I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades  
And green savannahs. Earth has not a plain  
So boundless or so beautiful as thine."

ST. LEONARD'S, the Kemptown of Hastings, was purchased for the site of a new town by James Burton. The *Marina*, 600 feet long, was begun in 1828 by Decimus Burton, the architect of some of the finest buildings in the Regent's Park, who also designed the esplanade, which is half a mile in length, on the east side of the Boundary Gate. The church was built in 1833. New streets are gradually usurping the site of gardens; country villas and lodging houses stretching along the meadows; and as the town climbs the slopes to the north, the glare of growing white on the side of a hill, gives, as Hook said, "an effect at a distance very much like that produced by the perspective of a china plate." A long array of noble and distinguished visitors is boasted by the united towns: the Princess Sophia lived at Gloucester Lodge in 1831; the Duke of Sussex at East Hill House; the present King of Hanover,

in 1833, laid the first stone of the market-house; Louis Philippe, in 1848, resided at the Victoria Hotel; the Emperor Louis Napoleon, at Pelham Cottage, in March, 1840; Queen Adelaide, at 23, Grand Parade, in 1837; the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, at 57, Marina, in 1834. Sir Cloudesley Shovell was born, and the infamous Titus Oates resided, in All Saints Street; Sir John Moore lodged in High Street; E. Capel, the editor of *Shakspeare*, lived in East Cliff House, where there is a mulberry-tree, which Garrick planted as a sprig from the parent tree at Stratford-on-Avon. Campbell lodged for five years in the South Colonnade; Prout lived at 53, George Street. Charles Lamb resided at Hastings; and Byron was at Hastings House in 1814: here he was "swimming and eating turbot, and smuggling neat brandies and silk handkerchiefs; walking on cliffs and tumbling down hills;" whilst Hodgson, the translator of *Juvenal*, went "into raptures about his pretty wife elect." Chevalier Bunsen has been a frequent visitor; and Samuel Phillips, and Lane the orientalist, were residents in 1850. Sir P. Micklethwait had here the good fortune to win a baronetcy by stopping the runaway horses of the Royal carriage of the Princess Victoria. What reader of "*General Bounce*" will forget the touching scene of the governess watching here beside the chair of the dying soldier lover?

At HALTON, in 1804, barracks were built for three squadrons of cavalry and a battalion of the line: in 1823 they were disused. In Sept., 1805, the Duke of Wellington was appointed to the command of this small force; and when some officious meddler asked how could he, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Knight of the Bath, and a General who had led 30,000 men, condescend so low, the great man replied—"I have ate the king's salt, and, therefore, as in duty bound, I serve with zeal and cheerfulness wherever he and my country think proper to employ me." To Hastings House he brought his wife on their marriage-day in 1806.

The BOTANY of Hastings and its neighbourhood includes the following plants:—Wood anemone, Buxbaum's, and chickweed speedwell; narrow-leaved cudwort, water crow-

foot, sea sandwort, bog pimpernel, *Matthiola incana*, *M. sinuata*, *lotus angustifolius*, *L. decumbens*, *Borrera Atlantica*, *carex pendula*, smooth sea-heath, sorrel, hard-knotted trefoil, red currant, common butterburr, common milkwort, *erodium moschatum*, *chenopodium olidum*, sea-gillflower, sea-kale, and *Lepidium Smithii*.

*Castle Hill*:—Peppermint, common calamint, cat-mint, wall pellitory, *geranium molle*. *East Cliff*:—*Psamma arenaria*, of which the pretty Hastings sea-grass baskets are made, wild cabbage, *anthyllis vulneraria*, tamarisk, samphire, common whitlow grass, sheep's scabious, yellow and blue scorpion grass. *West Cliff*:—Wild celery. *St. Leonard's*: Henbane and hound's-tongue. Sea-weeds, sponges and zoophytes, marine and fresh-water shells are found in abundance; but the ordinary situation of the discovery of the latter, such as deep or low water, rocks or sands, must be the guide of the collector. It may be convenient to mention that the honeycomb sandshells are found under the East Cliff; and at Bulverhythe, *turbo rudis*, *scalaria clathratula*, and *turritella trebra*. The pebbles resemble the German agate. *Lotus decumbens* is found at *Bulverhythe* (the townsmen's haven), near which are seen some few ruins of its ancient church of St. Mary, and it is famous for larks and wheatears. A tradition, similar to that of Dido of Carthage, and the Counts Mansfeldt, under Otho, is told of the Pelhams to account for the name of this village. William I. is said to have given to the first Pelham as much land as a bull's hide could cover, and the cunning Norman cut the skin into slips—an etymology equal in value to the derivation of Hastings, from Hastings the Dane, or the haste with which William the Norman threw up his defences. In 1754, a Dutch merchant ship, the *Amsterdam*, was wrecked here, and at low water some of her timbers are still to be seen imbedded in the sand. Mr. Knox mentions among the birds which have been observed in this part of the coast, at Rye, the kestrel, gull-billed tern and ivory gull; at Icklesham, the bee-eater; Hastings, grey and red-necked phalarope; at Battle, the landrail; at Pevensy, the hobby; Sandwich,

arctic, common and lesser, terns ; great snipe ; black-tailed goodwit and Kentish plover.

The places of interest in the neighbourhood are many. The OLD ROAR (three miles north), situated in the midst of a pretty dell and copse, is, after heavy rains only, a waterfall of about thirty feet in depth ; at other times it is a gently-dropping stream ; Glenroar is a cascade similarly capricious. *Blechnum boreale* and hart's-tongue are found in the neighbourhood. Two miles eastward, across some field-paths, is the rural little church of St. Leonard's, HOLLINGTON, principally Early English, standing in the midst of a wood. There is a pentagonal font ; in the cemetery are some modern crosses, and a beautiful tomb to the memory of Mr. Pritchard. The steeple is of the kind called a Sussex Head ; a low pyramidal structure, with the west side descending far beneath the eaves of the other walls, and terminating in a huge buttress-like lean-to. In the bed of a little stream which crosses the Hastings road are groups of calciferous grit containing pyrites, *cyrena media*, *paludina lenta*, and *cypris faba*. The cross-leaved heath is found in the neighbourhood. A legend says that the fabric was duly begun in the centre of the adjoining village, but every night a busy meddling fiend undid all the work of the day. The parish priest began an exorcism, and a weird voice promised to abstain from further annoyance if he might choose the site. The spirit pointed out the place by some strange mark, and when the church was built, up sprang a thick wood to hide it out of sight. A similar tormentor is said to have carried away the stones of the church of Udimore to their present place, shrieking o'er the mere ; which was the origin of the name.

In the wonderful succession of hill and dale, over three counties, reaching to the crown of Knockholt, inland, and seaward, from the South Foreland to Beachy Head, an expanse eighty miles long, there may be counted ten towns, sixty-six churches, seventy martello towers, three bays, five castles, and forty windmills—the latter a characteristic feature of Sussex, and so picturesque, whether

their huge arms are revolving or their sails be stilled ; besides two memorials of a different character, the tower of Lord Heathfield and the column of Napoleon at Boulogne. Happily nature and distance do not make the whole catalogue visible at once ; while they magnify the extent of the entire prospect by a thin veil of gray upon the horizon, beyond which another world seems to stretch leagues away across the edges of the circle. For grand indeed is the scene ; all beautiful forms and sights are present but the bridge and the river, and in place of these is spread, like a broad crescent, the expanse of sea ; while corn-fields, pastures, woods, gardens, fragrant hay-meadows, orchards, hop-grounds, succeed each other till they reach the far mounds swelling above mound, and hill behind hill. The lark singing above, the distant voices of children at play, the roll of the laden waggon, are the only sounds, except when from the martello towers, that appear but specks to the eye, shoots out a puff of smoke, to be followed by the dull roar of the cannon where the coast-guardsmen are at exercise, and we are reminded that an armed peace is the best preservative against war. Yet this is the very coast which Landseer has so beautifully depicted, with the rusty cannon overgrown with wild flowers, and the lamb looking down its iron mouth. Long indeed may it be before our batteries shall fire another angry shot ; never may a new Falkland on English ground, with his noble head bent low, murmur, as he rides, " Peace, Peace !"

Two miles north stands on a hill the church of *St. Helen's, Ore*, Perpendicular. In the chancel is a water-drain, and near it a brass of a civilian and his wife, 1400. *Ore Place* (Lady Elphinstone) has some remains of the house built by John of Gaunt. The new church of *St. Andrew, Fairlight*, was consecrated Aug. 7, 1846 ; the tower is 50 feet high. Between these two churches intervenes *Fairlight Down*, 599 ft. above the level of the sea. In clear weather, before sunset, the French coast is visible, the folks say, from this height. Towards the sea the coast much resembles the south-eastern side of the isle of Wight on a larger scale. *Fairlight Glen* is approached through a

white gate at the side of Fairlight Place (Countess of Waldegrave). It is indeed a lovely spot ; its wood-walks, carpeted with moss, its broken banks hung with tapestries of nature's own handiwork, the coroneted gipsy-rose, pink geranium, golden hawkweed, and saxifrage, blue bell-flowers, violet, primrose, each in its season, among a very garden of lesser favourites, star and enrich the sides of the paths. Beneath a grand old beech-tree is heard the plash of the *Dripping Well*, so cool under the thick foliage, with the slanting sunrays shot through the boughs, and dappling the pebbles with the wavy shadow of the leaves. The little rock-pool glitters, bedded among tall ferns ; and further down in the dell is another stony chalice and a second clear crystal tiny stream with its drowsy tinkling in the hot noon. The path divides at a little distance beyond ; on one side are long slopes reaching to the sea with dwarf wood clinging to the steep hill-sides, and clustering upon the broken terraces and masses of undercliff that close in the shore ; along the hill-side the way leads to the *Lover's Seat* ; a ledge of rock cut in the face of the cliff, over Covehurst Bay. The eastern horn is Lee Ness Point.

The heiress of the family of Boys of Elford was residing at Fairlight Place, for the sake of her health, at the close of the last century, when her beauty and merit attracted the affections of Lieut. Lamb, who commanded the revenue cutter on this station. The lovers kept stolen tryst here ; and when their meetings were discovered and forbidden, were married in the little church in the wood at Hollington. The lady died within a year, and the widowed husband not long after was stunned and struck overboard by the boom of his yacht into the Southampton Water ; the waters closed over, and never restored him. A walk under the shingle and undercliff leads to the glen of *Ecclesbourne* (Eagle's bourne,—an eagle, still alive, was taken near Camber Castle but a few years since) ; a ravine of infinite wildness and variety, between cliffs 250 ft. in height, clad with dark coppice for half their height, and stooping down to a clear brook that runs gurgling below. Then, mounting by the winding path on the west side, over irregular

broken ground, in parts abrupt and bare, diversified only by two old gnarled thorn trees, but in the hollows rich in wild flowers, the traveller will breast a steep hill, under which lies the inky house of the coast-guardsmen, with its mast and cross-yard, and an ingeniously formed garden fenced with tamarisk. Soft turf lines the level height of that impregnable cliff, swept by the fresh cheering breeze, and seaward is one of the most glorious pages in the open book of Nature; for, as Hazlitt says, to look out over the ocean is to "feel on the confines of eternity; it is a new element, a pure abstraction." On the right-hand side, upon the brow of the hill, is *Rocklands* (Countess Waldegrave), where Mr. Canning found a retreat from cares of state. On the summit of the height, overlooking Hastings, are the lines of the Norman camp, where, sings Campbell—

“ Still the ramparted ground  
 With a vision my fancy inspires,  
 And I hear the trump sound  
 As it marshalled our chivalry's sires.  
 Here the Norman encamped him of old,  
 With his bowmen and knights,  
 And his banner all burnished with gold.  
 At the Conqueror's side  
 There his minstrelsy sat, harp in hand,  
 In pavilion wide,  
 And they chanted the deeds of Roland.”

Near *Fairlight* the botany is very rich in rare plants and wild flowers. Here are found *adoxa moschatinella*, black spleenwort, *ruscus aculeatus*, daffodil, broad-leaved hellebore, bee orchis, greater spearwort, fine-leaved heath, ling, woad, greater broom rape, opposite-leaved golden saxifrage, dogwood, and trefoil. At *Ore*: mountain speedwell, lesser spearwort, tutsan, enchanter's nightshade, *gastridium lendigerum*, *luzula sylvatica*, *allium ursinum*. Near the *Dripping Well*, *asplenium trichomanes*. At *Ecclesbourne*: autumnal furze, needlewhin, smooth tare, crimson vetchling, and greater periwinkle.

St. George's, *Crowhurst*, with its time-honoured yew-trees, lies four miles north-west from St. Leonard's. On the gallery front was to be seen the badge of the founder, the Pelham buckle, borne in memory of the capture of the French king, John the Good, by Sir John Pelham, at Poitiers. The church has been rebuilt by Teulon in the Decorated style; the tower, which was left, retains some old stained glass. On the south side of the church are some remains of the Manor House, or *Court Lodge*, Early Decorated, measuring 40 ft. by 23 ft.; at the south-east angle is a porch of the thirteenth century, with a chapel above; the only part now left of the mansion is the east gable, pierced with two trifoliated lights under a circle; the lower story was vaulted, and lighted by lancets. In the garth is a noble yew, measuring 27 ft. in circumference. Here are found yellow rocket, marsh nasturtium, trailing St. John's wort, and *blechnum boreale*. *Crowhurst Place* (T. Papillon) was the residence of the Pelhams.

*Bodiam Castle*, built late in the fourteenth century, is 13 miles distant from Hastings; the road lies through *Sedlescomb*, near which is found the thyme-leaved speedwell. *St. John Baptist Church*, principally Early English, contains a fine Perpendicular font-cover of oak. *Bodiam Castle* is a moated, nearly square building, after the French fashion, 165 ft. by 150 ft., erected in 1386, by Sir E. Dalyngridge, one of the brave knights of Edward III., who married the heiress of Wardeaux Lord of Bodiam. It has four round towers at the angles; in the centre of each of the east and west sides is a square tower, and there are gates in the north and south fronts. The grand entrance on the north had a causeway and a barbican, which stands finely set between two square machicolated towers, with an escutcheon of the arms of Dalyngridge, Bodiam, and Wardeaux above the portcullis. The central quadrangle measures 87 ft. by 78 ft.; on the south-east side is the hall; the fireplaces in the kitchen are lined with tiles. On the east side was the chapel. In the groinings of the vaulted passage, between the courts, in place of bosses, will be seen central perforations through which melted



lead could be poured down upon assailants. The clustered chimney-shafts of stone are later than the middle of the fifteenth century. The castle passed from the Dalyngridges, through the Lewknors and Websters, to the Fullers. It was dismantled by Waller. The river Rother runs through the village, and supplies the broad moat of the castle. Here are found the narrow-leaved flax, white water-lily, and sweet violet.

In the church of *St. Giles* (1½ mile) the chancel is Early English, and the nave Decorated. *Bodiam* is four miles from Robert's-bridge station. At Robert's-bridge will be found in a farmhouse, a crypt, with three pointed arches on the south, and the ivied east gable and fine west door of the ancient Cistercian Abbey of *St. Mary*, founded in 1176, by Alured *St. Martin*. *Brede* is seven miles from *Hastings*; the church of *St. George* there is large and of interest. The south chancel aisle was the *Oxenbridge* Chantry; the tracery of the windows, which contain some stained glass, and the stonework, are flamboyant, and were executed by Flemish artists. The chief monuments are those of Sir *Goddard Oxenbridge*, an effigy of Caen stone, 1537; an altar-tomb with a slab of *Petworth* marble; and a brass for *R. and A. Oxenbridge*, 1492. About a mile eastward of the church is *Brede Place*, the chief part of which dates from the close of the fourteenth century, and was built of sandstone by the *Attefords*; the later portion of brick by Sir *Goddard Oxenbridge*. It is now a farm-house. A large porch, with the porter's lodge and rooms above, leads into the great hall, 40 ft. by 28 ft., and 38 ft. high. To the south, on the side of this grand room, is an oak-panelled chamber, 28 ft. by 18 ft., of the date of *Henry VII.*; a door at the south-west corner opens into the ante-chapel and chapel, which are parted by a screen; it had once a panelled roof; the walls retain traces of colour. Beyond the newel staircase is the priest's room and dortor. The legend says that Sir *Goddard*, who lies in the chantry, was an ogre who had a cannibal's liking for young children, and was invulnerable except under a wooden saw. The neighbours succeeded in drugging his cups, and then

accomplished his death. In the days of smugglers, the house was said to be haunted, and terrible noises were heard at night by the belated peasant: their terrors are perpetuated in the title of the Groaning Bridge, which crosses the stream in Stubb Lane. Navel-wort and osmunda regalis are found here.

## BATTLE

is seven miles from Hastings, and can be reached by railway. *Standard Hill* and the *Watch Oak*, as well as the name of this village, bear witness to the great event which has rendered the neighbourhood full of interest—the defeat of Harold. The Normans called the battle of Hastings the field of Senlac (*Sanguelac*), one only of their chroniclers naming it *Epitume*, referring perhaps to its thyme-grown heath. Where the abbey now stands was the camp of the last of the Anglo-Saxon kings, fenced in by a formidable stockade of willow hurdles, and with an ample trench. On one hand swept the forest of the Weald; on the other, were morasses and a deep hollow called the *Malfosse*. On Telham (then called Hetheland) high waved the raven-banner of the Duke of Normandy, who had marched along the hills on the site of the road that now connects Fairlight and Battle. The Saxon monks were praying on Oct. 14, 1066, the feast of St. Calixtus, when the gigantic Taillefer, the jongleur, advanced, chanting the song of Roland; then rose up the crash of arms, and the challenge and counter cry of “Dieu aide Notre Dame!” of the Norman, and “Out, out, holy cross!” of the Anglo-Saxon. It was nearly sunset, when the brave Harold, still fighting beneath his banner of blue and gold, and surrounded by piles of his slaughtered countrymen, fell pierced with an arrow beside his brothers Gurth and Leofwine. The terrible axes of the English would have maintained the redoubt; but a feint of retreat by the Norman horse under Odo of Bayeux drew out the impetuous defenders, who were immediately hemmed in and cut off. Had the attack been prolonged till nightfall, William must

have returned to Normandy. It was said that two monks of Waltham, led by Edith of the Swan neck, buried him in their abbey ; but the legend went abroad that years after a weary wanderer died a recluse in St. John's, Chester, and that lonely man was no other than King Harold. The name of "Sanguelac" is yet preserved, and the peasants believe that the iron-tinged waters of the river Asten are dyed with the blood shed on that day upon ground which will not cover it.

The soil here suggests some of the most thrilling recollections of English history. Luxuriant wood and green meadows, which have succeeded to the treeless and heathy waste, cannot efface the memory of a conflict, the result of which is felt now, although the dynasty which it crowned has long given place to new races. On our religion, laws, and language, it has set its influence durable as the grand and solid architecture which then took root in England, and remains to this day.

BATTLE ABBEY (Lord H. Vane) is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays. The Benedictine mitred Abbey of St. Martin was founded by William of Normandy for the repose of the souls of those slain at the battle of Hastings : and the spot where Harold fell determined the site of the high altar. The church was consecrated, Feb. 11, 1095. With belfry, sacristy, cloisters, and chapter-house, it was ruthlessly destroyed by Sir A. Browne, one of Henry VIIIth's creatures. The great hall, refectory, and Abbot's lodge, he converted into a dwelling-house.

The entrance gateway is Decorated, 35 feet square, 54 feet high, of three stories with octagonal turrets 8 feet high at the angles, built by Abbot Alan Retlynge, 1324—51. The *Abbot's Hall* is 57 ft. by 31 ft., and 57 ft. high, it contains Wilkins' picture of the battle. Adjoining is the vaulted *Parlour* where the monks received visitors. One of the Abbot's chambers, 28 feet long, remains with its original window and part of his *Oratory*, at the south angle. The *Dormitory* is parted off into bedrooms. The west alley of the *Cloister*, Perpendicular, 90 feet long, is the now-called *Beggar's Hall*. The east and west walks were 100 ft. long.

Of the *Refectory*, Early English, 154 ft. by 35 ft., the east wall pierced with ten lancets, the west side with eight lancets, and the south with two lancet lights, and its gable, are nearly perfect. Beneath are *Crypts*, one 55 ft. by 35 ft. divided by fourteen pillars; another with two shafts; and a third with three massive columns 58 ft. by 35 ft., and 23 ft. high, probably the *Library*. The church, like Dorchester and Llandaff, was not cruciform. In the undercroft beneath the altar, King Harold was said to have been buried. The so-called almonry, near the gateway, was the pilgrim's *Hospice*. Among the abbots occurs Haymo de Offington, who in 1377 repulsed an attack of the French at Winchelsea. The privilege of liberating a felon on the way to execution was exerted by Abbot Robert, 1364. Battle Bridge in London commemorates the Abbot's town residence. The famous battle roll of the Norman knights who here won the day was burned in the fire of Cowdray Hall. —Arms of Battle Abbey: Gules, a cross or; in 1 and 4 quarters a crown, in the 2 and 3 a sword erect, or. The fields, hedges, and lowlands abound in wild flowers: here are found black knapweed, corn pheasant's eye, ox eye, fleabane, brickbean, water and ivy crow-foot, spearwort, yellow and white water lily, comfrey, spreading bell flower, lesser burnet, dewbury bush, pansy, pig-nut, orpine, rue-leaved saxifrage, corn gromwell, geranium pratense, and crosswort. We drop the scientific nomenclature; the old English names are so expressive, and full of reminiscences of ancient faith, popular superstition, and playful fancy.

In *St. Mary's Deanery Church* the font and piers of the nave are Norman, with pointed arches; the clerestory and chancel Early English; the south aisle is Perpendicular. The tower is Late, with the original Early English door; the font is Norman and Early English. The monuments are those of Sir A. Brown and Dame Alice, effigies; Abbot Hamond, effigy in the window; and several brasses, —two of Deans Wythines and R. Clere, 1430; Sir J. Lowe, 1426; Sir W. Arnold, 1435. Four miles to the south-west is seen the spire of *St. Laurence's Catsfield*. The chancel is Early English and Decorated. The east window, by

Powell, was erected as a memorial to Sir A. Pilkington. The font is octagonal. *Catsfield Place* is the residence of Rev. B. Hayley. Here are found *Papaver rheas*, *P. dubium*, common guelder-rose, field-thistle, hemlock, and wood crane's-bill.

The next station beyond Robertsbridge (the Rother-bridge) is *Etchingham* (9 m. from Battle). The church of St. Mary and St. Nicholas will amply repay the journey. The clerestoried nave is of two bays ; the tower is central ; the chancel is aisleless, Decorated, but with foreign features. It was built in 1386. It contains three sedilia, and rich ancient stall-work, with part of a rood-screen. The tiles are by Minton, the stained glass by Clayton, the carved pulpit was executed by Forsyth. The polygonal oak roofs of the nave and chancel have been restored ; the font is Early English. There are four brasses ; of the two larger one is of William, Baron of Erpingham, the other of the second baron, his wife, and their son the third baron.

The road from Battle to Bexhill (3 m.) passes through Bulverhythe, near which are found sea starwort, drooping-flowered sea wormwood, *silene maritima*, *scirpus maritimus*, *lepturus incurvatus*, *triglochin maritimum*, yellow horned *utricularia vulgaris*, sea milkwort, brook-weed, and sea-lavender poppy.\* And then there were old legends which gave language to flowers : the willow drooping because the Saviour was scourged with its wands ; the arum, stained with the blood that fell from his sacred wounds ; the quivering aspen, since to it he was nailed on Calvary ; the elder, on which Judas hanged himself. Besides these were consecrated flowers and heath, crosswort, Our Lady's locks, fingers, and frock, maidenhair, ladyfern, angelica, Timothy grass, herb Robert, gerard, and bennet, marygold, Sweet William, St. John's and St. Peter's wort, St. Martin's fern, Everlasting. Still there is pleasure in re-collecting the speedwell, the gold of pleasure, wild service tree, waybread, livelong, and traveller's joy ; the shepherd's needle, purse, and weather glass, moneywort, and forget-me-not, the folksglove, the snowflake and primrose, the day's eye, and the night-shade ; ploughman's spikenard,

feverfew, love-in-idleness, and London pride, honesty, thrift, heartsease, and loosestrife. Beast, bird, and reptile gave also quaint names; besides others so picturesque and full of poetry—the may-duke, the eye-bright, sweet-gale, golden-rod, sun-dew, rest-harrow, meadow-sweet, and harvest-bells. Stories spring up and arrange themselves as the traveller goes by the fern, whose seed rendered a man invisible; the mistletoe, in which the fairies sheltered in the cold winter nights; the witch-elm, with which the diviners discovered the hidden spring; the orchard, since under the apple tree Newton discovered a new law; or the furze, which when Linnæus first beheld, he knelt down and thanked God that he had lived to see that sight. All witness to those deep ties of association, habit, modes of thought, belief, and opinions, which make up the continuous life of a nation: they refer the mind back to a period when religion made all nature her hand-maid, hallowed her aspects, and read them as a parable of things invisible. It is a romance, which like the glowing colours of evening, renders the lovely scenes of nature yet more beautiful. The true record of a country is its inner history; not the transmission of its crown, nor the feuds of party, but that which reveals the decay and extinction of error, the growth of convictions, and the advance or lapses of faith and intelligence.

### BEXHILL.

The village of BEXHILL (1½ m. from the railway station) is secluded, the air bracing, the sea at no great distance, and the immediate neighbourhood pretty. The church of St. Mary has a Norman nave and Early English chancel. The tower contains six bells. The ancient glass of the east window, containing the portraits of Henry III. and Queen Eleanor, was, through means of Lord Ashburnham, given to the unscrupulous Horace Walpole for the decorations of Strawberry Hill. Its subsequent fate is unknown. At St. James's Hoe (4 miles) is a similar window. The

village is about three quarters of a mile above the station. In the level by the sea a submarine forest has been discovered. In the early part of the present century, 80,000*l.* were expended in vain upon the formation of a colliery in the neighbourhood. Here are found great dodder and yellow bartaisa ; and in Sidley Wood the lily of the valley. Hanoverian troops were quartered here during the French war. Five miles distant is Ashburnham Park, (Earl of Ashburnham.) The house, built in the time of Charles II., contains a magnificent library, rare old plate, a few relics of Charles I., and some good pictures. The family was settled at this place when William I. landed at Pevensey, and Harold desired Bertram de Ashburnham to oppose him with the men of Sussex. At Ashburnham, iron furnaces were alight in the last century.

The road to Pevensey (9½ miles from Hastings) traverses low marshy grounds, which the sea has deserted ; they are eight miles long, and of half that breadth, while a grand chain of hills sweeps in an irregular curve from Hastings by Robertsbridge, to a spot below Uckfield. The deep bend of Pevensey Harbour is terminated on the west by Langley Point, within which is Eastbourne Bay, in its turn bounded by the majestic promontory of Beachy Head. A very marked feature in the landscape is formed by the range of martello towers, built in 1804 to resist a threatened landing by Napoleon. They were designed after a fort at Myrtle or Martella Bay in Corsica, which had offered a tedious resistance to its British captors. The towers are 30 feet high and taper gradually from the diameter of 40 at the base, to 30 feet at the summit ; the walls of brick are from 5 to 12 feet thick ; they are of two stories, the lower being designed for stores, the upper for an officer with a garrison of thirty men. A central pillar supports a bomb-proof roof, on which within a strong parapet was mounted in some cases a 5-inch howitzer, in addition to the ordinary armament of a long 24-pounder on a traversing platform. Where they are seated on a headland, a deep bricked moat surrounds them ; those on the level have a door several feet from the ground, to which a

ladder gives access. Usually a space of a quarter of a mile intervenes, permitting a cross fire, but frequently they are clustered, with redoubts heavily armed in their rear, in which a whole regiment could be posted under cover. The towers are now partly occupied by the Coast-guard, but in most instances by invalid artillerymen. The coast line of defences has been neglected for many years; and in 1851 the Ordnance found it necessary to remove several of the towers. In-shore, over a gently-undulating country, appears Pevensey Castle, half a mile from the Railway Station.

### PEVENSEY.

The beach, level, and marshes of Pevensey afford a rich harvest to the botanist. Among their produce will be found the marsh mallow, the sea-pea, yellow horned poppy, white water-lily, water hemlock, marsh fleawort, yellow speedwell, and water violet or feather-foil. Common spleenwort is found at Westham, with *phalaris arundinaceus*, *hydrocharis morsus ranæ*, *Sagittaria sagittifolia*, *S. angustifolia*, *clematis vitalba*, celery-leaved crowfoot, and *asplenium trichomanes*.

PEVENSEY (Peofn's Isle) stands on ground from which the sea has retired, and near a submarine forest which once formed part of the great weald of Anderida, the Roman station at this point. In 491, Ælla, founder of the royal line of Sussex, took the fortified town of the Britons, and put its inhabitants to the sword. In 792, Bertwald, a general of King Offa, gave the lands to the Abbey of St. Denys, in France. In 1043, Harold ravaged the town. In 1049, Sweyn, son of Earl Godwin, coming here with eight ships, after his abduction of the Abbess of Leominster, persuaded his cousin Beorn to accompany him to Bosham, where he was slain. At that period Pevensey was the chief port for France and Flanders. William the Norman landed here Sept. 28, 1066, Harold, having withdrawn the English garrison to fight the Danes at Stanford bridge. William's half brother, Robert Morton, Earl of Cornwall, was ap-



pointed castellan. Here the Conqueror re-embarked, for Normandy in 1067. In 1088, William Rufus besieged the castle, held, during six weeks, by that warlike prelate Odo of Bayeux, who had declared for Robert Courthose. Robert of Normandy never came, provisions failed, and then only the bishop opened the gate. In 1144, King Stephen, wearied with a fruitless siege of Gilbert Earl of Clare, who fought for the Empress Matilda, drew off his army. In 1265, Simon de Montfort was foiled in his attempt to storm the fortress. Sir John Pelham, in 1399, had gone to the north to join the army of Harry of Bolingbroke, and left the defence of the castle to his heroic wife, the Lady Jane. The yeomen of the south declared for King Richard, and came marching to Pevensey, but they were forced to retire by the courageous garrison. In its dungeons there have been prisoners of state, Roger Mortimer and Edward Duke of York, King James I. of Scotland, and, 1418—22, Joan of Navarre, the widowed queen, on a charge of having caused her husband's death. The fortress was not dismantled in the reign of Elizabeth. Two culverins, apparently Flemish, remain still lying on the sward; one 11 feet long, hooped, and ensigned with the rose and crown, the letters E. R., perhaps the initials of Edward IV.; the other 12 feet long is inscribed W. P. (? Prince of Wales).

In the midst of the indent of the bay, centuries ago, rose a cluster of alluvial eminences; the chief, a peninsula, among the other little low isles, was fortified by the Roman with his square camp. The Saxon followed the irregularity of the ground, and enclosed the entire space. On the south and east the sea, now a mile distant, then washed the cliff. In the time of Henry III. the sea began to recede; but within the last two centuries small craft came up the Ashbourne to Pevensey Bridge. Now the bay is covered with shingle, on which the country people walk with long soles of wood attached to their boots, like the snow shoes of the Esquimaux. On the land side, a deep broad moat defended the walls. The chief or decuman gateway, flanked by two round towers in which are layers of Roman tile, faces the village of

Westham. Within is a broad field of soft grass : on the south side the steep slope is covered with noble trees ; walls of enormous bulk, broken shapeless masses of rampart mantled with ivy ; grey fragments of towers, the yet solid relics of a fortress once impregnable, cover the wide extent of the castle, which has portions of Roman, Norman, and Early Decorated architecture. They are constructed of flint, with ruddy mortar made of sea sand and pounded tile ; the facing is of sandstone, with bonding courses of tile, or dark red sandstone from Beachy Head. The entire area of the castle is 7 acres ; the walls are 24 to 30 feet in height, and 9 to 12 feet in thickness. The eastern tower, standing on a mound, was the keep ; that to the north-west formed the castellan's residence. On the outer side of the mediæval work is the Roman leaning tower. In the Norman enclosure, in 1849, were found the remains of the Chapel, 53 feet by 16 feet 8 inches. The inmost fortification was the chief seat of the Honour of the Eagle, as the dependencies of Pevensey were styled. It was pentagonal, moated on the north and west, and entered by a drawbridge ; the five buttress towers are nearly circular. The court is entered by a flight of stairs from the village of Pevensey. The Barbican, or Watch-tower, (separated at intervals by double bonding courses of tile, the interior being filled up with rubble and hewn sandstone,) is on the north-east angle. It is interesting to observe in the Roman work that, as at Richborough and Reculver, the internal accumulation of earth renders the level of the enclosed area some feet higher than the soil without. As at Lympne and Porchester, the towers are circular—the best form to resist a battering-ram,—and placed at intervals measuring the distance of an arrow's flight. Here, as at Lympne, they are internally filled up, at Porchester they were left hollow. The Romans found the site saturated with springs, and therefore employed charred piles of willow and oak to form foundations ; on them was laid strong coarse mortar, mixed with flints and gravel four to nine inches thick, which supported three courses of stone. But the water ceased to flow, the wood decayed, and the

consequence, especially observable on the east side, was the fall of the walls. In 1675, the castle was in ruins.

The church of St. Nicholas has an Early English chancel, with an eastern triplet, and a nave of later date; the tower is at the east end of the north aisle; on the south side was a transept to correspond with the tower. The foliage in the capitals of the piers of the chancel arch is very graceful. There is a Jacobean monument to J. Wheatly. The church is shamefully maltreated and neglected. That quaint old Wykehamist Andrew Borde, the original Merry Andrew, was a native of Pevensey; he was a physician, an ascetical Carthusian friar, but notorious for his wit and humour at fairs and merry-makings. It has been said that Pevensey owes to his satire the unenviable notoriety of producing the Men of Gotham of the south coast. The saying of the chief magistrate, intended to reassure an illustrious stranger, is well known, "Though I am mayor of Pevensey, still I am only a man;" but the fame has not departed with years. It is on record that at a trial here, a man was convicted of what the counsel for the prisoner reminded the jury was a capital offence; the good folks in their horror at once set off for Mr. Willand, of Eastbourne, the standing counsel of the village, to learn if they could not alter the verdict; he showed their letter to Lord Wilmington, who laughingly said, "Oh, by all means, let them bring it in manslaughter." And of manslaughter the jury convicted the poor creature, who had stolen a pair of buckskin breeches! Criminals here were formerly punished by drowning. The town gave the title of Viscount, May 14, 1730, to Sir Spencer Compton, extinct 1743; and on January 22, 1816, the title of Viscount to the Holroyd family.

WESTHAM is on the west side of the castle nearer the railway station: the church of St. Mary is of fine dimensions and mainly Perpendicular; the south nave wall and the south transept are Norman. There is a considerable portion of the rood-loft left, with some good carved screen and stall-work, and a few remains of stained glass in the east window. The interior of the church is dis-

gracefully neglected. Some timbered houses in the village are called *Priesthaves* and *Glymleigh*. Pevensey Castle was successively the Honour of Gilbert d'Aquila, 1104; Earl Warrenne, 1269, and of Prince Edward and John of Gaunt; more recently it has been the property of the families of Bentinck, Compton, and Cavendish. Hurstmonceaux Castle is distant 6 miles north. At Polegate (13 miles from Hastings) a branch railway leads on the left to Hailsham (3 miles) which boasts the largest market in Sussex. At *Langley* in Pevensey Marsh on the Eastbourne road, and not far distant from the fort is a ruined grange chapel of Lewes Priory. The conversi, or lay brethren, were intrusted with the care of the outlying granges and farms belonging to the monks. At *Langley Point* (1½ mile east) are two forts, further defended by the hill-battery which lies one mile inland. To the right, a short line runs to Eastbourne.

But before we proceed with our coast line, we propose an excursion to the fine ruins of Hurstmonceaux, the nearest approach to which by rail is from the Hailsham station, on the branch line just named.

### HURSTMONCEAUX.

The first sight of a fine ruin or a grand prospect by an eye open and free, will sink down silently into the heart that can receive a genial impulse, there to be treasured and cherished as a delight for future years; the sweet association, the tender remembrance will outlive the fading features, as they yield in the mind to the influence of years. The outward form may fade, but the impression is imperishable; the memory will last till the forgetfulness of the grave effaces the earthly past. The traveller of feeling and taste will feel thus when he has passed up the hill crowned by the church of Hurstmonceaux, and having gazed on the long valley beneath—its villages clustered in nooks under the Downs, among woods, on the brink of the marshes, and with their smoke-wreaths

curling along the steep, or rising against the blue sea beyond—has turned down the quiet path to the old castle. The pensive gloom of the venerable wood and the crimson pile at its feet dwells on a still valley, where lowing of herd or bleat of flock seldom penetrates, and all is motionless, like the forsaken ruin, but the waving trees. Hurstmonceaux, a noble specimen of a castellated mansion, is peculiarly interesting to a traveller fresh from an examination of Pevensey; he will find here the design of internal comfort and exterior ornament as apparent as its warlike features; the battlemented walls, the machicolated towers, the moat and drawbridge, slits for the archers, grooves for the portcullis, and the general form betray its real character and capabilities of defence. Still it occupies the middle ground between the feudal castle and the modern manor-house, and is one of the earliest instances of the employment of brick as a building material after a long disuse. The castle forms nearly a square, 200 ft. on the north and south, 214 ft. on the east and west, sides, each of which has two stories. It has an octagonal tower at each angle, and another in the centre of both the east and west sides: so imposing and so perfect are the outlines and masses of building, that from a distance no visitor could readily believe it is a ruin. The castle was built in 1440 by Sir Roger de Fiennes, who fought as a true knight at Agincourt, and became treasurer to Henry VI. Standing in a hollow at the end of a valley, it commands no view; it occupies the site of the camp of Henry II., pitched here in the spring of 1162, possibly beneath the magnificent grove of chestnuts beyond the moat, while wooded hills rise up like wings on either side. The name Hurst (wood) is appropriate to its situation; but it was not till the twelfth century that Waleran de Hurst added to the old designation the name of his mother, the heiress of the family of Monceaux. The property passed in the reign of Edward II. to the Fiennes, and to their titled successors the lords Dacres, of the south; to the Lennards in 1593, from whom it was purchased by Mr. G. Naylor in 1700. By the advice of that

evil genius and destroyer, Wyatt, the interior of the building was demolished by Rev. R. Hare in 1777, and the materials employed to enlarge the present Hurstmonceaux Place (H. M. Curteis), which contains some beautiful wood carving by Grinling Gibbons.

At Hurstmonceaux are found tway blade, common whitelow grass, and annual mercury. The great entrance gatehouse, 84 ft. high, is on the south, and approached over a wooden bridge; two turreted towers, round below and polygonal in the upper story, flank the gateway, above which is a large window, surmounted by the Fiennes' arms, three lions sejant, and their supporters, the alan or wolf-dog. The moat was drained in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Thick masses of ivy mantle the walls, and the rich green and deep crimson blend harmoniously. There were three quadrangles: the first was the cloister court, which had on the north side the hall, and on the south-west side a long room, to be used as stables in case of siege. In the south-east tower was the octagonal dungeon, beyond the hall, which measured 54 ft. by 28 ft., and to the west was the kitchen; the oven of the bakehouse is 14 ft. diameter. In the east front stood the chapel, of which the stone-shafted oriel still remains. Over the porter's lodge was a haunted room called the Drummer's Hall, in which at midnight a mysterious drum was heard to beat, probably the signal of a servant in league with smugglers; it forms the subject of a comedy by Addison. A treasure-chest in the room was supposed to be watched over by a goblin. The broken stair and piles of brickwork scattered about, Mr. Hare observed, gave the ruin, when seen under a cloudless sky, a resemblance to the baths of Caracalla at Rome. Walpole talks grandly of "a brave old avenue leading up to the church, with ships sailing on our left the whole way." The trees have been cut down, but the vessels could never have been at a less distance than seven or eight miles.

The church of All Saints is Early English; the font Decorated. The tower on the north-west has a shingled spire. In the chancel on the north side is the canopied

tomb, of Caen stone and Petworth marble, of Thomas, second Lord Dacre, deceased 1534, and his son Thomas : it was used as an Easter sepulchre. On the pavement is the brass of Sir William Fiennes, 1402 : the other monuments are of Mrs. Naylor, by Kessels ; and Archdeacon Hare, sometime rector, deceased 1855. Sterling was ordained to the curacy of Hurstmonceaux in 1834. In the yard is a yew-tree measuring in circumference, three feet above the ground, 22 ft. 6 in. The traveller may return to Polegate Station by *Hailsham* (3 m.). St. Mary's church there is Perpendicular, and has a fine west tower. The peal it contains was cast at Bell Bank, near the town. Two miles west is Michelham, an Austin priory, founded in the reign of Henry III. by Gilbert d'Aquila, of Pevensey, and now a farm-house, surrounded by a broad moat, covered with water lilies. Its noble three-storied entrance gate-tower, quadrangle crypt, and fraternity are, like the adjoining mill, well worthy of a visit. The parlour is Tudor. It was at Hellingley Park, in this neighbourhood, that Thomas Lord Dacre, a stripling of 16 years of age, shot a keeper, during a silly poaching freak, in the reign of Henry VIII. He and his three companions suffered death at Tyburn 1541. At Otham, near Hailsham, is the ruined chapel of St. Laurence, Late or Transitional Early English. Near it stood a Premonstratensian monastery, which in 1200 was removed to Bayham.

## EASTBOURNE,

Probably the port of Anderida, (the Uninhabited). A Roman pavement of white and brown tiles, 17 ft. 4 in. by 11 ft. ; a bath, 16 ft. by 5 ft. 9 in., and 2 ft. 9 in. deep, and other relics were discovered in 1717, half a mile south of the present village ; and in 1848, the foundations of a Roman villa were laid bare near Trinity Church. The bay, here begins at *Langley Point*, bends grandly inward, while to the west extends the massive wall which terminates in Beachy Head, 575 feet in height, crowned with a lighthouse ; the sands are dry

and pleasant, and the water being clear the bathing is good. In 1840 the Commissioners who surveyed the coast, with a view to the construction of harbours of refuge, recommended the east side of the bay as an available site. On a more accurate investigation, in 1844, Captain Washington's report caused the design to be abandoned, owing to the frequency of shoals, which formed a submarine archipelago. *Eastbourne*, or *Town-port*, which is formed of four cross streets, is seated in a valley at the eastern extremity of the South Downs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the shore. There are three adjoining hamlets, *Southbourne*, a single street, three quarters of a mile from the sea; *Seahouses*, a terrace facing the sands; and *Meads*, three quarters of a mile west of Seahouses, a cluster of cottages with crofts and farm-yards; luxuriant corn-fields, pastures, and coppices intervening between the three places. A curious custom of having wooden houses drawn into the sea and there conversing, is now extinct. Another usage, long known as Sops and Ale, happily disappeared many years ago. On the birth of an heir to a farmer or squire, a feast was held in the vestry of the church, to which the congregation resorted before the second lesson, not always without a result very disgraceful to all concerned in the unseemly repast.

The statistics of the town are as follows—

	Area Statute 'Acres.	1841			1851		
		Houses.			Houses.		
		Inhab.	Uninh.	Buildg.	Inhab.	Uninh.	Bldg.
		601	87	4	671	68	7
5,512							
POPULATION.							
	1801	1811	1821	1838	1841	1851	
	1,668	2,623	2,607	2,726	3,015	3,033	



The vicarage farm of Eastbourne is part of the Black-Friars House. The church of St. Mary (T. Pitman V.) is of nine bays, and measures 124 by 50 feet. It is mainly Early English with a clerestory, and pillars alternately round and octagonal. The tower is lofty, and contains six bells, which were cast at Chiddingley, of Sussex metal, in 1651. The chancel contains four sedilia, and an Easter sepulchre, Perpendicular, with a brass to J. Hyng, vicar, 1445. The glass in the east window is Flemish. The Lamb Inn has a large underground crypt of an ancient date, perhaps, at one time connected with the church. There is a district church of Holy Trinity (R. W. Pierrepont, P.C.) Near the Chalk Cliffs stands the ancient *St. Gregory's Chapel*, the bells of which are now at Dieppe. On the North Esplanade, adjoining the barracks on *St. Anthony's Hill*, is a circular bomb proof redoubt, defended by a fosse. It mounts 12 guns, and will accommodate 340 men. In 1804-6, a camp of nine regiments was formed in the neighbourhood. Henry I. was detained at Eastbourne by a storm in Sept. 1114. Mortimer the painter was born there, 1741. Gilbert Davies, Pres. R. S., had a seat in the village, and the Duke of Sussex resided for some time at *Compton Place*, the seat of the Earl of Burlington, who has recently succeeded to the dukedom of Devonshire. At the Holywell is a chalybeate spring, like that of Clifton. Hurtsmonceaux is distant 9 miles; Pevensey 5 miles; Michelham Priory 8 miles.

The botany near *Eastbourne* includes, *Nitophyllum Gemellini*, *rottbolia incurvata*, *ophrys aranifera*, *rhodomenia palmetta*, *hypnum tenellum*, *erythræa pulchella*, *lactuca saligna*, *mentha hirsuta*, *phyteuma orbiculare*, white climbing fumitory, soapwort, and hound's tongue. Near *Beachy Head* are found clustered bellflower, dropwort, sea radish and dwarf orchis, *erythræa littoralis*, *polysiphonia badia*, *Squamaria caudicans*, and *crambe maritima*. On the beach the *patella lævis* abounds.

The Thames East Indiaman was stranded here some years since; but was got off with great loss to her valuable cargo. In 1810, the communication to London was limited to the

summer months, when a coach made the journey three times a week. Elia described Eastbourne as the middle state of dulness between Worthing and Hastings ; but Charlotte Smith sweetly paints the scenery of the neighbourhood.

“ Upland solitudes, warren, and heaths,  
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,  
And hedgerows, bordering unfrequented lanes,  
Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine,  
Where purple tassels of the tangling vetch  
With bittersweet and bryony inweave,  
And the dew fills the silver bindweed’s cups ;  
The rudest scenes, and brooks whose humid banks  
Nourish the harebell and the freckled fragil.”

### BEACHY HEAD.

“ Southern hills,  
That to the setting sun their graceful heads  
Rearing, o’erlook the frith, where Vecta breaks  
With her white rocks the strong impetuous tide,  
When western winds the vast Atlantic urge  
To thunder on the coast. Haunts of my youth !  
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet !  
Where ’twas so pleasant, by thy northern slopes,  
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft  
By scattered thorns.”

There is an atmosphere of freedom breathing about a great altitude ; a sense of health is felt in the keen breeze, a swelling of the heart, a dilation of the spirit, answering, as it were, to the expanse of landscape gathered in by the eye at a single glance ; the whole inner man is raised and exhilarated ; and doubly sublime and impressive is that scenery where the traveller is at once addressed by the two mighty voices of the sea and of the mountains. There is not a more majestic promontory in England than Beachy (Beau-chief) Head ; nor does any cliff command a more splendid prospect on either side. Five hundred and seventy-five feet in height is this superb spur of the South Downs. To the east extends the deep bay, which ends only

under Dover, with Pevensey, Hastings, and Battle lying midway. To the west bends the curved sweep terminated by Selsea Bill, with the Isle of Wight on the far verge of the horizon ; and between each horn, and southward, is the heaving waste of waters, endless except where, on its southern line, in the brightness of early morning or a clear sunset, may be faintly seen the cliffs of the French coast.

Tremendous is the power of the sea at this point during storms : an enormous mass of sound from the blank depth below fills the ear and dizzies the brain, making the heart leap at the fierce scream of the blast, and the confused roar of the long rolling waves, as they burst against the cliff like the rush of an army to the breach ; while the clouds of driven foam conceal the writhing, quivering surges, hundreds of fathoms beneath, by day, as effectually as even the almost tangible gloom of a tempestuous night. Samphire (St. Pierre) clothes the cliffs above high-water mark, a sign that has often nerved the shipwrecked mariner. But there are other sounds here than the rushing blast and driving rain—other sights than the long, slow swell and white melancholy breakers—other sights than the sullen, purple, swelling cloud when the louring premonitory hush, like the silence of the grave, heralds the approach of the thunder, before the fitful forked gleams split the lurid masses, like a night in the midst of noon-day out at sea—other sounds than the crash which rends the skies and strikes out the redoubled echoes that might awake the dead. Here, on the broad heaven above, lie the soft fleeces in summer, anchored like the fleets below in the deep calm : around the wide platform is spread the solitude, the stately solemnity, the sweet seclusion of nature ; the gorgeous arch of the rainbow spans the semicircle of the waters ; there is no dreary desolation, no gloominess in the grandeur, no vastness without magnificence. There is a charm of unity and combination in the very completeness of the scene which unites the earth and sea, and mingles the ocean and the sky at their points of meeting, in one uniform glory and beauty. Over the wild pastoral scenery, across the

breadth of sea, not a long shadow falls but the whole expression of the view suffers a change; not a single streak of light breaks forth, when the sunshine reappears, that does not give animation to the prospect and render clear features before unseen. The light is serene, the shadow peaceful, the world fades away, the heart becomes tranquil; all things breathe a dreamy quiet, like that which fell under the lotus palms upon the mariners of Ulysses.

The Cornish traveller to the Rame Head will remember a picturesque cave called Sharrow Grot, cut in the cliff near Tregantle by a Lieut. Lugger, R.N., during the American war, as a remedy for the gout. At Belle Toute, one mile west of the point of Beachy Head, will be found two caves and a staircase, accessible at high water, which were hewn out of the solid rock, with less selfish motives, by an amiable country clergyman, who but for these works would have been unknown—Jonathan Darby, Vicar of East Dean in 1720. He designed them to serve as refuges for shipwrecked mariners. Report tells that he escaped to this occupation from the shrewish tongue of his Xantippe. He survived his tormentor three years. These caves have been the means of saving many lives, when the coast was infamous from its wreckers, as the parson stood here on bitter winter nights and amid terrible gales, holding a lantern to warn the ships at sea of their dangerous proximity to the shore. The bows of a Dutch vessel were carried on the top of a monstrous wave and fixed in the mouth of the cave during a hurricane, and Mr. Darby rescued twenty of the crew. The present lighthouse below the Redoubt, extending further from the land, originated by John Fuller, M.P. for Sussex, was built in 1831. On October 24, 1853, the *Dalhousie*, East Indiaman, was lost here, and only one life saved. On June 30, 1690, Herbert, Earl of Torrington, then in command of the combined fleets of England and Holland, numbering 56 sail, sustained a disastrous defeat off this headland by the French, with 82 ships, under De Tourville. The English Admiral was imprisoned in the Tower, then acquitted, but eventually deprived of his commission.

Calembourg was hemmed in by the French ; but seeing that there was a strong running current and little wind, he promptly set all sail and let go his anchors, and the French innocently drifted to leeward. In 1706 Duguay Trouin, the French corsair, with nine sail of the line and several privateers, drove the Royal Oak ashore near this spot, and captured H. M. S. Hampton Court and Grafton, with their convoy of merchantmen. Birling Gap was cut to afford means of escape for shipwrecked mariners. In it was wrecked the French corsair, *La Nympha Americana*, Nov. 29, 1747.

A mass of chalk, 300 ft. by 80 ft., fell in 1813, and similar landslips have since occurred to the westward. The upper green-sand is here very thick and continuous, containing hard beds of blue chert and calcareous sandstone, or fire-stone ; but at this point, owing to the excavating power of the water during the rise and fall of the strata, three terraces are formed—gault, a soft argillaceous bed, lying beneath : to this succeeds upper green-sand, and above this layer is chalk, with and without flints. The regular layers of black flint mark for miles the successive deposits of calcareous fluid, which appear in nodules, and preserve the outline of the fossils which they contain. The naturalist will find about the cliffs ample opportunities of observing the habits of sea-fowl, which abound here. Besides guillemots, herring-gull, peregrine falcons, and razor-bills, that vivacious land bird, the jackdaw, is found in large numbers ; and, near Eastbourne, the tern and ring-dotterel. Under the Head lies the Charles rock, of which the country folks say, " When Charles wears a cap, the heavens weep."

A semicircle of noble hills sweeps inland from Beachy Head to the Ouse : to the north of them lies *Berwick* station, the nearest to Seaford ; one mile from the village, and 17 miles from Hastings. Along the entire range, which was the very keep and citadel of the Briton, are found remains of ancient entrenchments ; and near these—a touching coincidence !—are seen the barrows, which, from the exhumed arms and domestic vessels, would

appear to have been the burial-places of our forefathers. Here, then, was the scene of the last struggle of national independence against the Saxon and the savage Viking. Animating must have been the sight of these sacred mounds in which slept heroic chiefs; for, no doubt, the imaginative warrior believed that the spirits of the mighty dead started from their resting-places to watch the conflict waged on the ground, which their own life-blood had dyed, and strengthen the arms that fought to preserve their graves from desecration by the tread of a victorious invader.

From Eastbourne to Seaford the road passes for the most part through a long valley, with grey churches and dark elms as its most prominent features. The cliffs undulate above the shore, and are known as the Seven Sisters. They are frequented by the raven, the chough, the peregrine falcon, the kestrel, and the sea-gull. *East Dean* (a valley), notable for the first meeting of Asser and King Alfred, and *Friston Place*, a house mainly of the seventeenth century, are the only points of interest before *Seaford* is reached.

## SEAFORD

Stands on the right bank of the river Cuckmere. The curve of the bay, marked by one wide, white sweep of foam, is very fine: on the shore stands the last martello tower, numbered 74; and under the cliff is a round tower, built by Henry VIII. The whole scene has been the subject of a fine picture, by Collins, R.A., now in the Kensington Museum. An ancient British castle on the right bears the name of Chinting Castle. The ancient Cinque Port town stood on the original mouth of the Ouse, and furnished five ships and eighty-one men to the siege of Calais. Seaford has now no harbour. The French admiral D'Annebault was here repulsed by the Pelhams in July, 1545. On Dec. 7, 1809, H. M. B. *Harlequin*, 18, and six sail out of a convoy of twenty-three merchant ships, were totally lost on this shore. Owing to the receding of the sea, there is a bar of beach

left nearly a mile in length. The smugglers of this coast were among the most dangerous of a lawless and unscrupulous body. It is on record that they pinned down two officers of the revenue service just above low-water mark, and left them to be drowned by the flow of the tide. Even so recently as the middle of the last century there is an instance of the horrible practice of wrecking, in the case of a Prussian vessel of 350 tons, the *Midbedach*, when, owing to the rush of the people on the shore to gather up the drifting wreck, eleven out of thirteen persons were lost. Congreve, in the "*Mourning Bride*," pointedly alludes to this barbarous custom :—

" As Sussex men that dwell upon the shore  
Look out when storms arise and billows roar,  
Devoutly praying with uplifted hands  
That some well-laden ship may strike the sands,  
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence."

The nave of the church of St. Leonard (J. Carnegiè, V.) is of eight bays, and mainly Early English; the chancel is modern; the tower contains eight bells, cast 1811. The capital facing the door in the south aisle has a rude relieve of the Crucifixion. In each of the north and south walls is fixed a tombstone, with a cross; these memorials were dug up in 1778 inside the church. A third, discovered close to the outer wall, covered a stone cist, containing sixteen skulls; possibly those of early martyrs or religious, to whose sufferings the sculptures on the pillars bear reference. In Church Street is an Early English vaulted room. On the farm at Sutton is a Roman burial-ground. The cliffs are frequented by the raven, chough, seagull, and peregrine falcon. Mr. Knox mentions the following birds of interest to the naturalist, as frequenting or occasionally visiting this coast: at *Seaford*, cormorant, gannet, and little gull; *Newhaven*, sea-mew, great crested grebe, little auk, lesser black-backed gull, Pomerine skua, fork-tailed petrel, golden oriole, hooded crow; at *Brighton*, raven, black redstart, red-necked grebe, glaucous gull, common and Richardson's skua, dotterel,

water rail, spotted crake, and storm-petrel (*i. e.* little Peter, from its appearing to skim the surface of the waves ; or Mother Carey's [mater-cara], Our Lady's-chicken ;) at the *Devil's Dyke*, Dartford warbler ; at *Southwick*, hoopoe ; at *Rottingdean*, Lapland bunting. Seaford gives the title of Baron to the family of Ellis (July 15, 1826), which is now held by Lord Howard de Walden with the ancient barony inherited through his mother. The borough of Seaford was disfranchised by the Reform Bill.

Several pleasant excursions, which are common to Eastbourne, may be made in the neighbourhood. At *West Dean*, three miles, is a cruciform church, partly Norman and partly Early English ; the tower stands in the place of a north transept. The old parsonage-house is of the fourteenth century, built of stone and timber, and possessing a newel staircase. It is no longer occupied by the incumbent. The church of St. Andrew, *Jevington*, has an Early Norman west tower, massive and square, containing two bells. The chancel has a north aisle, and a water drain in the south aisle. Near the road to Berwick is the village of *Alfriston* (Alfred's town), three miles, which possesses an old hostelry of the sixteenth century, now called the Star. The name of Alfred, preserved in this secluded village, is interesting, as it connects that great king with the entrenchments in the neighbourhood. The church is dedicated to St. Andrew. *Wilmington*, four miles east of Berwick, has a cruciform Norman church, with a noble yew-tree 20 feet in girth ; and the ruined gate-tower, Perpendicular chapel, and crypt of an ancient Benedictine priory, a cell of a French house near Honfleur. On the hill side is a huge figure of a pilgrim (240 ft. long), with a staff in each hand, cut in the chalk. On the heights to the east of Seaford is a semicircular camp, enclosing twelve acres ; it is trenched and ramparted.

The traveller along the coast will observe the infinite variations of the colours and appearances which the sea wears, under different conditions of the weather and water. Upon the sandy beach, the waves roll in a succession of long curling billows ; while the ninth wave is ordi-



narily of the largest volume. The breakers burst where insulated rocks lie beneath the surface. The hue of the ocean depends on the state of the sky, whether clear or overcast, on the calm, or the roughness caused by wind, on the position of the sun, and on a change of cloud. It is of a blue tint, when fathoms deep, under a bright sky ; olive-green, when the swell is heaving ; inky black, or deep purple, when the heaven is loaded with dense masses of vapour, and athwart the openings the slanting shower falls in dark lines ; suffused with a pale, greyish white, semi-transparent, and glistening like a mirror or a silver shield, under the glare of the hot noon ; gleaming and flashing, as if sown with diamonds, to the broad disc of the harvest moon. Its sounds have an equal variation : at times it ripples with a soft, crisp murmur ; after, or before winds, it rises into a continual roar, which at intervals is deepened by the hoarse fall of a monstrous billow. Then there is a deep boom, as prophetic of storm as is the canopy, dull and leaden-hued, which arches over the dark ominous water ; each successive billow as it heaves, gathers up into its ample breast the fragments of the receding wave, and then swells and rises till it rolls over like a waterfall, to burst in thunder on the echoing beach. And there is also that monotonous, but soothing fret of the waves upon the shore, to which the old Blind Bard of Chios finely represents Achilles listening, as he paces the sands in mingled sorrow and indignation—

“ As sad retiring to the sounding shore,  
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung.”

Campbell, in modern times, has beautifully expressed similar emotions.

“ Hail to thy face and odours, glorious sea !  
’Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not !  
Great beauteous Being, in whose breath and smile  
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind  
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer  
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !  
Though, like the world, thou fluctuat’st, thy din  
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.”

The traveller can proceed to Newhaven (3 miles) by the coast-road; half-way to the right he passes the church of *Bishopstone*, Norman and Early English, with a tower tapering upwards, crowned with a low spire. Over the south porch is a stone dial and cross of early date. A curious slab, with early Christian symbols, is preserved here. An epitaph to Hurdis, a late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was written by Hayley in the Chancel.

### NEWHAVEN.

NEWHAVEN (five miles and a-half from Lewes), is one of the towns which the railways have raised into importance. Until the channel of the Ouse was diverted from Seaford, the name of this place was Meeching. In 1570, a great storm, which altered the course of the Rother, changed the channel of the Ouse, by breaking a fresh mouth through the beach below Bishopstone, now called the Old Harbour, which was used until a new passage was made at Meeching; wooden piers, 106 feet apart at the entrance, being carried out to low-water mark. The river forms a powerful backwater. In spring-tides, at the harbour-mouth, there is a depth of 19 to 20 feet; at neap-tides, of 14 to 15 feet. The bar is dry at low water.

In 1847, the Brighton Railway established a line of steamers between this port and Dieppe: in 1850 a communication with Jersey; and in the following year, a continuous despatch of first-rate vessels to Dieppe, having removed them from Shoreham. The passage occupies five hours. It is the most direct route to Paris. (See *Stanford's Guide to Paris*.) Situated at the mouth of the Ouse, Newhaven has now a considerable traffic. The ships which bring coals, timber, corn, wine, and spirits, usually clear out in ballast. Ship-building is carried on; and there are large bonding-stores and a custom-house. The town consists of a main-street, crossed by two smaller streets; and stands at some distance from the sea, on the west bank of the river, over which, in 1784, a draw-

bridge was thrown. This is the best tidal harbour between Portsmouth and the Downs. In 1852, the entries coast-wise were:—inwards, 281 vessels, of 30,885 tons; and outwards, 65 vessels, of 6844 tons: in the colonial and foreign trade, 134, of 19,622 tons, inward, and 120, of 17,317 outwards. Not reckoning the steam-packets, twenty-two vessels, of 1978 tons, belonged to the port. Near Newhaven is an ancient camp, half oval in form, and containing six acres, which is defended on the west by high banks.

On a hill, at the west side of the town, stands the church of St. Michael, mainly Norman: the nave, of three bays, and north aisle, are modern; the central tower is low and massive, and has a shingled spire; the chancel is apsidal. An obelisk near the cemetery records the loss of H. M. B. Brazen, 18, which was stranded, Jan. 6, 1800, on the Ave rocks; her commander, Hansen, and 104 men, went down with her, only one person being saved. One mile to the west, on the brow of Castle Hill, is an earthwork, once an oval, but now grievously mutilated. It was, probably, one of the last defences of the Britons, when the Romans had drained them of their youth, and the combined Scots and Picts pressed them from the north, so that they vainly implored Ætius to aid them, in that exquisitely pathetic address "The Groans of the Britons;"—"for," said they, "the barbarian drives us to the sea, and the sea throws us back to the barbarian; we have our choice of death by the sword or the wave." Louis Philippe and his exiled queen landed here from Honfleur, March 3, 1848. They arrived in the Express steamer, attended only by Generals Dumas and Rumigny. The Citizen King, who had escaped in a fishing-boat to Honfleur, wore a rough pea-coat, grey trousers, a blue cloth cap, and a red and white worsted comforter. Several people were admitted to an audience: and when a certain Mr. Smith was introduced, the king ignorant of the numerical strength of the clan, observed, "Ah, Smith! how strange that is; my passport is made out for William Smith!"

The cliffs are of chalk, and, at a height of 100 feet, are covered with tertiary clay and sand, from 60 to 70 feet

thick. On the east side of the estuary of the Ouse, which extends from Newhaven to Lewes, is a shingle bank of chalk flints, the waste of the cliffs, which has been forming during several centuries. It was swept away Nov., 1824, when Seaford was laid under water, but is again recovering its ancient size. The estuary is of great geological interest. For seven or eight centuries, the sea has retired from these levels; and a stratum, 30 feet thick, has accumulated on its ancient bed. At the top, but below the layer of vegetable soil, is peat, 5 feet thick, enclosing stems of trees: to it succeeds blue clay, containing a species of fresh-water and marine shells, with bones of deer. The next bed, which is 36 feet in depth, contains marine testacea; and remains of the narwal are entombed here in the solid cliff, as the fly that tormented the antediluvian is buried in sepulchres of amber: the lowest layer is composed of pipe-clay.

The botany includes *Lecidea speirea*, *lecanora cæruleo-nigricans* and *squamaria fulgens*, *fucus vesiculosus* and *calathamnion roseum*.

To look upon the site of a great national event, or the portrait of one whom we have loved, revered, or admired, is only not to have been a witness of the occurrence, and not to have stood in the living presence of the individual. No less impressive is the scenery which has inspired genius; and certainly no county has had more pictorial illustrators than Sussex. Copley and Fielding on the Downs; Turner, Brandard, Cooke, Burnet, Starke, and Webb, at Hastings; Collins at Seaford; Cooke at Brighton, have all studied fondly and well; while Collins, Hayley, C. Smith, Campbell, have sung the beauties of the coast. It is the habit of observation which enables the shepherd and the fisherman, the poet and the artist, to detect what escapes the ordinary visitor. "The eye sees," says Carlyle, "what it has the power to see." It is worthy of observation, that of the painters, whose works are now on the walls of the Museum at Kensington,—Calcott, Clint, Cooper, Collins, Cooke, Horsley, Landseer, Leslie, Linnell, and Stothard, were all born either among the dense streets of London, or in one of its most populous suburbs. The denizen of

the close town will feel a burst of gladness, as he inhales the fresh breath of the sea, or the fragrant, heath-scented air of the down, when, as Lord Bacon beautifully says, "it comes and goes like the warbling of music:" released from toil, he will be ready to shout for joy, when he looks on the great deep couched beneath, as heartily as ever did the Ten Thousand Greeks at the sight of the Euxine. And if there be no human answer, he may ponder over that wonderful sentence of an inspired pen, which declares that, amid all the mingled sounds of nature which rise up on his ear, with so many kinds of voices in the world, and none is without its signification.

The belief in fairies is not extinct among the shepherds, and their "rings," imprinted on the grass, are regarded still with wistful eyes:—

"With turf and flowers a pathway meet  
For the twinkling of unearthly feet;  
For bright are the flowers as their golden tresses  
And green the turf as their elfin dresses."

The South Downs have a rich covering of short fine turf, containing thymum serpyllum, with patches of furze which cover sometimes 30 or 40 acres, and require the constant nibbling of the large flocks of South Down sheep to prevent their spreading. The Downs are bare of trees, but scattered brakes of the holly, the box, the juniper, and white-thorn diversify the hollows. On the north the hills have a steep scarp, on the south side they slope gently to the valley. Where they face the sea and the rich flats on the south-west, they are often clad with hanging beech-woods, which afford a grateful shade, whether the traveller descends from the parched crests of the Down, or mounts out of the valley misty with the summer's noon-day heat. They have an average height of 500 feet above the sea; are 26 miles long, and six or seven miles in breadth, and cover 99,840 acres, from their rise at Pevensey till they reach Shoreham. From that point they recede from the coast, and retire in a north-west direction towards Hampshire.

The botany of the Downs includes *Collena ceranoides*, *endocarpon Hedgwigii*, *E. lachneum*, *E. polystictum*, gym-

nostomum conicum, hypnum polymorphum, helianthemum vulgare, phascum bryöides, P. rectum, urceolaria gibbosa: phyteuma orbiculare, rosa Sabini, verrucaria concinna, cineraria campestris, arabis hirsuta, anthyllis vulneraria: brachypodium pinnatum; and near Shoreham, peucedanum.

Parallel to this district, between the Downs and the Surrey Hills, extends THE WEALD, once a forest, still for the most part a wild, woody tract of country, 30 to 40 miles long by 5 to 10 miles in breadth, and containing 425,000 acres. The surface is varied, alternating between a flat and an undulating tract of brushwood; in some places occur oak-copses, in others patches of reclaimed land under cultivation. Heather and gorse, the Scotch fir and holly, grow along the upper ground, while the narrow valleys are watered with little streams flowing by the gnarled roots of oaks, beneath which the most melancholy Jacques would find a welcome shade. Southward of the Downs are the large levels of Lewes and Pevensey, rich marsh pastures formed of alluvial deposits. The substratum of the South Downs consists of chalk, covered by rubble and vegetable and a thin surface of calcareous mould, sometimes mixed with flints. To the west of the Arun the soil over the chalk is full of gravel and flint; between the Adur and Ouse the substratum of red sand is covered with flint. In the Weald there is stiff loam lying on clay and sandstone, part is barren sand and part is sandy loam or sandy gritstone.

The next station on the railway from Bexhill is *Glynde* (a vale); the church rebuilt in 1765 by Bishop Trevor, contains a monument to the family of Wedderburn, with an inscription by Mrs. Hemans. Near the village are Glynde Place (Lord Dacre), and Firle Place (Lord Gage—one mile south-east), Ringmer, 1½ miles (Lord Gage). The adjoining Firle Beacon, on the South Downs, is 820 ft. high. A short railway journey of three miles through the valley, will land the traveller at

LEWES (pastures), the Roman Mutuantonis; it is seated on the slope of a chalk hill encircled by an amphitheatre of hills, at the base of which runs the Ouse.

## LEWES.

“ Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain  
 Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o’er,  
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course  
 Delighted.”

Over the river has been thrown a telescope bridge, 150 ft. long by 25 broad, and 28 ft. above the river bed, built of wood upon foundations of brick-work. The principal opening for vessels is 36½ ft. in width, each of the other three being of 30 ft. span. The railway to Lewes was opened on June 8, 1846; the remaining portion to Hastings three weeks afterwards. Lewes is a picturesque and ancient town, full of historic associations. The streets, both hilly and level, have a varied and peculiar look, without many ancient buildings, and yet far from modern in aspect. King Athelstan established two mints here; King Harold held the manor, and William I. bestowed it on his son-in-law, William de Warrenne—a lordly domain for a Norman Earl. With the Downs for the chace, the Weald for forest sports, the sea not distant, and the beacon on the hill, from which the watchman could overlook 30 miles of coast and 40 miles inland, the Earl was naturally induced to build a castle on a site so attractive. Lewes had a population of 9,530 in 1851. It has returned two members to Parliament since 1295. In 1781 Lord Sheffield’s light dragoons were quartered here to repress smuggling, and a detachment stationed at Deal gained 3000*l.* prize-money. In 1792 many French emigrants resided at Lewes; and the Russian prisoners made in the Crimean war were detained in the castle.

Of the grand Minster and nine parish churches, only portions of the ancient structures remain. The nave of *St. John’s sub Castro* is original; in the church is an inscription of the 14th century, in memory of Magnus the Dane. The chancel was pulled down in 1587. The altar-piece, the “Presentation of the Little Children,” was taken at sea by

Captain Pawlet, and given to the church by John Crofts, in 1751. *St. Anne's* (Transitional Norman), really dedicated in honour of SS. Peter and Mary, was at the time of the Union transferred to a royal patroness not mentioned in the calendar; the miserable alterations made in 1775 have been removed, and the church restored. The font is ancient; the tower is plain but Early, with a short spire; some portions are Norman, and some fine Early English. In it was buried Dr. Twyne, died 1613, one of the earliest translators of Virgil. *St. Michael's in Foro* (High St.) was repaired with bad taste in 1755, but contains, like *St. Thomas's* church, some good Perpendicular portions. It contains the brasses of Warren, 1420, and Bradford, priest, 1445, and a monument to the gallant Sir Nicholas Pelham, died 1559, who chased the French out of Seaford; his helmet hangs over the tomb. On the road to Southover is the old square tower, Perpendicular, of *All Saints*; the remainder of the building, 80 feet by 40, was rebuilt by Wylde in 1807. The picture of *St. John in Prison* was brought from Italy, and presented by the Earl of Chichester. *St. Thomas à Becket at Cliffe* has a picture of the Ascension by Van der Gucht, given in 1779, and an organ on which Handel played at Canons. *St. John Baptist's*, Southover, adjoining the Priory, of the stones of which it was partly rebuilt, has a belfry, erected 1698, and an altar-piece of the Last Supper, by Mortimer. The nave-pillars are Norman, the chancel is Perpendicular. In the north wall is an effigy of John de Braose, lord of Bramber, who died 1232. The Market-house, built 1793, has the "Gabriel bell" of the former church of *St. Nicholas*. The Bull meeting-house was built in the reign of King Henry VIII., as a residence for the family of Goring. Tom Paine lived in the house adjoining. In the garden behind Jireh meeting-house are the grave and tombstone of William Huntingdon, who appended to his name the letters S.S. (sinner saved); it records him under his own designation, as the "Coal-heaver, beloved of his God, but abhorred of men." His success forms a curious page in the history of modern



popular delusions. On the north side of Southover Street is a house said to have been inhabited by Anne of Cleves after her divorce. In High Street are some fragments of St. Mary's Church. In the Star Inn is a carved oak staircase, brought from Slaugham Place; and there is a vaulted crypt. The Shire Hall, 80 ft. by 76 ft., built in 1812 at a cost of 10,000*l.*, contains a picture by Northcote, and a portrait of Lord Heathfield, the defender of Gibraltar.

The first Cluniac Priory founded in England was built at Southover in 1078 by Earl Warrenne, and his wife, Gundreda, daughter of William I., in the meadows below the castle, which was the earl's principal seat. They were on a pilgrimage to Rome, and visited many French religious houses on their way; but having been interrupted on their pious journey, owing to the wars of the Pope and Emperor, they went instead to the shrine of Clugny, and were so pleased with the aspect of the monastery, that on their return, with the approval of the primate Lanfranc, they began to build this *Priory of St. Pancras*:

" A minster fair

As ever lifted reverentially

The solemn quiet of its stately roof

Between the moon and stars."

The convent covered forty acres of ground; the church was of eight bays, 156 ft. long; the nave was 63 ft.; the choir, 93 ft. long; and the west steeple, 90 ft. in height. A relic of this beautiful building, the postern of the great gate (which was destroyed in 1832), has been removed to the end of Southover Terrace. The Priory church, on the site of which a small chapel stood before the Conquest, was dedicated to St. Pancras. Both the earl and countess were interred in the chapter-house. Gundreda's gravestone—a slab of black marble, the greater part of the inscription on which is legible—was carried off from the ruins after the Reformation, but recovered some years since, and deposited in the church of Southover. In 1845, while cutting the line of railway through the ruins of the priory, the coffins containing the remains both of William de Warrenne and

Gundreda were discovered. They have been removed to Southover church, and placed with other relics in a small chapel, or oratory, erected in 1847 on the south side of the chancel for their reception.

A circular crypt, called the "Lantern," or "Laterna," with its passage, is believed to have been the dungeon in which the offending monks were imprisoned. Some fragments of a newel staircase and some Norman walls are the only other remains. Archbishop Peckham, and Dudley, the favourite of Henry VII., afterwards beheaded on Tower Hill, received their education in the Cloister School. Hugh, the second prior, became Archbishop of Rouen : John de Courtenay resigned an earl's coronet for this priory, and was ejected after all. John de Cariloco, prior in 1377, gallantly went to fight with the French at Rottingdean, and was made prisoner. In the reign of Henry III. the king and his knights kept sacrilegious orgies in the church. After the battle on Mount Caburn, Prince Edward sought sanctuary refuge before the high altar ; and the barons, in revenge, set fire to the buildings ; but the exertions of the monks soon extinguished the flames.

Bowles wrote the following lament on the destruction of the church :—

" All is silent now ; silent the bell  
Which, heard from yonder ivied turret high,  
Warned the cowed brother from his midnight cell ;  
Silent the vesper chants, the litany,  
Responsive to the organ ; scattered lie  
The wrecks of the proud pile, 'mid arches grey,  
Whilst hollow winds through mantling foliage sigh,  
And e'en the mould'ring shrine is rent away,  
Where in his warrior weeds the Norman founder lay."

A mound is shown, near Southover, on which the town's folk say that the Earl of Dorset, to whom the site passed, built a mansion in order not to be overlooked by a kinsman of whom he was envious. Near this "Lord's place" (erected in the sixteenth century, and burned down, 1695) are remains of a crypt, vault, and beautiful Early English arch.

The *Castle* bailey formed an irregular oval. The great gateway is machicolated, and retains the grooves for its double portcullis, and the two flanking towers with their stairs. It is Early Decorated, the inner arch segmental. The outer arch was apparently rebuilt after the battle of Lewes. There are two circular artificial mounds, 800 ft. apart, which were crowned by keeps, called "Braymounts," a feature peculiar to this fortress: of that on the north-east only a fragment remains; the donjon, on the south-west, was quadrangular, with hexagonal tapering towers at each angle. Two of these remain, covered with ivy and hart's-tongue; they rise out of a little coppice of ash-trees. There were two ditches in front, with a strong earthwork rampart. On the north side there was only a single trench, as the marsh formed a natural defence. A field called Walling, or Wall-end, marks the place where Magnus the Dane was defeated, with the loss of his entire army: he became an anchorite, and, dying at Lewes, was buried in the church of St. John in Castro, where a slab, apparently coeval, now inserted in the exterior wall of the church chancel, bears a curious inscription to the Danish hermit's memory. Possibly, he threw up the small oval camp, in the centre of which St. John's church stands. Over the great gate is the Sussex Architectural Society's Rooms. The summit of the tower commands a fine view: to the south is the town between its mountain warders, like two stooping Titans, Mount Harry and Cliff hill, in the vale of the sad-coloured Ouse. To the north is seen the dark oak and forest ranges of the Weald.

John Evelyn was educated in Southover School; Dr. Mantell, the geologist, was born at Lewes; and St. Anne's House is the residence of Mr. M. A. Lower, the antiquary. In the neighbourhood of the town is the race-course, with a stand, built 1772, near Mount Harry (three miles west). The hill derives its name from the defeat of Henry III. by the army of the barons, on May 13, 1264. They advanced from their camp at Fletching, in three divisions, under De Segrave, De Clare, and De Montfort, whom Henry proudly challenged with the words, "Simon, je vous defy." After a

battle fiercely fought on the summit of the hill known as "the Black Cap," the king and his sons were driven down the slopes and through the streets, till they found shelter in the Priory; whilst Richard, King of the Romans, was taken prisoner in a windmill, which occupied the site of the present Black Horse Inn, near St. Anne's church. The immediate consequences of the battle were the treaty called *Mise of Lewes*, and the assemblage of the first parliament, properly so called. Saxon and British barrows cover the downs; but beneath the green turf many a soldier's nameless sepulchre was dug on that terrible day. Years after in the marshes by the Ouse were found the knights sheathed in armour, their swords drawn, in their gauntlets, seated on their war-horses as when they sank down in the morass; and when the old cemetery of St. Pancras was dug up, thirteen waggons full of memorials of the fight were carted away, and the poor relics of humanity laid in deep pits, there to rest till the last trump shall sound, and that exceeding great army once more stand upon its feet. Two miles west of Mount Harry, there is a large cross cut in the chalk.

The view from the tree-crested height of Mount Harry is very grand, over sun-bright, undulating downs, and deep shadowed valleys, with the Borstals (hill-paths), steep tracks on the sides of the slopes, and lofty acclivities inland; while seaward, at intervals may be seen the white-clustered towns within the blue line of the Channel. White of Selborne, writes to Barrington—"Though I have travelled the Sussex downs upwards of thirty years, yet I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year." Ray was so delighted with the prospect from Plumpton Plain, that, believing it to be equal to any view in the finest parts of Europe, he alluded to the scenery in his work on the "Wisdom of God in the Works of the Creation."

*Ditchingly Beacon*, three miles south-west from Lewes, rises 858 ft. high. On it is an immense square camp, measuring 60 rods by 50; the north side is secured by the precipitous scarp of the hill, the other three sides

had ramparts, with a ditch 11 ft. broad, and gates. The church is cruciform, and has a Transitional Norman nave, and Early English tower, with a shingled spire, and transept and chancel, which contain a sedile, two water-drains, a cinquefoiled east aumbry, and a tabernacle. There are two incised slabs, which have been robbed of their brasses.

From *Mount Caburn* (two miles), a range of hills, insulated by the pass of the Firle Valley and the Ouse, Pevensey Castle and Battle may be discerned with a glass. There is a round camp on the summit, three furlongs in extent, with a broad deep trench and a high rampart. No one will mount the hill who thinks with Emerson, in his *Excursions through England*, "that running up hills and through valleys is the office of a wheel, and not of man."

At *Plumpton* (five miles north), is a moated house, where the Mascalls first introduced carp into England. Near it is *Combe Place* (Rev. Sir H. Shiffner). At *Fletching* (nine miles north) there is the fine church of St. Andrew, mainly Early English, cruciform, with a stone spire. It contains the brass of Dalyngridge, 1395, a pair of gauntlets, for P. Denot, 1480, and the effigy of R. Leche, 1596. In the mausoleum is buried Gibbon, the historian. *Sheffield Place* is the seat of the Earl of Sheffield. At *Ringmer* (three miles north-west), White of Selborne resided; and at *Old Malling* (1½ mile north), the four knights met to concert measures of flight after the murder of the Archbishop à Becket.

The botanist will find abundant employment in the neighbourhood of Lewes, and may collect *Lecidea pinnosa*, *lecanora hypnum*, *ophrys apifera*, *nasturtium sylvestre*, *hesperis matronalis*, *myriophyllum verticillatum*, *diplotaxis tenuifolia*, *lemania fluviatilis*, *conferva zonata*, *potomageton acutifolius*, *salix undulata*, *S. amygdalena*, *S. decipiens*, *S. Lambertina*, *S. lanceolata*, *S. pentandria*, *S. Woolgariana*, *carex ampullacea*, *viburnum*, *atropa*, and *Smyrnum*.

The road from Lewes to Newhaven passes near the churches of *Southease* (South-water), four miles, and *Piddinghoe* (six miles), both of which have round towers. Two and a half miles south from Lewes, and half a mile east

from the Newhaven Road is *Iford*, with a Norman church and central tower. Near the farm-house of *Swanborough* (two miles) is a grange which belonged to St. Pancras Priory;—Early English, with Perpendicular additions.

The railroad from Lewes to Brighton (8½ miles) passes through Falmer Station: the tunnel is 500 feet long. The branch joins the main line at Brighton by the *Preston Viaduct*, built of stone and white brick, 400 yards long, and 67 feet high above the central arch, which is 50 feet in span. There are twenty-six other arches, 30 feet in span: a skew bridge of three arches, 60 feet wide, crosses the old Lewes road. In May, 1839, the branch line to Shoreham was opened, and on Sept. 21, 1841, Brighton was united to London by this railway, completed by Rennie, at a cost of 2,569,359*l*. The directors were the first to establish excursion trains at moderate fares.

The coast road from Newhaven to Brighton (seven miles), passes between the Downs and the coast. The cliffs are 200 feet in height. At *Rottingdean* (three miles), is the Early English church of St. Margaret. The village was the scene of a battle in Sept., 1377, between the French and the brave Prior of Lewes, John de Cariloco (Cherlieu). Though the churchmen and several knights were taken prisoners, the French suffered such a repulse that they returned at once to their port. It is a pretty little rose-porched, honeysuckle-trellised village. Sir E. B. Lytton received his early education here, under Dr. Hooker. About two miles north is *Balsdean*, with a Decorated chapel; now desecrated as a stable. At *Ovingdean* (two miles north) is a church, partly Norman and partly Early English. At Mr. Maurrell's house, Charles II. is said to have found shelter, while a vessel was procured for his escape across the Channel after the battle of Worcester. The coast road enters Brighton at Kemp Town.

Ammonites, fossil sponges, strombolo (bitumen), and bones and teeth of the elephant, possibly floated hither on icebergs, are found in the cliffs.

The botany of the neighbourhood is of great interest. At *Brighton* are found *Calothrix mucor*, *poa bulbosa*,

chaetospora Wiggii, bangia fusco-purpurea, geranium robertianum, Frankenia pulverulenta, ranunculus parvifolius, Griffithsia barbata, mesogloia coccinea, calithamnion corymbosum, C. Daviesii, C. purpurascens, C. interruptum, C. pedicellatum, chondrus Norwegicus, polysiphonia atro-rubescens, P. fibrillosa, oscillatoria subsalsa, O. fibrosa, conferva diffusa, rhodomenia reniformis, gelidium corneum, G. crinale; centauria solstitialis, chylodadia parvula; diatoma striatum, enteromorpha clathrata; chorda Lomentana, dictyostophon fœniculaceus, cristoseira fœniculacea, C. fibrosa, C. granulata, sphacellaria filicina, asperococcus Turneri. At *Southwick*:—Vicia Bithynia, alopecurus bulbosus, meloseira Borreri, Borrera chrysophthalma, damantia filiformis, punctaria plantaginea, lolium temulentum. At *Portslade*:—Lecanora aspersa, cuscula Europæa. At *Rottingdean*:—Statice cinerosea, Weissea Starkeana.

## BRIGHTON.

In the fifth century, Ella, landing with his Saxons at Shoreham, became possessor of the county of South-Saxony (Sussex). In 961, Brithelm, bishop of Winchester, gave name, says the legend, to the fishing village of Brithelm's-Stone, the latter part of its title being still preserved in the Steyne, the rock on which the nets were dried. In the reign of William I. a colony of Flemish fishermen established themselves here, under the patronage of the Countess Gundreda, whose grandfather was Earl of Flanders. The town long consisted of two portions: the upper part, or "North Laines," was filled by farmers, labourers, and shepherds; the lower town, consisting of two streets "under the cliff," was the habitation of the fishermen. From Earl Godwin the manor passed to Gundreda, who bestowed it on Lewes Priory; and, by the reign of Edward III., the peasants had drawn towards the sea and built North Street, while the fishermen went inland, and erected East and West Streets.

During the wars of the Henries, the French occasionally landed and carried off boats and ships ; and the sheriff, by the king's mandate, summoned his "minute watchings," a night patrol of men-at-arms, and hobillers, a light troop of yeomanry cavalry, the modern word *hovellers* being a corruption of the term. But in 1514 Prior Jehan, a notorious ruffian, under Commodore Frequet, fired the little village at midnight, (losing his eye by an English arrow as he re-embarked). The outrage roused the spirit of the whole district, and was not forgotten in 1545, when, on July 18th, the French, under M. D'Annebault, with 200 ships and 26 galleys, again made a descent at this point and at Newhaven. The fire beacons were lit ; the country rose, and, assembling in arms on the Downs in vast numbers, frightened away the marauders and they departed fewer than they came. The inhabitants now took precautions against similar raids ; they built a wall 15 ft. high and 400 ft. long, with massive gatehouses of stone,—East Gate, at the foot of East Street ; Sally Port ; Middle Gate, in Middle Street ; and West Gate, in West Street (demolished 1758)—and constructed a blockhouse, armoury, and store of ammunition, on the then honeycombed cliff fronting Black Lion and Ship Streets. When the Spanish Armada of 134 ships passed by, the slender garrison stood stoutly to their arms, blew matches, and loaded their six pieces of great iron ordnance and ten calivers. These were washed away Dec. 19th, 1786, by the encroachment of the sea.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign the town stood below the cliffs, on a terrace of beach and sand, where the chain pier now projects its iron arms far into the sea. Defoe says that there were but six good streets in his time ; that the women made nets, and the boatmen went to Yarmouth at the time of the fishing fair and hired themselves out to merchants for the herring fishery. For some years before the middle of the last century a packet had sailed weekly to Dieppe. Eight thousand pounds were raised by a brief under the great seal to erect groins on the beach ; in 1757 another brief was obtained. In 1665



twenty houses were swallowed up by the waves ; in 1699 a terrible flood swept away 130 houses, valued at 40,000*l*. In 1703 and 1705 the remaining buildings were buried under the sea. On Jan. 31, 1775, a high tide rose to the Cliff Battery ; the fort fell in 1761 ; houses, fortifications, and enclosures were all lost by the successive inundations, which again covered the shingly bed, left by the ocean when it retreated from the valley of the Ouse. The church of St. Nicholas, patron of fishermen, built upon the cliff, is the only memorial of the ancient town. Should the advance of the sea be progressive, Lewes level may again become an estuary, and the town of Cliff and the hamlet of Landport resume the position which their names denote. Sir Charles Lyell regards this as more than possible, anticipating the destruction of the whole district west of Brighton between the South Downs and the sea within a few centuries. Dungeness grows every year by the accumulation of shingle ; though to confine it from drifting with the action of the tide eastward, groins or jetties have been constructed on the west of Brighton, for nearly two hundred yards, consisting of double rows of piles planked on one side. They intercept the shingle, which sets with the tide towards Romney marsh, but, by its accumulation here, breaks the force of the waves, which would otherwise undermine the cliffs.

In the middle of the sixteenth century there were six hundred families in the town occupied in fishing : one hundred years later a gentleman offered a considerable piece of ground to a hairdresser, on condition of shaving him for the rest of his life ; the offer was refused. In 1765, pastures covered the hill-side where St. James Street stands, and reapers were at work on the site of the Marine Parade. Dr. Richard Russell, who came to reside here in 1753, wrote his treatise on the advantages of sea-bathing, and persuaded his patients to follow his prescription. Brighton was one of the first towns to profit by the new fashion ; there existed no rival along the whole line of coast from Margate to the Land's End. The visit and subsequent favour of the Prince Regent confirmed its

popularity. Dr. Johnson was here in 1776. Thackeray, in the "Newcomes," calls it "kind, cheerful, merry Brighton," and adjures Londoners to thank George IV. for "its invention." The narrow alleys and passages of the old town were most convenient in the last century; the smugglers, if pursued, could baffle the Custom-house officers, by running in various directions through this maze of lanes, and throwing their tubs on either side within the open doors, which were immediately closed.

Northward, two miles from Brighton, Hollingbury Hill stretches away towards Lewes. From this eminence the whole town lies before the visitor; three miles of sea-frontage, lined with buildings of much architectural importance, stretch along the shore, from which ranges of streets, equally imposing, rise up the cliffs; so that Belgrave Square, the terraces of the Regent's Park, Park Lane, and the Ladies' Mile in Hyde Park, seem to have been transported to the sea-side. On the west, Adelaide Crescent, Brunswick Terrace (of forty-two noble houses), with its Square, face a level, shingly beach, enlivened with fishing-craft and yachts, the bustle of a Dutch market, and the picturesque details of the boatman's life, mending the net and repairing the lugger. The theatre was opened July, 1807; the Market House built in 1830; the Town Hall, 144 ft. by 173 ft., with three porticos, cost 50,000*l*. The barracks are in Church and West Streets. In the latter street, at the King's Head, then the George Inn, King Charles II. arrived, on Oct. 14, 1654, after the battle of Worcester, on his way to Shoreham, where he embarked for Fécamp in Tettersell's coal-brig, which had been hired by Colonel Gunter. After the Restoration the vessel was moored by Nicholas Tettersell off Whitehall, and received, as a fifth rate, into the royal navy, under the name of the Royal Escape. Tettersell was appointed to the sinecure command, with a reversion of the office to his son. A battery, built 1793, was mounted in 1810 with six 42-pounders; rebuilt 1830, but again dismantled in 1857. A few scattered houses closed the town on the west cliff, ending in the Shoreham road. The Steyne was the very

heart of the place, and the Crescent an isolated colony on the east; the town then only just becoming popular as a winter watering-place. An esplanade one mile in length now fronts an extension of buildings which promises to be interminable. At the beginning of the century there were only ten houses to the west of the Old Steyne, once a "serpentine promenade among the hills."

The statistics of the town are as follows :—

	Area Statute Acres.	1841			1851.		
		Houses.			Houses.		
		Inhab.	Uninh.	Buildg.	Inhab.	Uninh.	Bldg.
Kempton	..	1637	3175	5	1997	136	30
St. Peter	2320	3763	506	19	5076	205	205
Palace	..	2737	272	29	3237	135	48

POPULATION.						
	1801	1811	1821	1831	1841	1851
Kempton	..	..	..	..	9,452	12,286
St. Peter	7,339	12,012	24,429	40,634	20,606	31,987
Palace	..	..	..	..	16,602	21,296

In summer time, in one week, the trains have landed 73,000 passengers. Before the railway was completed, there were thirty-one coaches, running to London in six hours. The medicated baths were established "at the pool south-west of the Steyne," by Dr. Awsiter, in 1768. Eight years before one of the best lodging-houses was let at 5s. by the week. The North Steyne was formerly called the Level, or Marlborough Square. Opposite the New Steyne the chain pier was begun Oct. 22, and opened in Nov., 1823, at a cost of 30,000*l.*, it was built under the

direction of Lieut. (afterwards Capt. Sir S.) Brown, R.N. The pier, 1136 ft. long by 15 ft. wide, is supported on four piers, standing 200 ft. from each other upon oaken piles driven 10 ft. into the solid chalk, and rising 13 ft. above high-water mark. On each side, the main suspending chains of wrought-iron rods, four deep, 2 in. in diameter, are carried over pyramidal cast-iron towers 25 ft. high; the interiors being employed as shops. Each division of the four spans or bridges is 258 ft. long, and has 117 links of one cwt. each. At the pier-head, which is paved with Purbeck stone, they are secured in substantial framework of solid timber; on the land side they are carried for 54 ft. through tunnels in the cliffs, and strongly bolted to a vertical plate of iron. The platform is hung on the chains by 362 vertical rods. On Nov. 9, 1836, a terrible hurricane at midday snapped the rods like threads of tow, and burst the central bridge. An expenditure of 2,000*l.* restored the fragile structure. On the night of Oct. 15, 1838, it was again seriously injured; the platform torn up, the chains broken, and the towers bent. In 1822 the *Swift*, the first passenger steam-boat between Brighton and Dieppe, left this pier-head; and for some time these boats ran twice a week, in bad weather landing at Shoreham.

The *Esplanade*, 1,250 ft. long, is succeeded by the *King's Road*, formerly called the West Cliff, and terminates in the Steyne, over which rises the Oriental dome, cupolas, and minarets of the *Marine Pavilion*, 300 ft. long, a mixture of the Kremlin and a Moorish harem, with the mosques of Cairo and the Porcelain Tower of Nankin, suggested by Lord Amherst's embassy to China. As Moore asks,—

“That palace or China shop, Brighton, which is it?

With lanterns, and dragons, and things round the dome.”

It is, however, no more absurd as a building than the Japanese Palace at Dresden, or the Emperor of Austria's Favorita. The Prince of Wales first visited his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, at Brighton, in 1782. The Pavilion was commenced for him, when Prince Regent, by Henry Holland in 1784; in 1800 the stables were built on

the site of Elmgrove House; in 1802 two wings were extended on the north and south; in 1814 Gore House was added, and Marlborough House joined to the north wing. Nash reconstructed the entire building in 1818. The rookery and tea-garden of the Castle Tavern were thrown into the grounds; and its assembly-room, 80 ft. by 40 ft., was consecrated as a chapel, Jan. 1, 1822, by the Bishop of Chester. The royal stables, for sixty-three horses, were built on Promenade Grove, at a cost of 70,000*l*. The circumference of the grand dome over the octagon is 250 ft.; the Chinese Gallery is 162 by 17 ft. in length. The Royal Banqueting Hall, 60 ft. by 42 ft., has a dome 45 ft. in height. The Music Room measures 62 ft. long by 41 ft. high; the dome is 35 ft. in diameter; the chimney-piece by Westmacott, which stood here, is now at Buckingham Palace. Between these apartments, in the centre of the front, is the *Rotunda*, 55 ft. in diameter, being connected with them by galleries 56 ft. by 20 ft. The south entrance was built 1831; that on the north, with its dome, in 1832. The building and grounds include seven acres. The cavalry barracks were built 1795.

King William IV., who first came in 1830, occasionally resided here. Queen Victoria visited the town in 1842, but abandoned the Pavilion for Osborne; and the inhabitants, in 1849, purchased the motley palace for 53,000*l*. A statue, by Noble, of Capt. Pechell, H.M. 77th Regt., who fell in the Crimea, 1855, has been erected by subscription in the Pavilion vestibule (1859). In 1828 the bronze statue of George IV., by Chantrey, was erected by the inhabitants on the Old Steyne, at a cost of 3000*l*. At the south end of the Steyne, where the Albion now stands, lived Dr. R. Russell, who removed from Malling, near Lewes, in 1750; he died in 1759. His picture, by Zoffany, hangs in the ball-room at the Old Ship; and Russell Square commemorates his name. In 1761, when Dr. Anthony Relhan, his successor, wrote his history of the town, there were but six tidy streets, and the best houses were of flint-work. Dredging for oysters, to be rebedded in the Thames and Medway, with mackerel fishing, occupied the spring;

trawling for mullet, whiting, and lobsters, employed the summer; and the winter was spent in securing and drying herrings. In 1777 De Foe informs us that the Steyne and Castle Square were being built over. Two Russian 32-pounders, captured in the Crimean war, and presented by the Government, were put in position on the Old Steyne April 26, 1859. In 1846 the Victoria Fountain, 32 ft. high, was erected by a public subscription. In 1830 roads were cut through the enclosure of the Steyne.

The *Marine Parade* here commences, the ground rising gradually till the roadway is 60 ft. above the beach. *Kemp Town*, built 1821-30 on the estate of Thomas R. Kemp, M.P. of Black Rock, forms the magnificent east termination of Brighton, fronted by an esplanade commanding a view which reaches from Beachey Head to the Isle of Wight. The cliff is here 150 ft. high, and a tunnel under the road, cut through the rock from the centre of the lawn in *Lewes' Crescent*, communicates with the Lower Esplanade. In 1827 the *Marine Wall* was commenced, 23 ft. at the base, tapering to a thickness of 3 ft. at the summit: it is constructed of boulder-stone, lime, and sand formed into concrete; as it rose chalk was filled in behind, till, at a cost of 100,000*l.*, it reached in 1838 a length of one mile and a height of 60 ft. *Arundel Crescent*, 800 ft. in span, is 200 ft. wider than the Royal Crescent at Bath. *Sussex Square* is an equally grand pile; while the opening in the lines of building admits fine views of the Downs, an amphitheatre of broad table-land, clothed with smooth turf, but swelling with curves of beauty, and deepening into shady coombs, buried in the richest foliage. At evening the view seaward is in no degree inferior, when one hundred mackerel-boats, each with its little crew of three men, leave their moorings for the fishing-station; some in the calm, under lagging canvas, sweeping on with their oars—some catching the light breeze which ripples the water round them and fills their sails; and all—the mimic fleet, broad expanse of water, and glowing sky—flushed with opal tints by a setting sun. The fishery for

mackerel, mullet, and doreys (janitore; St. Peter's fish) lasts from May to September; while that for herrings and whiting fills up the intervening months from October to Christmas. The chain of mackerel nets extends from two to three miles in length.

The church of *St. Nicholas* (H. M. Wagner, V.) stands upon a cliff 150 feet high; it has a western low embattled tower, which contains 10 bells, and was built in the reign of Henry VII. The Norman circular font, ornamented by a bas-relief of the Last Supper, is traditionally said to have been brought from France. The nave is of six bays. The fine rood screen is of carved oak, Perpendicular. The stained east window represents the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. The church was restored 1853, when a Memorial Cross to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, by Carpenter, 18 feet high, was erected in the south chancel aisle. There are eight bells, cast by Rudhall of Bristol in 1777; two were added in 1818. The base with five steps of the old churchyard cross remain in the garth, where there are monumental stones to Mrs. Crouch the actress, Sir Richard Phillips, the loyal Tattersell, and the Amazonian Phoebe Hassell, who fought at Fontenoy, and died in 1821 at the age of 108. She received a pension of 18*l.* from the Prince Regent, who dubbed her a "jolly old fellow." Near the church was born Bishop Kidder. *St. Peter's* (T. Cooke, P.C.), 150 ft. by 70 ft., at the end of the Steyne, was built in 1827 by Sir Charles Barry at a cost of 20,000*l.*, and consecrated June 25, 1828, by Carr, Bishop of Chichester, who had laid the first stone as Vicar of Brighton. *St. Paul's* (A. D. Wagner, P. C.), West Street, was built by Carpenter in 1847; the *Chapel Royal* (T. Troeker) in Prince's Place, by Saunders, 1793; *Christ Church* (J. Vaughan P. C.) in 1838. *St. Mary's Chapel* (H. V. Elliot, P. C.), built by Clarke and Wild, cost 12,000*l.* *St. James' Chapel* (C. D. Maitland) was built in 1810. The other churches are:—All Souls (R. S. Smith, P. C.); All Saints (T. Coome, P. C.); St. John Evangelist (S. R. Drummond, P. C.); St. Stephen's (J. Chalmer, P. C.); St. James' (J. O'Brien); and the chapels of the Holy Trinity (H. H.

Wyatt) ; St. Margaret, (E. Clay) ; and St. Mark (E. Elliott, P. C.).

The *Sussex County Hospital*, by Barry, near St. George's Chapel (J. H. North), was founded in 1828, and cost 10,000*l.*; the Victoria wing was added in 1839, the Adelaide wing in 1841. The *Dispensary and County Infirmary* was established in 1809. The *Brighton College* was built in 1847 ; an ordinary proprietary school aping a fine and inappropriate style, which reminds us of the mellifluous but high-flown preacher of Hastings, and of his mother, Mrs. Honeyman's, lodgings in Steyne Gardens ;—of Dorset Gardens, where Mr. Gilbert Gurney suffered repulse from cruel Emma Haines ; and Dr. Blimber's orderly academy, with poor little Paul Dombey watching from his lonely window the darkly-heaving deep below, and driving clouds above, and pondering the words of what the sad sea waves were saying.

The Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III., lived at one time in a house to the north of the Pavilion, and the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at Elm Grove ; these were the first illustrious and noble visitors of Dr. Russell's new English Bains. At a house, long known as Lady Anne Murray's, built by Singlespeech Hamilton, the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline) resided during her only visit to Brighton ; Mrs. Fitzherbert's residence, with its Egyptian front, is still pointed out. Since the Reform Bill, Brighton has returned two members to Parliament. A manufactory of artificial mineral waters in the Queen's Park, the invention of Struve of Dresden, was established at the *German Spa* in 1825. A chalybeate spring at Wick was discovered 1760. As by Houdin's magic bottle, Seltzer, Ems, Spa, and Carlsbad waters are produced at will.

HOVE is now a suburb of Brighton. The church has an Early English nave of five bays, without aisles, restored by Basevi. The tower was destroyed at the close of the last century. The ancient altar-slab, and a Norman grave-stone were found during the repairs. The climate is dry and bracing, and the Downs, here fronting the south-west, are positively bleak. The soil is eocene along the



shore, with chalk on the Downs, and alluvium in the rich river-valley of the Ouse, and in the Lewes levels. In the flint breccia from Brighton to Rottingdean we find chalk with flints dipping southward in an inclined plane to the sea. In the face of the cliff appears the Elephant Bed, 50 feet thick, composed of thick layers of white chalk, rubble, and broken chalk-flints, confusedly stratified, and containing the bones of the ox, deer, horse, and mammoth. Below this is the ancient beach of fine sand, 1 to 4 feet in thickness, covered by shingle to a depth of 5 to 8 feet; pebbles of chalk, flint, and granite, with bones of cetacea, and broken shells of recent marine species; the third line is the modern beach. In the spring of 1854 the Isle of Wight was distinctly visible from Brighton, a circumstance that had not occurred for 40 years. The walk from Brighton to Rottingdean, over the cliffs by Black Rock, will afford the tourist some grand sea views.

THE DOWNS.—In the vicinity of so populous a town, which is almost a suburb of the metropolis, it is a great advantage to find opportunities for some very pleasant excursions. In all England there is not any tract more remarkable than the great South Downs—enormous breadths of short fine turf, whether in the misty morning glittering with dewdrops, as if all the caskets of pearl and diamonds which the world contains had been emptied on the sward, or later in the day, when every delicate outline and soft swell of the vast table-land is visible, so that any standard of size and distance is lost as the eye ranges over the whole extent of the amphitheatre within view. It is very striking, to stand hemmed in by a green circle in that boundless reach from which the world is shut out; nothing inanimate visible but the verdant mound and the blue sky; nothing animate except the distant flocks dappling the down like little fleecy clouds in the summer heavens. The varying shape of the undulating expanse, indefinite in extent, is only marked by streaks of sunshine, the dark line of the gorse, or the groups and tiny tracks of straggling sheep. The chalk hills rise behind with a steepness that lends an appearance of additional

height; below spreads the broad expanse of broken ground, neither hill nor flat, like a forest but for the steeple in the clearing, and the smoke eddying up from old villages of half-timbered, picturesque-gabled houses, or of some lordly mansion.

Rich and beautiful as the scene is, the traveller will compare with it another district, where the flocks of moorland sheep browse above an Eldorado of wealth, on the edge of morasses and among boulders thickly cumbering the ground. He will wonder what has sealed up the eyes of the men of Devon, where peat, granite, and the porcelain clay of Dartmoor are not the only undeveloped sources of wealth. There extend 400 square miles of untilled ground, every inch of which lies 2000 feet below the point on which corn can be grown. But his surprise will cease when he recollects that it is only of late years that the productive Wealds of Kent and Sussex have been cleared and brought into cultivation. Dr. Johnson declared that he hated the Downs, because they made "a country so desolate that if one had a mind to hang oneself for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten a rope." Hood, however, who wrote his poem "the Demon Ship" at Brighton, remarked, that "of all the trees that he ever saw, none could be mentioned in the same breath with the magnificent beach at Brighton." The Downs are famous for wheatears, the English ortolan. The shepherds cut out a piece of turf in the shape of the letter T; this hollow they cover over, and at the entrance place a springe; the shadows on the hill, or a cry, suffice to drive the little timid birds into the trap. The snow-bunting and fire-crowned golden crest have also been seen here. In 1792 there was a camp of 70,000 men established on these Downs.

A remarkable spot, which will serve as a pleasant contrast to those who are weary of the springy delicious turf, is the *Devil's Dyke*. Five miles north-west from Brighton, a gentle ascent across the undulating plain leads the traveller to the brink of a lofty precipitous ridge.

On reaching the summit he finds that he stands upon the top of a natural wall which Titans might have built ; below, the earth suddenly shelves away with a steep declivity for miles into the Weald, beautiful with summer foliage or autumn sheaves, a vale seemingly limitless. It extends a length of 120 miles from Maidstone to Portsmouth, and varies from 20 to 30 miles in breadth. The marvellous prospect reaches over six counties, embracing 60 churches as it spreads from Maidstone to Portsdown Hill, and commands a sea-view that is only bounded by the Downs over the summit of Beachy Head and by the Culver Cliffs. The Dyke is a natural chasm, 300 feet deep, between two hills, with a bold headland, crescent-shaped, and, with the sharp spurs of the Downs, forming an oval. The Roman isolated it above with a rampart and trench for the eyrie of his imperial eagles, and cut down the sides at an angle of 45°. The peasants call the dyke "Poor Man's Wall," a modern Sussex euphemism for the foul fiend, who is said to have dug it in one night, as a channel for the sea to drown the Weald ; but, as the legends invariably make him a dolt, he was deceived by a cunning old woman, and mistook her candle (seen through a sieve) for the dawn.

The church of the Holy Trinity at *Poymyngs* has no aisle, is cruciform with a central tower, and was rebuilt in 1369. There is a carved pulpit ; the south transept has a parclose ; the font is octagonal, and the chancel contains three sedilia and a water-drain. The castle was burned down 1724. At *Preston* (Priest town, because formerly attached to Chichester) is the church of St. Peter, with a small chancel and tower of the 13th century ; it contains a fresco of the martyrdom of à Becket on the east wall. Queen Anne of Cleves resided, and Douglas, author of *Nænia Britannica*, and Cheynel, the fierce Puritan, were buried, here. *Hollingbury Castle*, two miles north, is a square camp, inclosing five acres. The gateway remains ; on the top is a fire-beacon. Of the ancient lords of the manor, it was said Shirley of Preston died for love of Wiston. On *White Hawk Hill*, one mile east near the Race Course, is another camp, defended by a triple

ditch and bank, square in shape with the corners rounded off; the outer trench measures three quarters of a mile. *Ditchingly Beacon*, another camp, already described, is six miles distant. Stanmere Park is seen on the left of the path between this camp and that of Hollingbury. The trees, though young, form a very agreeable prospect in this bare tract; they are full of nightingales; the sunny glades of the park, and foliage about the grey church and quiet village of Stanmere, will be welcome to the traveller on a summer day. The house (Earl of Chichester) was built in 1736. *Wolstanbury Camp* is to the north-west of the Devil's Dyke, and resembles a huge bastion; it is circular, and one furlong in diameter. The easiest access is by the road to Cuckfield. St. John's church, Newtimber, contains some stained glass in the east window, and two monumental slabs stripped of their brasses. Near it is *Danney Park*, (W. I. Campion) an old Elizabethan house. At *Hurstpierpoint*, two miles north, the church of St. Lawrence was rebuilt by Sir Charles Barry, 1847, and contains two effigies of knights, one of the time of Henry III., the other of the date of Edward III. The visitor can return through *Keymer*, where is a very early Norman chancel arch; *Clayton*, with an Early English chancel and round entrance arch; *Patcham*, and *Preston*. The flat maritime district lying between the Downs and the sea, which reaches from Brighton to Emsworth (36 miles) is very fertile, and lies on plastic clay. This arable vale, between Brighton and Shoreham, is a mile in breadth; at Arundel it increases to three miles, and when approaching Hants becomes in many places seven miles wide.

The first station on the railway between Brighton and Shoreham is *Hove* ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile). In the adjoining meadow are the ruins (Early English) of the church of Aldrington: the village was destroyed by the sea. It was the Roman port of the Adur, and garrisoned with 600 men of the "Exploratores," Guides or Coast Guard. Near the church stood the Gorsedd, "the sacred stone," in Goldstone Bottom. This Druidical relic was formed of breccia of pebbles, flint and green sand, impregnated with iron.

*Hangleton* with an Early English church and Elizabethan manor-house, and *Portslade* with the Early English church of St. Nicholas, may be visited from this station. Next comes Southwick (5 miles), where St. Michael's church has a good tower and a lofty spire. Kingston (5½ miles) is the principal station for forwarding goods landed at the wharves of Shoreham. New Shoreham is 6½ miles, Old Shoreham 1 mile further, and Bramber 5 miles. The Adur Viaduct, 550 yards long, stands midway between the bridge of Old and New Shoreham.

From Portsmouth to the anchorage in the Downs beyond Dover, the coast is still difficult of approach. Ten centuries ago there was no convenient landing-place from vessels during the prevalence of strong winds blowing from any quarter but the north, except at Newhaven and Shoreham; and as easterly winds are rare at this point, these ports monopolised the intercourse with the Continent at the time of the Norman invasion.

## NEW SHOREHAM

stands upon the river Adur, in a valley of the South-down range; an irregularly-built town, for the most part of old houses. The Custom-house was built in 1830 by Smirke; the Suspension Bridge was erected at the expense of the Duke of Norfolk in 1833, by Clarke, C. E., the architect of the bridge at Hammersmith. At Old Shoreham is a long timber bridge, 500 ft. by 12 ft., constructed in 1781. The church of St. Nicholas (H. Smith, V.) was originally cruciform, 185 feet long, with a nave 93 feet long, a choir measuring 68 ft. by 52 ft., a transept 82 ft. by 22 ft., and a central tower of two stories 80 feet high, mainly Transitional-Norman and Early English. To the west of the chancel arch this fine church is Norman, including the first story of the tower. It contains the brass of a civilian 1460; the nave, except two bays, has been destroyed. The choir was restored by the Cambridge Camden Society. The palm branches on some of the capitals betoken that the

Crusaders had returned from the Holy Land when they were chiselled. The upper story of the tower is set under a plain corbelled parapet. There are two pointed arches resting on shafts in each face, with circles in the spandrels; under each is a round-headed Norman window, divided into two lights by a baluster. This story is splayed inward. The lower tier of windows has circular heads. Buttresses with broad sets-off flank the angles of the tower. The south transept is lighted with similar windows. The clerestory of the chancel of five bays is composed of lancets, and supported by two bold flying buttresses. The parapet is plain. The aisle has a simple but effective corbel table. The east end is of three stories; the lowermost consists of three late Norman round-headed lights, the second of a triplet with clustered shafts, and in the gable is set a richly-foliated light between two quatrefoils. The pillars inside the chancel are, on the south side, of clustered shafts; those on the north are alternately round and octagonal; the aisles are arcaded; the vaulting is Early English.

The entrance to the harbour is about a mile to the east of the town; it is an artificial opening, as the Adur has been silted up. When Camden wrote, the port was no longer "commodious, by reason of banks and bars of sand." In 1758 an Act was obtained to secure and improve the harbour, but the entrance continued to shift eastward, and before the close of the century, had advanced a mile and a half in that direction. Brighton and Worthing had meanwhile risen into notice, and it became necessary to adopt every means which would render the haven available. The present canalized entrance was cut in 1816, under the direction of W. Clegham, 218 feet wide, and fenced in by two substantial piers, formed of piles which run in south-south-west across the shingle. Within the entrance a third pier has been built nearly across the harbour to create a backwater for the purpose of scouring it. The tide on the west coast is driven from the east and west sides of the inlet directly to the mouth, with a stream running at a speed of six miles an hour. Besides a

flat sunken rock, visible at low tides, a bar still injures the haven, rising at times above low-water level, and shifting its position from 60 to 160 feet ; at high water it has a depth of 14 to 17 feet, but, at ebb, of only 3 feet. Ship-building is the chief occupation. The trade consists of exports of timber, and imports of coals, corn, and Irish provisions. Shoreham is a warehousing port for produce—French, Dutch, Russian, West Indian, African and Mediterranean : 1000 ships of 90,000 tons, and employing 5000 seamen, annually enter the harbour. A lighthouse has been also erected. The steamers on the Dieppe line have been removed to Newhaven. Shoreham furnished 26 ships in 1346 to the two channel fleets of 706 sail, fitted out by King Edward III., being one more vessel than was furnished by London ; Fowey, Dartmouth, and Yarmouth only, supplied a larger number. Here King John landed from Normandy in 1199, with a large army ; he made it a free port in 1210 ; and here Charles II. on Oct. 15, 1651, embarked for Fécamp, after the battle of Worcester.

The church of St. Mary, OLD SHOREHAM (J. B. Mozley, V.), mainly Norman, and, owing to the small size of the windows, very dark, but an interesting relic of the age, was lately and admirably restored by Mr. Ferrey, 1840 ; it is cruciform, but the north transept is in ruins. The central tower has an arcade of three arches, with two circular panels under the parapet on each face. It is of the date 1130. The east window was set up 1320. Both the Shoreham churches were probably built by William de Braose, lord of the rape of Bramber, who received these possessions from William I.

The botany of the neighbourhood includes *Fucus ceranoides*, *asperococcus pusillus*, *Cutleria multifida*, *codium bursa*, *rhodomela scorpiodes*, *spiridia fulmentosa*, *polysiphonia fibrillosa*, *Borreria furfuracea*, *ruppia maritima*, *Crambe maritima*, *meloseira Borreri*, *peucedanum officinale*, *salicornia radicans*, *trifolium stellatum*, *vicia lutea*. Among the birds which have been observed on these shores are, at Shoreham, the common red-shank, Bohemian wax-wing, and pie-crested regulus ; at Arundel, lesser spotted wood-

pecker ; at Pulborough, little bittern ; at Parham, wood warbler ; at Stanmere, common buzzard ; at Worthing, purple heron, and cirr bunting ; at Bognor, red-backed shrike. From Worthing to Shoreham the meadow and tree pipets, pied and yellow wagtails, goldfinches, grey linnets, and green grosbeaks, assemble for their autumnal migration, when they take an easterly flight. The larks on the Downs at these times are caught, being attracted by little revolving mirrors set upon a spindle.

New Shoreham returned members to Parliament from 23 Edward III., to 11 George III. c. 55 ; but by the latter Act, declaring that a society calling itself the Christian Club, composed of the majority of the electors, was established in the town to sell the seats of the borough, eighty-one persons were disqualified from voting, and the franchise was extended to all the 40-shilling freeholders within the rape of Bramber, 1770. Some years after Mr. Wilberforce had been in Parliament, he was driving in a chaise from Brighton to Steyning ; and passing through an insignificant village, he called out to the post-boy to inquire its name, "BRAMBER, sir !" was the reply. "Why," exclaimed the excellent man, "that is the place I am member for !" For a long time there were but 24 burgesses in the place, and it returned two representatives. In 1786 the population consisted of 36 cottagers, and one of them towards the close of the contested election, refused 1000*l.* for his vote. More money was spent upon the elections during one king's reign than the parishes were worth at 20 years' purchase ; but the Reform Bill cut off all future gains. Bramber is now a quiet little village upon the Adur, 4 miles from Shoreham ; the ruins of a fine old castle, with a gateway and some crumbling walls on the west, forming its only interest. In the deep and ample fosse is the nave of the ancient church of St. Nicholas. The sour soldiers of Cromwell (a Hindoo might be excused for imagining that they have transmigrated into the croaking birds of the present rookery) were quartered here, and, it is presumed, blew up the building with gunpowder. *Verrucaria niveo-atra* is found here.



It is observable that there was a castle set to guard each river pass—at Lewes on the Ouse, Bramber (the fortified hill) on the Adur, and Arundel on the Arun; all three rivers rising in the high ground of St. Leonard's Forest in the Weald. From Bramber to Wolstanbury, on the east extends the grand rampart of the Downs, sending out four large ridges, like the spines of some gigantic monster, towards the sea. On the west is a similar range; they are parted from one another by the marshy vale of the Adur (the British dwr, water). The western ridge is broken in like manner by the defiles of the Arun. The sea once perhaps washed these cliffs, for the tide flowed up to STEYNING (5½ miles from Shoreham) where the harbour was called St. Cuthman's Port. This town stands at the foot of an escarpment of the Downs, one mile west of the Adur, and consists of a wide street crossed by another. From 4 Edward II. till 31 Henry VI. Steyning returned, in conjunction with Bramber, two members to Parliament; but after the latter date, as originally, it elected its own members till disfranchised by the Reform Bill. The borough was called by the Saxons *Steaningham* (stone-houses), the Roman stone highway having passed through it. At the time of Domesday it was divided between Fécamp Abbey and Lord de Braose. The manor now belongs to the Gorings. The church of St. Andrew has a nave of five bays, Early Norman, and of the middle of the 12th century. The pillars are circular; the clerestory and pier arches have the richest mouldings, and the capitals are superbly carved. The chancel was partly rebuilt by Charles Duke of Norfolk. The font, Early Norman, is large and square. The west tower is of flint and stone, with huge angular buttresses.

*Wiston House* (1½ mile west) (Rev. J. Goring) was built about 1676, by Sir Thomas Shirley, one of three brothers who went wandering to the East, and whose adventures were framed into a play and reacted upon the stage. Anthony, one of them, attacked the island of Jamaica; Robert, another, married a relation of the Shah of Persia. The Great Hall, 40 feet in height, breadth, and length, has

a fine Jacobean ceiling. In the church is a brass of Sir John de Brewys, died 1426 ; and St. Cuthman and King Ethelwold were said to have been buried in it.

The railway from Shoreham passes by LANCING (so named from Wlencing, King Ælla's son),  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Brighton, a pretty sea-side village, with a fine greensward between the sea and the terrace, which is 300 ft. from the sea, and from 15 to 20 ft. above the level of the water, being protected by a natural embankment of shingle. The neighbourhood has pleasant woods and a cultivated appearance. Lancing was a favourite residence of Coleridge ; and here Caroline, Princess of Wales, embarked for her exile, until she returned to claim her crown as Queen Consort. In 1828 a plain Roman pavement and some ruins of a villa were exhumed in the vicinity. St. Nicholas' School, for the sons of small traders, has been established here in connection with a school for sons of gentry at Shoreham, and another for sons of farmers at Hurstpierpoint.

The excursions to be made from this spot are common to the next watering-place,

## WORTHING,

(11 miles from Brighton) : the town is half a mile from the station. A coast road unites it with Shoreham. This agreeable residence, once the resort of smugglers and fishermen, is far more quiet and in many respects more pleasant than Brighton. The high chain of the South Downs, forming an amphitheatre, runs parallel with the shore at the distance of a mile ; here and there a village or a mansion appears among the sheltered nooks, under the vast extent of unenclosed grass land, ascending and descending in giant stairs and bold acclivities. Smooth and level sands, 10 miles in length, spread before it from Shoreham to Littlehampton. Snow never remains long ; the climate is very mild, genial, and equable ; myrtles become almost trees, sometimes growing to a height of 20 ft.

from the ground, figs ripen in the open air, and the corn-fields approach so close to the sea, that the light feet of Camilla might pass from one to the other without a break. The *Esplanade* above the shingle is three quarters of a mile in length. The Chapel of Ease (W. Reade, P.C.) was built by Rebecca of London, at a cost of 12,000*l.*, in 1812, and Christ Church (P. B. Power, P. C.) in 1843. The theatre was opened in 1807. House-rent here, before the town rose into fashion, was 40*s.* a-year, and an acre of ground might have been bought for five gallons of brandy. A common once extended between the village and the sea. From the soil of fine blue plastic clay, which reaches to Bracklesham and reappears insulated at Castle Hill, Newhaven, are produced the cream-coloured bricks which are used for fronting the houses. Along the sands stretches "a brown litter of tangled seaweed, which looks as if a family of giants had been making tea here for ages, and had observed an untidy custom of throwing their tea-leaves on the shore." At times grand masses of sea-fog come rolling in at a distance, the sweeping folds of a shrouded host, as if, according to the peasants' belief, the spectral forms of mariners, never laid in churchyard soil, that rise before a storm, were haunting the shore. Then fresh layers of dusky vapour grow in volume till the eye cannot penetrate the veil which conceals the sky and waves, as if the clouds themselves rested on the water; and the blackness gathers over the land chilling, piercingly cold, and drenching through the closest plaid, a premature night overspreading the day with impenetrable gloom. The boatmen believe that the body of a drowned person is always carried by the sea to the shore in front of his late home.

*Warwick House*, the residence of Bishop Barrington in 1825, was bought, in 1789, by the Earl of Warwick, lord of the manor of Broadwater. This estate was in the thirteenth century held by Sir John de Camoys, whose wife Margaret eloping with Sir W. Pagnell, he at once returned the lady's dowry—an act which provoked a just rebuke from the House of Lords, unwilling to tolerate such

a condonation. On Sir John's death, Lady Camoys was compelled to restore all the chattels and valuables.

The advantage which Brighton had derived by the salt-water mania, introduced by Dr. Russell, raised up many rivals along the coast, and Worthing speedily became distinguished by royal patronage, and was regarded as a fashionable watering-place. In 1797 the Princess Amelia being recommended to try the effect of the sea air for a glandular complaint, selected this spot, then covered by 'humble cottages. New buildings were erected; Caroline, Princess of Wales, the Princess Charlotte, and the late King of Hanover, then Duke of Cumberland, visited the village, and drew after them many noble visitors. Worthing became so prosperous, that in 1803 it was constituted a town by Act of Parliament. In 1850 Queen Adelaide resided in the Sea House Hotel. The Steyne, Esplanade, Park, Crescent, and Marine Parade, all consist of first-class houses.

*Bupleurum tenuissimum* and *crambe maritima* are the most noteworthy plants of the local botany. The gardens, and lawns, the neat white terraces, with verandahs and green-shuttered windows, the gravelled walks, with convenient benches, the broad sands and beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood render the place very attractive. In traversing the Downs the traveller looks down from the steep into a valley, rich in verdure and woods, with long ranges, miles upon miles of enclosure, walled in by the grand sweeps of those bare hills; while ever to the south glorious glimpses are to be had between their openings of the blue sea and yellow sands, such as Ariel might love, so sheltered that the most timid bather may enjoy his recreation even in stormy weather. The curious in algæ and the conchologist will find here long ropes of sea-weed, with shells caught among their tendrils, and knotted into their fibres so that they can combine both pursuits. The valetudinarian will enjoy the clear fresh air and rural scenery, with those simple natural pleasures which are permitted only in a quiet watering-place, such as Worthing. It is ob-

servable with what zest and longing persons who have been on the confines of death, bring back with them the earliest instincts of the child. How the sons of toil, and the citizen, too, whose pleasures, for the longest portion of the year must be bought, and are artificial, exult in the free prospect of the majestic sea, and the lovely scenes which open out inland! No less than the sublime works of letters or art, do these summer sights leave remembrances which, through life, are for ever being awakened by the pure taste, and mingle with all our feelings of that which really combines grandeur and beauty.

“Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,  
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen  
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),  
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,  
Sweet influences trembled o’er his frame;  
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,  
Made up a meditative joy, and found  
Religious meanings in the forms of nature.”

And there are few impressions deeper than those made by the evening walk along the sea-shore, when—

“The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the tide;”

when the solemn moon, low on the horizon, sheds a rich broad light upon the waves, and the darkness of the heavens above throws out in strong relief the innumerable stars, as they come forth by myriads; and if a light wind be blowing high above the water and land, such a thrill, and mysterious motion, as of life, will seem at times to run throughout their multitude as will make the heart of the beholder burn within him with wonder, and with curiosity to learn the secrets of those infinite worlds. Even the wild, but exquisitely graceful, belief of the ancient sage will lose somewhat of its vagueness—the belief that the whole heaven breaks out into singing, which none but the gifted ear of the purified spirit ever heard; and the thought will rise of a past night brightening into the first day of

earth, when we know that orb sang to orb, all the stars joining in chorus, and the music of immortal joy gave welcome to the handiwork of the Creator.

The excursions in the neighbourhood of Worthing are varied and full of interest. *High Down Hill* is crowned by an ancient earthwork of irregular shape measuring 300 by 180 ft.; on *Cissbury* (4 miles north)—from Cissa a son of King Ella—is an oval camp enclosing 60 acres, with a single trench and high rampart. On the west slope we find traces of a British village, which was composed of round huts sunk in hollows for warmth: these circular pits remain. These two hills can be reached by the road to *Washington*—*Cissbury* lying to the right, and *Chanctonbury* to the left. The village of *Findon* is passed on the road, near which, to the west, is *Findon Place* (M. W. Richardson), and there is a circular camp two furlongs round; *Chanctonbury Rings* (7 miles north)—the summit of which fir-crowned and circled with beeches—is 814 ft. above the level of the sea, and forms a prominent landmark.

In February, 1837, Southey, then residing at Tarring, walked to Cissbury and Chanctonbury, where, says he, "I had a noble prospect. Worthing appeared like a ruined city, such as Balbec or Palmyra, in the distance, on the edge of what we knew to be sea, but what as well might have been a desert, for it was so variegated with streaks of sunshine and of shade, that no one ignorant of the place could have determined whether it was sea or sky that lay before us."

Equally beautiful are the distant views obtained: from *Cissbury* may be seen the coast line from Beachy Head to Selsea Bill, with a veil of soft blue drawn across the happy sunlit face of sea. From *Chanctonbury* the visitor will observe the ruined keep of Bramber, the tower of Steyning, and the camp of the Dyke; the castle of Arundel, and the cathedral spire of Chichester; the trees of Michelgrove and the hills of Cissbury, Highdown, Portsdown, and Leith.

"Here the bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep,  
Grey clouds that, shadowing, spot the sunny fields,  
And river, now with bushy banks o'erarched,  
Now winding bright and full with naked banks;

And seats and lawns, the castle and the wood,  
 And cots and hamlets and faint city spire,  
 The Channel there, the islands and white sails,  
 Dim coasts and cloud-like hills and shoreless ocean,—  
 It seemed like Omnipresence.  
 No wish profanes the overwhelmed heart:  
 Blest hour! it is a luxury to be!"

Northward, the Weald, when in the full glory of autumnal tints, forms an impressive scene; the oak, the hazel, and the ash, which afford sweet cooling shades in summer, are then mingled and fade away into that shadowy colourless distance which sheds a lovely mystery over all forest depths. The reflective traveller will, indeed, treasure up such views, and ponder as he roams. How infinite are the enchantments which Nature casts over her favoured spots to render their beauty yet more exquisite in the eyes of those that love them!

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been:  
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen  
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold,  
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;  
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
 Converse with Nature's charms and view her stores unrolled.

The Christian cannot rest satisfied even with this eloquent description of scenery, but perceives not a mere personified Power of creation, but a handiwork Divine with thoughts rising

. . . . . "from Nature up to Nature's God."

Another excursion may be made by *Offington*, (2 miles,) with its venerable rookery; *Clapham Woods*, famous for wild strawberries, and *Patching Pond*, the resort of wild-fowl, are all within reach as far as Hammerpot Hill.

The parish church is at *Broadwater* (E. K. Elliott, R.), (1 mile north); it is cruciform, with a Transitional-Norman and low square central tower; the east window is of four

lights, Decorated ; the roof of the chancel is groined ; on the south is a single sedile below a Norman arch with chevron mouldings. The tower arches are Norman. The church contains brasses to J. Mapleton, chancellor to Queen Catherine, wife of Henry V. 1432, and R. Towner, 1440 ; and in the north aisle the effigy in Caen stone of Thomas, Lord de la Warr, died 1526, and in the south transept a similar monument of Lord de la Warr, who died 1554. This noble family resided at *Offington Place* ( $\frac{1}{4}$  mile west), (J. F. Danbury). The palm branches on the capitals connect the founder with the Crusades.

At *Sompting*, one mile north from Broadwater, is an interesting church, mostly Early English, cruciform, with aisles to nave and chancel ; the transept has an east aisle. The west tower has a shingled spire, gabled like a Rhenish church, and very small windows ; the front is built of long-and-short work, a central rib dividing its face—Saxon below, Norman above—with projections rudely carved and resembling capitals with small leaves. The string-course is sculptured with coarse dentils. The half pillar in the jamb of the door has a perfect capital. The Norman chancel has Early English vaulting, a double aumbry above the altar, and a triangular-headed water-drain in the south wall. In the south transept are two rude sculptures of the Saviour and a bishop. At *Sompting*, Queen Caroline resided. Four miles from Worthing, on High Down, is *The Miller's Tomb* ; the road lies through Goring, leaving Ferring and its white spire to the left. John Oliver was buried at this spot on April 22, 1793 ; the corpse being followed by young women dressed in white. He had caused his last resting-place to be dug as early as 1766, and bequeathed an annuity of 22*l.* to keep his monument in repair. The ascent of the eminence is made over smooth soft turf ; every turn discloses some new beauty, and the view from the summit commands such a magnificent expanse that the toil of climbing is amply repaid. Villages lie grouped round the base : in the valley is the encampment of Cæsar ; mansions among parks, wood-crowned hills, and all the varied tints of lands differing with the mode of tillage



and culture, make up the prospect inland, whilst to the south-west may be seen the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight rising from the sea, like the legend of the birth of the Grecian goddess, the impersonation of all beauty.

*West Tarring* (a mile and a half west) has a fine church with a tall spire ; the nave, with its clerestory and aisles, is Early English ; the tower and chancel Perpendicular. It contains an ancient oak-chest. There is a venerable building in the village, with a hall of the fifteenth century, and an oblong solar of two stories, projecting at right angles ; it is of the thirteenth century, and tradition connects the room and the fig-trees in the adjoining garden with the primate à Becket and St. Richard of Chichester. A bird peculiar to this district annually visits the fig-orchards of Tarring and Sompting. At *Salvington*, in this parish, is shown the cottage called *Lacies*, which was the birth-place of John Selden, Dec. 16, 1584. At *Dunington* there is a ruined chapel ; and near *Castle Goring* (Admiral Sir G. Pechell, Bart.) is *Clapham* church, Transitional-Norman, with two brasses to J. Shelley, 1550 ; J. Shelley, 1592. The high road from Worthing to Arundel passes through or near Offington, Dunington, Patching, Angmering Park (Duke of Norfolk), Poling (with its wild-fowl decoy), and Leominster. The railway has two intermediate stations—*Goring* (thirteen miles and three quarters) and *Angmering* (sixteen miles). From Goring may be visited the churches of Goring and East Ferring. At Angmering is the Transitional-Norman church of St. Margaret. It contains a stone pulpit by Teulon.

The next stations are *Littlehampton* (eighteen and a half miles) and *Arundel* (twenty miles). The telescope bridge over the Arun is the first of the kind ever constructed : it is composed of two moveable parts ; the larger portion, 144 feet long, is formed of two strong frames, 12½ feet high, made of timber weighing ninety tons, and moves on eighteen friction-wheels, each having a diameter of 6 feet.

The botany of the neighbourhood includes—at *Worthing* : *Mentha sylvestris*. At *Lancing* : *Sphærococcus coronifolius*,

chara nidifica. At *Littlehampton*: *Diranon subulatum*, *trifolium scabrum*. *Arundel*: *Hypnum palustre*, *Mentha rotundifolia*, *M. piperita*, *Neckera crispa*, *rubia peregina*, *scirpus carrinatus*, *dipsacus pilosus*, *eucalypta streptocarpa*, *epilobrium angustifolium*, *lonicera xylosteum*, *verbascum lychnitis*, *sclerochloa procumbens*, *helleborus viridis*. And at *Amberley*: *Cenanthe peucedanifolia*, *ranunculus lingua*, *carex dioica*, and *limosella aquatica*.

The statistics of these neighbouring watering-places are as follow :—

	Area in Statute Acres.	1841			1851		
		HOUSES.			HOUSES.		
		Inhab.	Uninh.	Bldg.	Inhab.	Uninh.	Bldg.
Broadwater	8,485	1311	210	3	1455	116	2
Littlehampton	19,882	1200	44	6	1283	40	2
POPULATION.							
	1801	1811	1821	1831	1841	1851	
Broadwater .	2197	461	5337	6212	7069	7801	
Littlehampton	3616	4156	5015	5547	6403	6770	

## LITTLEHAMPTON

derived its name, according to the legend, from Ham, the assassin who was slain by Arviragus, at the time when Gwyder defeated Claudius. The town stands on the east bank of the Arun, and is composed of a street running north and south, half a mile in length: it is eight miles from Worthing, and four miles from Arundel. To the

east of the town, within a furlong of the sea, is Beach Terrace, which, with other lodging-houses, forms the watering-place which first became popular in 1790. The then Earl of Berkeley was a resident here for a considerable time. In 1628, the course of the Arun was altered by a cut to drain the levels. In 1734 an Act of Parliament was obtained to erect piers, formed of piles, from which extends dicker-work, and to enlarge the harbour; the commissioners' powers were increased by another Act in 1797. On the right bank of the Adur, within half a mile of the sea, are several shipwrights' yards; and brigs of 150 tons can lie at Arundel Bridge, while lighters and small craft proceed up the river to Newbridge and Billinghamurst, and so into the Medway and the Thames. The river here, 370 feet broad, is crossed by a floating bridge, in plan similar to those of Portsmouth, Torpoint, and Dartmouth, but of smaller size, and worked by two men. Queen Matilda landed here 1139; and Philip Earl of Arundel was arrested on the shore, as he was making his escape to the continent. The church of St. Mary (W. G. Holmes, V.), rebuilt 1826, 100 feet long, has some ancient glass. In 1644, a suit of tapestry was taken out of a prize (a Dunkirk vessel) off this place: it represented the story of Conans, the British prince, and his Cornish bride, Ursula, who, when proceeding on a mission to Brittany, was wrecked, and, with her female attendant, Undecimilla, slain: they afterwards were buried at Cologne. The story is the subject of one of Claude Lorraine's finest pictures. This tapestry was set up in the Star Chamber at Westminster. From Littlehampton to Arundel extends a rich valley of marsh lands, the groups of villages and church towers forming a pretty rural landscape, and the shady lanes a pleasant walk. The trout of Amberley and grey mullet of Arundel (the latter persecuted by the osprey) are as famous as the Selsea cockle, Chichester lobster, Pulborough eel, and Rye herring.

## ARUNDEL

bears the name of Hironnelle, the war-horse of Bevis of Southampton, and the swallow is a favourite ornament in its church, and the badge of the borough. The river Arun, it is perhaps needless to say, gave rise to the name. Collins mentions the river in the "Ode to Pity," and alludes to his brother Wykehamist and poet:—

" Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,  
And Echo, 'midst thy native plains,  
    Been soothed by Pity's lute ;  
There first the wren thy myrtles shed  
On gentlest Otway's infant head ;  
    To him thy cell was shown."

And Charlotte Smith thus bids it adieu :—

" Farewell Aruna, on whose varied shore  
My early vows were paid at Nature's shrine.  
    Sighing I resign  
Thy solitary beauties, and no more  
Or on thy rocks or in thy woods recline,  
Or on the heath, by moonlight lingering, pore  
On air-drawn phantoms."

The church of *St. Nicholas* (G. A. F. Hart, V.) cruciform, of flint and stone, 190 feet in length, is of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The low central tower of two stories is 26 feet square, and covered with a short leaden spire ; the nave of six bays measures 82 ft. 6 in. by 50 ft. 6 inches, and is ceiled with Irish oak ; the clerestory is composed of quatrefoiled circles. At the south-west angle of the tower there is a fine stone pulpit. The west aisle of the nave was St. Christopher's Chantry. It has two ancient frescoes, representing the seven deadly sins and seven corporal acts of mercy. The font is octagonal. The north transept (formerly Salmon's Chantry) is now used as a parochial chancel ; for the architectural chancel is the choir of a College

of the Holy Trinity, founded here by Robert Earl of Arundel, in 1387. The ancient cell of St. Martin's Abbey at Séez was merged in this new foundation. The chapel has a north aisle, 54 ft. by 20 ft., which served as the Lady Chapel: it measures 82 ft. 6 in. by 28 ft., and is 35 ft. 6 in. in height. The roof was taken down in 1782. The east window is of seven lights, Perpendicular. The altar, with its ancient Purbeck slab, has been undisturbed. On the north side, a low wall with three pointed arches parts the Arundel chapel from St. Mary's.

The monuments are most grand and beautiful, even though time and fanaticism have worn away their gilding, dimmed their ancient colours, and injured the richly-carved stone and marbles. They are those of—I. *Thomas*, 11th Earl of Arundel, K.B., Lord Treasurer (died 1415), and his wife *Beatrice*, daughter of John King of Portugal; with effigies of alabaster, on a tomb shewing nine statues of priests in copes singing, with service-books in their hands, on either side. The Earl's sister and coheiress married John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. II. *John*, 12th Earl, and Eleanor Berkeley. This Earl gallantly defended Southampton against the French, and served in the English fleet; he died 1422:—an incised slab and altar-tomb in the centre of Lady Chapel. III. *John*, 13th Earl, K.G., the Duke of Tourraine, who died at Beauvais, 1434, from the effect of a culverin wound received at the siege of Gerberoy Castle:—north side centre arch of choir; effigy and cadaver of Sussex marble, with three foliated arches. IV. *William*, 15th Earl, K.G., Lord Warden (died 1487), and his wife, *Joan Neville*, sister of the "king-maker," and daughter of Richard Earl of Salisbury:—a superb canopy, and four pillars; the effigies, of Sussex marble, have been removed to the tomb of John, 12th Earl. V. *Thomas*, 16th Earl, K.G. who married Lady Margaret Wydeville, and died 1524:—chantry of Sussex marble, with a heavy canopy and four richly-carved wreathed pillars of Petworth marble, standing on the north side of the choir. The Earl was the patron of Caxton. VI. *William*, 17th Earl, who died 1543. Above this tomb is a tablet to *Henry*, 18th Earl, and

last of the Fitzalans ; he was Field-marshal in the camp at Boulogne and President of the Council. Having vainly sought the hand of Queen Elizabeth, to smother his regret he went to Hungary and fought against the Turks. His sister and sole heiress, Mary, married Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk ; after her death, having abetted his brother-in-law in seeking to marry Mary Queen of Scots, he was sent to the Tower. This earl first introduced the use of coaches in England. In the north vault lies buried his son, *Philip* Earl of Arundel. Earl *Thomas*, who died 1646, was also buried here, and Admiral Lord Lyons (in 1859). There are several brasses : Adam d'Eartham, priest, 1382 ; Agnes Salmon, handmaid to Countess Beatrix, 1430 ; John Baker, priest, 1455 ; W. White, 1419 ; E. Blundel, 1450 ; R. Warde, 1474 ; J. Torre, 1465.

The bridge of wood was erected in the 12th century by Queen Adeliza, and rebuilt in 1742 by the Hon. James Lumley, M.P., principally from the ruins of the hospital for twenty poor bedesmen, the *Maison Dieu*, which was founded by Earl Thomas and Countess Beatrix, and destroyed, with the exception of a portion now occupied as a malt-house, by Sir W. Waller and his Roundheads. The college forms a quadrangle ; on the east was the refectory ; on the south and west were the rooms of the brethren. At the south-east angle of the chapel stood the master's house, communicating with the chapel by a flight of stairs, still remaining. Laying hold of the great ring on the outer door gave sanctuary, which some persons having violated by arresting John Mot, who had claimed the privilege, Bishop Rede ordered them to be cudgelled and to do penance before St. Richard's shrine at Chichester. A neat bridge of three arches here crosses the Arun. The custom-house for Littlehampton is at Arundel. The town-hall was built by Bernard, Duke of Norfolk, at a cost of 9,000*l*. The Arundel and Portsmouth canal, which it took three years to complete, at a cost of 160,000*l*., was opened June, 1823, by the Earl of Egremont and the Corporation. The town has been represented from the 30th year of Edward I. ; but since the Reform Bill it has returned only one member.

## ARUNDEL CASTLE.

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentler senses."

There is a peculiar charm about spots ennobled by genius or historic association, distinct from their natural beauty or the remarkable features of their scenery. Arundel and its vale recalls the names of the two sweetest singers of Sussex—Collins and Charlotte Smith—whilst its castle is inseparably connected with the moving memories of the great feudal lords—the Montgomery, the D'Albini, the Fitzalan, the Mowbray, and that family, the noblest in European peerage, which, in England, ranks only next to royalty itself, the princely Howards. Here are to be found sure and speaking relics of the past, the mute revelation and the living commentary; and the traveller will instinctively trace out some analogy between the scene and those who adorned it, the country and the bards whom it inspired. The town, singularly neat, and remarkable for the regularity of its streets and houses, many of which are timbered and gable-fronted, lies sheltered by the park and woods of the castle, seated on the extremity of a table land inaccessible on the north-east and south-east sides; the broad terrace and fine lines of the modern portion of this Windsor of the southern coast, and the lofty venerable ruins of the round keep, being embosomed in trees. In the foreground rises the steeple of the church, the ancient choir of the college of the Holy Trinity, and the grey walls of its quadrangle, with the winding Arun forming a deep bend below as it enters a broad valley which spreads till it meets the sea. In the distance are the magnificent rounded slopes of two hills, covered with luxuriant woods, and sloping down into a narrow valley, like a pass, whose entrance is closed in by a line of Spanish poplars that appear like tall sentinels on ward. The views from the hills inland, where Turner drew his well-known picture, are equally grand. The discovery of ancient anchors at this spot proves the validity of the tradition

which asserts that the sea once washed the cliff on which the castle stands.

The manor was bequeathed by King Alfred to his nephew, Adhelm, and on the hill was, probably, one of that girdle of camps which can still be traced along the Downs. Out of forty-nine castles enumerated in Domesday, Arundel is the only one mentioned as standing in the reign of William I., who granted it to Roger de Montgomery. William Rufus visited it in 1097; Henry I. laid siege to the castle in 1102, when it was peaceably surrendered, on Robert de Belesme, Roger's heir, a partisan of Robert of Normandy, releasing the castellan and garrison from their fealty to him. The Empress Maud was hospitably sheltered in the castle, July 1139, by the dowager Queen Alice, widow of Henry I. Edward I. was a guest here in Sept., 1302. The castle covers an area of five acres, and the park is seven miles in circuit. The New Park contains 1175 acres.

The greater portion of the castle, 250 ft in length, by 250 ft. broad, was erected by Charles, 11th Duke of Norfolk, who spent upwards of 600,000*l.* in its erection. The material is Whitby freestone. A dungeon remains under the east tower, and there are vestiges of the ancient structure on the south front. The square tower at the north-east angle was commenced in 1791; the north front in 1795. His grace apprenticed young men from his estates in Cumberland, and thus the carpenters, masons, and other artisans were all sons of his own tenants. The baronial hall was commenced in 1806. The entrance to the castle is by a large gateway, 88 feet high, of the Norman style, begun 1809. It is machicolated, and flanked by two hexagonal towers. The great court forms three sides of a quadrangle: the fourth is open to the park. A garden-terrace lines the southern and east fronts. The Norman arch in the centre is flanked by statues of Liberty and Hospitality. The principal apartments are the *Library*, 120 ft. by 24 ft., with eight tall windows, the flooring of oak, the MSS. closet lined with cedar, and book-presses of mahogany richly carved with fruits and flowers. The



chimney-pieces are of Carrara marble. The *Dining Room* 45 ft. by 24 ft., has a window 20 ft. by 10 ft.; it occupies the site of the old baronial chapel of St George. The *Drawing Room* is 54 ft. by 28 ft. The *Long Gallery*, rich and imposing, 195 ft. by 12 ft., is floored with oak, the ceiling groined, and the hangings of crimson velvet. The *Barons' Hall*, 115 ft. by 35 ft., ceiled with Spanish chestnut, was opened, June, 1815, with a sumptuous banquet. Some armour hangs upon the walls. The stained glass of the window, by Buckler, and designed by Lonsdale, represents the Signing of Magna Charta. Eight other windows are filled with effigies of knights. The noble founder survived the completion of his work only a few days. The baronial chapel adjoins the hall. The castle contains a magnificent collection of family portraits and other pictures: Cromwell, by Rubens; Arundel Castle, by Hogarth; two paintings, by Gainsborough; two landscapes, by D'Artois, with figures by Teniers; Cardinal Howard, Earl Thomas, Henry Earl of Arundel, James Lord Mowbray, and Charles I., by Vandyke; Thomas, the 3rd duke, and Christine, Duchess of Milan, by Holbein; Thomas Earl of Arundel and Lady Alathæa Talbot, Henry Lord Maltravers (died 1557), by Vansomer; Thomas Earl of Surrey, temp. Henry VII., by Mather Brown; the Countess of Surrey, by Sir T. Lawrence; the poet Earl of Surrey, by W. Street; Henry, 8th Duke of Norfolk, by H. Gascon; Duke (9th) Edward, by Vanderbank; his wife Mary, by Kauffman; Duke Charles and his wife Catherine, by Opie; Duke Charles, by Gainsborough; Duke Bernard, by Hamilton.

The ruins of the ancient castle are extensive, and protected by a fosse on the north and west. The four hollow towers which surrounded the spacious court-yard, or inner baillie, are dismantled. Of the great hall, erected in the time of Edward III., only the doorway remains. The *Outer Gateway*, 50 feet high, built by Roger Montgomery, is a square building of four stories, under the lowest of which are the dungeons; it communicates with the keep by a raised causeway, which spans the moat and termi-

nates in a steep flight of steps. The arch is of Pulborough stone; the upper story is of the thirteenth century, and was built by Richard Fitzalan with the ransom of his prisoners at Cressy. The west front is flanked by two square embattled towers. The *Barbican* or *Bevis Tower*, oblong, with stout buttressed angles, stands on the north-west side, and is so clad with ivy as to appear like a tall green pyramid. On it the dying warder lay down to give up his brave soul. For many a year the good castellans had given him his weekly fare, a whole ox, two hogsheads of beer, and bread and mustard convenient; and now he would be laid among the pleasant woodlands which he loved so well. He called his squire to his knee, and bade him watch where his sword, which he held in his hand, should fall, and there to dig his grave. Then he seized the faithful Morglay, and thrice having swung it round his head, loosed the blade from his grasp, and it pierced the turf in Pugh Dean. There still the mighty mound of earth shows where Bevis sleeps, near the dark clump of trees which wave above the ruins of the Lepers' Hospital, the oratory of the monks of St. Lazarus, and the hermitage of St. James. But at midnight Bevis again takes his stand upon the barbican and winds his horn, and still the peasant calls his huge waggon-horse by the name of Swallow.

Under the east end of the Bevis Tower is a vault of chalk, 66 ft. by 21 ft. and 14 ft. high: the walls are of chalk. The square machicolated *Well Tower* forms the entrance near the *Keep*, a circular Norman structure, raised above a fosse on an artificial steep circular knoll, its Caen-stone front concealed by rich ivy, and masses of foliage thrown about it by clumps of ornamental trees and garden shrubs. The buttressed walls are 10 ft. thick, and the diameter is, north to south, 67 ft., from east to west, 59 ft. Over the entrance of the keep is seen the window of the garrison chapel of St. Martin. On it, when the mass is sung on Christmas Eve, it is said Sir Roger, the stout earl who fought at Hastings, waves his spectral sword, and at his call the spirits of the Norman dead who fell upon the field

of battle assemble and kneel around him. When the misty moonlight sparkles on the dewy leaves of the trees, and the branches wave and rustle, it needs but little imagination to fancy its rays fall on the spear-point of a pacing sentinel; and that, standing in the precinct of the middle ages, we can hear the tramp of mail-clad knights, the clang of arms, and the sound of martial music. In the centre of the donjon is the outlet for the garrison. A strong netting of wire now covers the keep, which is converted into an aviary for some North American eagle owls. A visitor, who was particularly curious in the history of these birds—which were a present to Duke Charles—was informed by his guide, pointing to one of his charges, “We call him the lord chancellor, and sometimes Lord Eldon, because he is so wise!” The stranger was Lord Eldon himself. The ruin of this fine old castle was effected by the cannon of Sir W. Waller, which he planted on the church tower of Arundel. The building was seized by the Parliament, but retaken in 1643, by Lord Hopton, within two months. On January 6, 1644, after a siege of seventeen days, the castle surrendered; and the learned Chillingworth, who was then a guest here, died soon after of ill-treatment by the savage fanatics of the Commonwealth. Holler engraved a view of the castle before the assault. The keep is shown on Mondays and Fridays. From the top of the ancient stronghold the eye embraces a level landscape and rich flats, reaching for leagues southward;

“Where the golden corn is bending,  
And the singing reapers pass;  
Where the chestnut woods are sending  
Leafy showers upon the grass.

“The blue river onward flowing  
Mingles with its noisy strife;  
The murmur of the flowers growing,  
And the hum of insect life,”

Throughout the park, stored with herds of deer, are beautiful prospects; the bold rise of the Downs, the undulating country, the valley of Pugh Dean winding among

the hills, which end in the marshes by the sea, the hanging beech-woods that fringe Swanbourne Lake, and Arun lingering on his way, will charm the summer wanderer ; and in autumn, when all is harmonious confusion, tints of orange, scarlet, crimson, brown, in the sunset of the year, clothe the deep woods with a silent splendour that makes them seem on fire with a flame that does not burn. But the trees of every season are represented here ; the honeyed sycamore, the round soft alder, the drooping tresses and silky silvery bark of the birch, the branching ash, the spiral larch, with sprays hung with pale purplish cones, the black-green pine, the dark yew, the broad banner-like chestnut laden with blossoms, and the wide-spreading stately monarch of the wood, the oak of England. The triangular tower in the park was built by F. Hiorne of Coventry, and is 50 feet high. So late as 1768, sixty pipes of excellent wine, resembling Burgundy, were made from the vineyards of Arundel.

The visitor will hardly fail to summon up the noble possessors of Arundel. Their names are historic, and their fortunes a romance. Roger de Montgomery, who led the centre of the Norman line at Hastings, was rewarded by his kinsman, William I., with the grant of Arundel Castle, which, on the forfeiture of his outlawed son, Robert de Belèsme, fell to the Crown, 1102, and was conferred as dower upon Adeliza, queen of Henry I. The Dowager Queen of France proclaimed a tournament for all comers, and William, grandson of the first D'Albini, came to Paris to break a lance in honour of England. He unhorsed every knight, and was rewarded with gems of great value, and, to his amazement, with the offer of the royal hand itself. He replied, with all courtesy, that a fair lady—a queen also—awaited his return in England. The indignant Frenchwoman tempted him to enter a dungeon, in which was kept a hungry lion : the undaunted noble thrust his hand into the throat of the beast and tore up its tongue by the roots. He was ever after known as William of the Strong Hand. Returning home, he left Arundel as an inheritance to his sons by his marriage with

Adeliza. When the Empress Maud had found a shelter here, King Stephen proceeded to lay siege to the castle; but Queen Adeliza vowed that she would not suffer her hearth to be violated, and Maud escaped to Bristol. Hugh D'Albini died in 1243. John Fitzalan, Lord of Clun, inherited Arundel by right of his wife. Edmund, the second earl of that line, a partisan of Edward II., was beheaded by the barons at Bristol. Earl Richard fought at Cressy. Richard, tenth earl, son of Eleanor Plantagenet, and brother of the Primate and Lord Chancellor, J. Fitzalan, lost his head at Cheapside in the presence of Richard II., and his spectre ever after haunted the monarch's dreams, so that he would start up in sleep shrieking the name of Arundel. The coheirress of the Fitzalans married Thomas Mowbray, when the title passed to the cousin of the late earl, Earl Marshal, Duke of Norfolk. He was banished on his challenging Henry of Bolingbroke at Coventry, and died at Venice of the plague; his son was beheaded at York for conspiracy against the king. The coheirress of the Mowbray and Fitzalan became the bride of Sir Robert Howard. Mary Fitzalan, the last of the ancient race, in 1580 married Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, fourth in descent from John, the High Admiral who fought at Agincourt and fell leading the van at Bosworth, third in descent from Thomas, General-in-chief at Flodden-field, and grandson of the Earl, husband of Anne daughter of Edward IV., who won Flodden field, and saw his son Henry, the gallant Surrey, poet and hero, die on Tower Hill. Duke Thomas was brought to the block for love of Mary Queen of Scots; Earl Philip, his son, suffered for his faith life-long imprisonment in the Tower; and his grandson, Earl Thomas, the friend of Evelyn, collected the Arundelian marbles and died a sorrowful wanderer at Padua. One barony and three earldoms are held by branches of this family, one of whom, Katharine, was the consort of Henry VIII. To the tenure of the castle is attached the earldom of Arundel, as it was decided in 11 Henry VI. and in 3 Charles I. The earl procured an Act of Parliament confirming this remarkable privilege.

An excursion may be made to *Amberley*. This castle of the Bishops of Chichester is in the form of an oblong, with square beetling towers at the angles, (the grand feature in castles of the period,) and a gateway on the south, set between two projecting round and machicolated towers. The north and west walls stand on sandrock 10 to 20 feet high above the levels. The south was defended by a fosse, constructed by Bishop Rede, in 1377, after the French manner introduced by Edward III. after the battle of Poitiers. The mansion in the inner court, forming the ancient state-apartments, was built by Bishop Sherborne in 1508. Waller and his Roundheads laid the castle in ruins in 1643; still the huge walls retain a stern and solemn grandeur, dark with the storms of centuries, and moss-grown with age. The church is mainly Norman and Early English, the chancel arch being Norman, the south door Early English: some remains of polychrome remain on the walls, and the hour-glass still stands by the side of the pulpit. The tower was built 1320. In the south aisle is the brass of John Wantele, 1424. The village road commands some fine reaches of river scenery and delightful glimpses of the silver windings of the Arun. Two miles from Amberley is *Parham Park* (Hon. R. Curzon). The house was built in the 16th century by Sir S. Palmer, but has been modernized. The upper gallery, 150 ft. by 19 ft., has a carved roof. In the hall Queen Elizabeth dined, 1592, on her progress to Cowdray. There is a fine collection of ancient plate and metal-work, carved ivory, rare china, stamped hangings of velvet, and oriental manuscripts; with an armoury containing some Byzantine mail, which the Greek knights wore at the siege of Constantinople. The pictures include St. John and the Holy Innocents, by Raphael; the Holy Family, by Carlo Maratti; Constable Bourbon, by Titian; Sir H. Wotton, C. Jansen, Lady T. Campbell, by Gainsborough; and Lady de la Zouch, by A. Kauffman. In the park is a heronry, the birds of which migrated from *Michel Grove*, near Arundel. Ancient British canoes, hollowed out of oak-trees, have been found in the neighbourhood of North and South Stoke, and at Burpham.

are strata of the bones of the star-fish. At *Offham* is a small church, with a water-drain, and a fine canopied tomb of the Sayes.

BIGNOR (the North Beacon) is six miles north of Arundel. Here, in 1811, were discovered several large tessellated Roman pavements; they severally represent the story of Ganymede, dancing nymphs, and Cupids performing gladiatorial games. The ground-plan of the principal apartments, the dining-hall (triclinium), ambulatory, and bath-rooms, beside the square courts, can be distinctly traced. In Bignor church is a good Decorated parclose. At *Bignor Park* (J. H. Hawkins) was born Charlotte Smith, the poetess. Six miles northward is *Petworth Park* (Lord Leconfield); the walls are twelve miles in circuit; the house was erected on the site of the old home of the Earls Percy, which their heiress Elizabeth (whose second husband Thynne was murdered by Count Konigsmark), conveyed in 1682 to the ducal family of Somerset; from them it passed to the present owner. The mansion, of an imposing length and height, was built by Charles Duke of Somerset, and added to by George Earl of Egremont. Charles III., 1703, Prince George of Denmark, and the Allied Sovereigns, 1814, have been guests at Petworth. The grand staircase was painted by Louis de Guerra. The collection of pictures is of remarkable extent and value; it includes portraits by Holbein, Tintoretto, Jordaens, Van Eyck, Titian, C. Jansen, Rembrandt, Vandermeer, Lely, Gainsborough, and Reynolds. The most interesting are Catherine Cornaro and Pope Leo X. (Titian); Henry 9th Earl, and Algernon 10th Earl, of Northumberland; Henry Lord Percy; the Earl of Strafford; Frances Duchess of Richmond, Waller's Sacharissa; Lucy Countess of Carlisle, whose charms were sung by the sweetest poets of the court of Charles II. (Vandyke); Ralph Lord Hopton (Vansomer); Charles the proud Duke of Somerset, Macpherson; Marquis of Granby, and Sir Isaac Newton (Kneller); Lord North (Reynolds); Turenne (F. Hals); Cervantes (Velasquez); Lord Chief Justice Coke (Jansen). There are, besides these, fine pictures by Teniers and Q. Matsys: Virgin and Child (Cor-

reggio); Holy Family (Andrea del Sarto); some choice works of Hogarth, Wilson, Wilkie, Hoppner, Calcott, Opie, Romney, Barry, Loutherbrough, Fuseli, Phillips, Leslie, Westall, and Northcote; and landscapes by A. Cuyp, De Vliegers, G. Poussin, Teniers, Hobbema, Claude Lorraine, C. Fielding, and Turner. Hotspur's sword is preserved here. In the dining-room, 60 ft. by 24 ft., and 20 feet high, are some of Grinling Gibbons' richest carvings in wood. In the north gallery are Flaxman's Shepherd Boy, and St. Michael vanquishing Satan; and a bas-relief by Westmacott. Behind the roof is seen the church-spire, built by Sir C. Barry. The church of St. Mary, Perpendicular, has a north chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, and contains an effigy of Sir J. Dawtrey, 1527, and a monument to Dr. Wickens, by Flaxman, and to Lord Egremont, by Bailey. In the neighbourhood are found purple comfrey, *gramen nemorosum*, and *blattaria lutra*.

From Littlehampton, CLIMPING Church can be visited (1 mile south of Ford Station). It is Early English, and cruciform; the roof being of a remarkable pitch: the tower, Norman, stands in the position of a south transept. The whole building is of great elegance; it contains two very ancient oak-chests. At *Leominster* is the very picturesque church of St. Mary Magdalene (Norman and Early English), with a steep roof, and a tower, with a tall shingled spire. In it is buried Mr. Cartwright, some time vicar, died 1824, who assisted Dallaway in the History of Sussex.

The next station westward of Arundel is FORD; near it, half a mile, is *Tortington* Church, mainly Norman, and, less than a mile beyond, is the Early English refectory of the Dominican Priory, now used as a barn. There is also an Early English church near the next station, YATTON, containing a round font of black granite with a cross fitchée in each of the six panels of the arcade which surrounds it. Three miles further is WOODGATE Station for Bognor, four miles south. A walk of moderate length will enable the traveller to visit St. Mary's *Aldingbourne*, Early English, with a font of black marble standing on five supports;



and St. Andrew's, *Tangmere*, also Early English, with some glazed tiles on the chancel floor. The next station is DRAYTON, from which may be visited *Oving* church, Early English and Decorated, consisting of a nave, chancel, and north transept-tower, with a shingled spire.

The next station is CHICHESTER. The city which gives title to an English earldom, was the Roman *Regnum* : it derives its present name from *Cissa*, an Anglo-Saxon prince of the sixth century, and *ceaster* (*castrum*), a camp. The learned Bradwardine, Janen, and the poets Hayley and Collins were natives of the city. Some of the ancient walls remain : the vicar's hall ; the market cross built by Bishop Storey, 1500 ; the Early English chapel of the Grey Friars, now used as the guildhall ; St. Mary's hospital, of the thirteenth century, with its chapel and hall—are the chief objects of interest. Queen Elizabeth visited Chichester August 25, 1551. The cathedral of St. Peter was rebuilt by Bishop Sigefrid, after a disastrous fire which, in 1187, laid in ruins a former church begun, 1114, by Bishop Ralph : the new cathedral was consecrated in 1199. Bishop Neville, 1222-44, commenced the spire and built the chapter-house ; Bishop de S. Leopold, 1288-1304, added the Lady-chapel ; Bishop John de Langton, 1305-36, completed the presbytery, sacristy, the south transept, and bell-tower. The stall-work and reredos were given by Bishop Sherborne.

The cathedral consists of a nave of eight bays, which has four aisles ; a transept with chambers instead of aisles ; a choir of three bays, a presbytery of two bays, both with aisles, and a Lady-chapel of four bays ; a central tower and spire ; a west porch, a south-west tower, and a detached bell-tower on the north side. The latter is Perpendicular, and crowned with an octagonal lantern. The north-west tower was destroyed by Waller's troops. The south-west tower has two good upper stages, Early English, added by Bishop Sigefrid. The south transept has a fine decorated window of seven lights, and a marygold in the gable. The east end of the choir contains three lancet windows with a rose of seven foliated circles in the gable,

flanked by arcaded pinnacles. The tower has in each front two couplets, with a quatrefoil in the head, each under a pointed arch; the spire is octagonal, with spire-lights and two broad bands, the base being flanked with octagonal turrets.

The nave has a vaulting of stone, a triforium of two round arches, and a clerestory of triplets in each bay. In the presbytery the triforium has pointed arches, and the clerestory in the choir consists of couplets. The lateral outer aisles in the nave were added in the time of Henry III. The walls of the south transept are decorated with a series of portraits of English kings and bishops of Chichester, by Bernard, in the 16th century. The organ-screen, of three arches, was the oratory of Bishop Arundel, built 1447. The organ was built by R. Harris, 1678, and added to by Hill. The pulpit and throne are modern. The iron-work of the choir doors is good. In the vestry is a Saxon chest of oak; above is the chapter room. Over the south porch is the ancient treasury and record room. In the Lady-chapel are preserved chalices and heads of pastoral staffs. There are stained glass windows by Wailes, Willement, and O'Connor. The chief monuments are the Norman coped-stones of Bishops Ralph, Sigefrid, and Hilary, in the presbytery; effigy of Bishop Sherborne, died 1536, in the south choir aisle; effigy of Bishop Rickingale, north choir aisle; effigies of Bishops S. Richard, died 1253, and Langton, died 1340; effigies of Richard, Earl of Arundel, and his Countess, 14th century; effigy of Maud, Countess of Arundel, 1279; Collins, medallion by Flaxman; Right Hon. W. Huskisson, statue by Carey, north aisle of nave. Choral service is sung daily at 10 and 4 o'clock.

The cathedral is 380 ft. long; the nave measures 156 ft. by 91 ft., and is 62 ft. high; the choir 105 ft. by 59 ft., and is 60 ft. high; the transept is 131 ft. by 34 ft.; the presbytery is 56 ft. long; and the Lady-chapel 62 ft. by 20 ft. The steeple is 271 ft.; the south-west tower 95 ft.; the bell-tower 120 feet high.

The bishop's and canons' gates, and the palace hall,

were built by Bishop Sherborne; the bishop's chapel is of the time of Henry III. Adjoining the cloisters, which are of three alleys of the 14th century, is a chapel of St. Faith, of the 12th century.

A full description of the church will be found in WALCOTT'S CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, published in this series. The act for the railway from Chichester to Portsmouth, passed August 8, 1845, and the line was opened in July, 1847.

The road from Arundel to Chichester (ten miles) passes within a mile of *Dale Park* (S. Fletcher), and *Slindon House* (Countess of Newburgh), an Elizabethan house built by Sir J. Kempe; the altar-piece in the chapel represents the Descent from the Cross. The house, once the residence of Archbishop Juxon, contains portraits of Lord Derwentwater, Charles II., and the Kempes, by Lely. The church of St. Mary, Early English, contains an effigy of Sir A. Kempe. In a former mansion Cardinal Langton died; and about one mile to the south is Eartham, the residence of the poet Hayley, and afterwards of the Rt. Hon. W. Huskisson. The church, Norman and Early English, contains a monument to Hayley's son by Flaxman, and has a Norman chancel arch. At a distance of two miles from Chichester are the village and noble Benedictine Priory Church of SS. Mary and Blaize, *Boxgrove* (Boxgrave in Domesday), lying between the Arundel and Petworth roads. It was founded as a cell of Lessay Abbey by Robert de Hay, and made denizen by Edward IV. on the suppression of alien priories. The clerestoried choir of four bays, with the aisles and transept are Early English; the central tower (Norman), and one bay of the nave remain. The roof of the choir is painted like that of Chichester Cathedral; that of the north transept being of the time of Henry VII.; the east window is a fine triplet divided by shafts of Sussex marble. There are three stone sedilia, and some ancient tiles remain in the floor; the pillars are round, and support plain pointed arches: each bay of the triforium next the transept is of two lights, divided by a short angular shaft of Sussex marble, with a

quatrefoil in the spandril; but that to the eastward is composed of two slender insulated shafts, the central arch being sharply pointed. Some of the windows are Decorated. The aisles and clerestory have lancets set between bold flying buttresses. On the south-west side of the south transept is a chapel. Considerable ruins of the nave still remain. On the south side are the chantries of Elizabeth Bonville, and Thomas Lord Delawarr (died 1532); on the north side is the tomb of Philippa, Countess of Arundel, wife of Thomas Lord Poynyns. In the aisle are two arches, under which sleep Olive and Agatha, two daughters of Queen Alice the Fair, wife of William d'Albini: there are some remains of the refectory and chapter-house. Thomas Lord Delawarr built Halnaker House ( $\frac{1}{2}$  mile), which is now a mere picturesque ruin. At a distance of one mile north-west is *Goodwood Park* (Duke of Richmond)  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Drayton Station. It derives its name from Godwin, its Saxon lord. The park contains 1214 acres. An interesting memorial which once stood at the entrance gate, the lion figure-head of Lord Anson's ship, the *Centurion*, was given to King William IV. at his Majesty's request. The house is semi-octagonal, the centre being 166 feet long, with a double colonnade; two wings recede each 106 feet in length; the south wing was built by Sir William Chambers, the remainder was added by Wyatt in 1800. The hall contains two bronze curfews from Halnaker and a picture of the Duchess of Richmond by Sir T. Lawrence. The Egyptian dining-room, measuring 45 ft. by 23 ft., was used for the banquet offered in 1814 to the Allied Sovereigns, and that Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh who introduced the famous coal-scuttle shaped bonnet. In this room are busts of the Marquis of Rockingham and Pitt, by Nollekens, and of Wellington by Turnerelli. The library is adorned with pictures by A. Kauffman and Romney. The drawing-room, 35 ft. by 23 ft., is hung with Gobelins tapestry, representing the adventures of Don Quixote, which was presented by Louis XV. to Duke Charles when ambassador at Paris. The chimney-piece, with the story of Venus and Adonis, was carved by Bacon at a cost of 750*l*. The state bedroom

has Gobelins tapestry of the Four Seasons. Two views in London, by Canaletti, adorn the saloon. On the grand staircase is a picture of Charles I., by Vandyke, which was purchased, for 1100 guineas, from the Orleans' collection, in 1806. There are also some of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II., by Lely and Kneller. On the stone staircase are the Judgment of Paris, by Guido; Marriage at Cana, by P. Veronese; the Madonna, by Parmegiano; Charity, by De la Hewe; and a portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, by Lely. The other pictures distributed through the house which are deserving of special mention are—a landscape by Salvator Rosa; portraits of Henrietta Maria, Montrose, and Carew the poet, (Vandyke); William Pitt, (Gainsborough); Lord Anson and the third Duke of Richmond, (Romney); and Charles, the fourth duke, by Jackson.

In the grounds, which are famous for upwards of a hundred magnificent cedars of Lebanon, planted in 1761, is a slab of Purbeck marble, found at Chichester, recording that Cogidubnus, commanding in Britain, laid it as the foundation stone of a temple of Neptune and Minerva; Pudens (possibly the Pudens mentioned 2 Tim. iv. 21) having given the site. The Goodwood races were established in 1802. At West Hampnett, (Hamptonette,) 1½ miles from Chichester, is the church of St. Peter, Early English, with a singular monument of Richard Sackville, and a chantry under the belfry. The Union work-house contains considerable portions of the Elizabethan building, Hampnett Place.

### **BOGNOR (the Rocky Shore).**

Pleasant indeed are the narrow roads lined with hedges full of flowers, and often shaded with fine elms, which stretch away inland from Bognor. The sands, elastic and smooth, reach to Littlehampton, and curve gradually to the sea. On the east the coast winds gently to the left; and, owing to a deep inlet of the sea, the hills above

Brighton have the appearance of a shore entirely separated from that of Bognor, and give completeness to the landscape. To the west Selsea Bill runs due southward, while in the distance are the hills of the Isle of Wight, appearing so near, that he—

“ Who spies the far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishes his foot were equal with his eye  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence.”

Off the shore extends a reef of rocks, curved from east to west, which run two miles into the sea; they are of pyritical granite, and abound in fossil nautili, septaria, rostellaria, lingula, turritella, pyrula, pinna pectrinulus, and philodomum. The rocks, being bare at low-water, they have been imprudently quarried for building the houses, as they formed a fine breakwater, sheltering the shore from injury by storms. Portions of a similar formation appear in the Barn, Houndgate, Street, and Vivan Rocks, following the coast-line to Selsea. There are also some fragments of sandstone cliffs, which even to a recent period guarded the shore with a low ridge.

Near Bognor are found *Frankenia pulverulenta*, and *linophalium luteo-album*. The climate is so mild that the tamarisk blossoms in winter. Sir Richard Hotham, an opulent retired hatter of Southwark, conceived the ambitious idea of founding a sea-bathing place of the most exclusive character, by erecting mansions only suited to the means of wealthy visitors. Between 1786 and 1799, he expended 60,000*l.* upon this design. The Prince Regent, the Princess Charlotte, and the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, patronised “Hothamton;” but after a while it was found necessary to engage the patronage of the general public. A Chapel of Ease was built in 1793, and consecrated as St. John’s Church (E. Miller, P. C.), Jan. 6, 1822. The town is built of rows of red-brick houses, mostly one-story high; while the Crescent, Hotham Place, the Steyne, and Spencer Terrace, line the beach for a distance of nearly a mile; and several detached mansions, Arran and Sudley Lodges, etc., give a picturesque relief to

the more formal buildings. Bognor was made a market-town in 1822. The parish church of St. Mary Magdalene is at *South Bersted* (E. Eedle, V.); built 1405. It consists of a chancel, nave, aisles, a tower with large buttresses, and an obtuse shingled spire.

The lovers of nature will never find the neighbourhood dull; those who find delight in the breeze moving through the branches, and the perfume of new-mown hay and purple-blooming clover; and to whom the sight of the yellow fields of ripening grain is welcome: and there are the sounds of the tinkling sheep-bell, the cooing of the wood-pigeon, the chirp of the grasshopper, the murmur of insect life, the whirr of the dragon-fly, with wings brilliant as those of the humming-bird, and with a body of splendour as metallic; the sweet warble of the bird in the brake; the blithe carol of the soaring lark, and the

“ Singing masons building roofs of gold.”

Or, if the traveller strolls along the glorious extent of sands, ten miles in length, he may watch the diamond and gold of reflected sunshine in the clear transparent waves; the fish leaping, and dimpling their smooth surface; the crisp laughing sound of the rippling tide, with the soft outlines of the clouds; and he may shape their ever-changing forms as they fleet by, into

“ A towered citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon it.”

He may observe the shadows of cloud, and bird, and cliff, floating silently over the sunny hollows of the coming tide, the sway of the gently-rocking boat; or listen to the deep, mysterious, solemn-sounding main, as it sobs, “no rest, no rest.”

“ So shalt thou see and hear  
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible  
Of that eternal language which thy GOD  
Utters, Who from eternity doth teach  
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.”

At a distance of one mile is FELPHAM, Hayley's residence

after giving up Eartham. The poet lies buried here in St. Mary's church ; his epitaph was written by Mrs. Opie. The tower is Perpendicular. In the garth is the monument of Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christchurch. It was in this neighbourhood that Dennis, the critic, and vainest of men, met with an adventure of his own creation. He lived in constant apprehension of the summary vengeance of Louis XIV., irreparably provoked, as he believed, by his play called "Liberty Asserted." This fear was the torment of his existence ; so that being the guest of a Sussex gentleman, and one day strolling along the shore, and seeing a ship in full sail standing in, it appeared to his distracted mind nothing less than a French frigate sent for his surprise, and his host's hospitality was construed into a wily decoy for his betrayal. Without taking leave of his friend, he ran to the nearest inn, hired a horse, and rode off furiously in the direction of London.

Pagham Bank, south-west, is famous for its plovers' eggs : and the Oar lights, nine miles out at sea, often invite an agreeable water-excursion. The neighbourhood of Bognor is particularly interesting to the naturalist ; the creeks, the coppices, and the mud islands are thronged with wild fowl. There are but few species of sea-birds whose habits cannot be studied here : the sandpiper and ring dotterel on the land left by the ebb-tide ; the titterel and pewit, on the swamp ; the tern and the gull—that swan of the deep, wheeling and wavering over the waters ; and the soaring osprey, watching high up in the heavens to swoop upon his prey. Upon the shingle bank at Pagham, the air, forced from some submarine cavern by the sea, rushes bubbling through the pebbles, and makes the waters appear like the surface of a huge caldron, seething, and hissing, for a space of 130 feet long by 30 broad : this phenomenon is known as the Hushing Well. The church of St. Thomas à Becket at *Pagham* is Early English. It consists of a chancel, nave aisles, and transept : the tower has a low, obtuse-shingled, spire : a chantry was founded 1383, in the north aisle. The harbour of Pagham was formed by an irruption of the sea in the 14th century, which overwhelmed 2700 acres.



To the geologist Bracklesham Bay will afford a rich harvest; the soil, of the eocene formation, a light green marly sand, abounds in fossils. It contains sharks' teeth, *cerithium giganteum* and *palæophis typhæus*, a huge sea-serpent, 200 feet long; *cœlorhynchus*, a sword-fish; *myliobates*, gavial, *pleurotoma attenuata*, *voluta latrella*, *turritella multisulcata*, *conus deperditus*, *lucina serrata*, and *nummulites lævigata*.

At Bracklesham is found *Borrera Atlantica*; at Pagham, *Spartina stricta*; at Selsea, *Laurentia obtusa*, *Dianthus prolifer*, and *Leonurus cardiaca*.

The peninsula of SELSEA (the Seal's Isle), once covered by a forest well stocked with deer, presents now a low coast, constantly yielding to the encroachments of the sea, and deeply indented by marshy creeks; while the interior is a tame monotonous level. Bishop Rede excommunicated certain poachers in the forest, with bell, book, and candle. There is now a causeway, in place of a former very inconvenient ferry to Sidlesham. Once, so says tradition, the present church of St. Peter stood in the centre of the district; though now half a mile from the sea. It is of the 14th century, and contains some Saxon coped grave-stones, probably removed from the old cathedral, and a monument of John and Agatha Lewes, of the early part of the 16th century. The tower is incomplete; in the garth is a grave-stone with an epitaph by Hayley. It was here St. Wilfrid established a monastery and taught the art of fishing to the poor famished Saxon heathen, who were destroying themselves by fifties in the sea on his arrival. The ancient cathedral of the first bishops of the South Saxons (711), it is said, lies now beneath the waters; and the Houndgate, Street, Barn, and Park rocks preserve the memory of a long submerged district. Camden relates that the ruins were visible in his day under the waves. The bishop's see was translated to Chichester by Stigand in 1070.

The cruciform church of St. Mary, Sidlesham, is mainly Early English, and contains a Decorated oak chest. The west tower is embattled, the east window of the chancel

has some early Perpendicular additions ; there is a north porch, and the whole building forms a picturesque group. The church of St. Nicholas, Itchenor, Early English, is small, and stands at the north-west extremity of the peninsula. The only other observable places adjoining the coast are Cakeham, with an hexagonal tower, built by Bishop Sherborne ; East Wittering church, containing some Norman portions ; West Wittering of the 13th and 14th centuries, with a detached tower on the north side ; and in the chancel three oak stalls and a sculptured tomb of W. Ernley, who died 1545. The bas-reliefs represent the Annunciation and Salutation. Cynor, near Pagham, is the Saxon *Iccan Ora*. Cymen, *Ælla's* son, landed here, 477 ; hence the place was called Cymen's-Ora (a shore on which a boat can be beached). The pedestrian may cross over Chichester Channel to Hayling Island, and so pass into Hants. The estuaries are frequented by the kite and carrion crow ; lesser white throat, white spoon-bill, mealy red-pole, fork-tailed petrel ; hooper, grey-legged goose, eider and long-tailed duck, black-throated diver, gannet, bernicle, and green cormorant.

The next station to the west of Chichester is BOSHAM (Bosa's Town). The village possesses interest as associated with the recollections of a monastery mentioned by Bede. At a distance of one mile from the station is the collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, founded by Bishop Warewast, and restored in 1852. The style is Early English. The chancel retains its carved stalls, a Perpendicular fine east window of five lancets, and couplets in the side walls. The chancel arch and tower are Saxon work ; the nave has a south aisle, with an Early English crypt beneath. The tower is crowned with a shingled spire. The church contains a monument to Canute's daughter ; a crocketed niche in the north wall containing the effigy is of the time of Edward I. ; the font is Norman. Cardinal Herbert de Bosham was born here, 1178. The sacrilegious Danish pirates bore away in their galleys the sweet-voiced bells of Bosham church, to lay the spoil as an offering before their idol-gods. Slowly their oars rowed the holy burden down

the creek, on which St. Wilfrid once came to preach the glad tidings of the cross. Suddenly the heavens grew black with storm and wind, an awful pall fell upon the face of the water, and when it rolled away no bark was to be seen; fathoms deep she lay with all her guilty crew: but still, on eve and festival, soft and low rises the chime of the buried peal from among the ghastly wreck, mingling in their joyous Benedicite with sea and flood. A Perpendicular building adjoins the church. "Da mihi basium" (give me a kiss), said Earl Godwin to the primate Ægilnoth, and the archbishop extended his hand; but the crafty noble averred that he had asked for Bosham manor. Harold held this manor, and the Bayeux tapestry represents him on his journey to it before he sailed on his fatal visit to Duke William in Normandy. In the neighbourhood are *Chidham*, Early English; *Oring*, with a cruciform church, Early English; *North Mundham*, two miles from Chichester, with a church mainly of the time of Edward III.; St. Mary's, *Appledram*, Early English; near which Ryman intended to erect a castle, and prepared the material, but meeting with opposition, built with the stones the tower that bears his name at Chichester; the Church of SS. Mary and Peter, *Fishbourne*, is Early English. On *Thorney Island*, in Chichester Channel, is a church with a Norman nave.

The next station is at the fishing village of *EMSWORTH*, in Hants. To the north-west is *Stanstead* (Stony Place) *Park* (Mrs. Charles Dixon). The forest contains 1666 acres. The manor formerly belonged to the Earl of Arundel, and there was an ancient mansion built by Lord Maltravers, 1480. It afterwards became the property of Lord Lumley. The present house was built by Talman for Richard, Earl of Scarborough, in 1687; the wings were added by Bonomi and Wyatt. George, Earl of Halifax, its next proprietor, in 1724, had here the honour of twice entertaining royal guests. There are some fine wood carvings by Grinling Gibbons, and a suit of Arras tapestry representing the battle of Wymendaal, which is one of six sets made by order of the Duke of Marlborough and

five of his generals. The house at Up-Park (Lady Featherstonhaugh), was built by the Earl of Tankerville in 1690.

St. John Baptist's, Westbourne, is the last church in the county of Sussex before we enter Hants. The chancel, nave, and aisle, were built by Thomas Earl of Arundel; the tower was crowned with a Chinese-looking spire of oak by the Earl of Halifax. The next station is at the small market-town of HAVANT.

The railway passes by a low and uninteresting district, but we must not forsake our good companion, the reader, till we have landed him at Portsmouth. The line makes a deep southerly bend by Bedhampton and Farlington, as the swampy coast of the deep tidal channels presented engineering difficulties which could only be overcome by a costly expenditure. As he proceeds westward the traveller will not find the fashionable watering-place under the aspect it wears at St. Leonard's or Brighton. A succession of new scenes and varieties, aspects and climate, will open out before him; he must be content, except at rare intervals, to find no opportunities of indulging in those imitations of city pleasures and the gay amusements of the metropolis which the provincial town too often ludicrously attempts to travesty. But if disposed to simpler pursuits, and the native pleasures of the country, his interest will not flag, nor his patience be exhausted. Complete idleness is a weariness to the minds for whom we write. The river-like indents of the sea on the coast of Hampshire, the sheltered bays of Dorset, the soft rich shores of Devon, and the rocky barriers of Cornwall, all have their charm like the, generally, open strands of Kent and Sussex. The mud at the base of the harbour-pier, the deep tide-pool, the surface of the bare rock, the land-locked bay, the slime of stagnant water, the strata of the soil, the weed-strewn sands, the flocks of sea-birds, the relics of antiquity, will furnish employment, and render the day all too brief to the visitor who comes with his microscope, dredge-net, specimen-box, or sketch-book. Unless he brings with him a taste for these amusements, nature will in vain open scenes before him of beauty and sublimity,

and the finest monuments of ancient art, or national interest, will find him insensible to their value and importance.

“ ’Tis the soul that sees; the outward eyes  
Present the object, but the mind describes,  
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise.”

In the very sands and cliffs, science offers a picture stranger than romance, and only dimly to be summoned up before the mind’s eye; not the poetic dreams of elves,

“ That on the sands with printless feet  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune,”

but the great fact of another appearance worn ages since by these southern shores, when the Pterodactyle hovered in the air, the Ichthyosaur made the deep shine, and the Plesiosaur crawled among a tropical vegetation; and yet later, when the stag browsed, and the wolf howled in the forest, the rhinoceros and mammoth crushed the thick underwood of a jungle, the hippopotamus wallowed in the river, and the hyæna raised his ghastly laugh in the dale. The proofs are the bones yet whitening in the cave, and the prints upon the quarried limestone; the latter fact so beautifully applied by a great poet:—

“ Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

“ Footprints, that perhaps another  
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

The change from the border of the monotonous levels of Langston Harbour to the bustle and gaieties of Portsmouth will be most agreeable, and as the traveller, borne rapidly past, catches glimpses of the strong forts and grand ships, he will exclaim, with a sagacious and observant writer, “ocean-cities alone are queens. All inland are but tributaries. Earth’s empire belongs to that Power which sees its shadow in the sea.”



## COUNT



# SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND.

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## HAMPSHIRE.

“ Whate’er of beautiful or new,  
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,  
By chance or search, was offered to his view,  
He scanned with curious and romantic eye.  
Whate’er of lore tradition could supply  
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,  
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.”

A GLANCE at the map of England will show that the principal rivers flow into the sea towards the rising or setting of the sun. With the exception of Sandwich on the Stour, the Cinque Ports stood upon the sea-shore, and Newhaven, on the Ouse, is the only harbour at a river's mouth on the seaboard intervening between the Foreland and Devonshire, which a less inconsiderable stream renders even in degree independent of the sea. In Devon, the Ex, the Teign, the Dart, and the Plym, and in Cornwall, the Fowey and Fal offered estuaries, on the banks of which the building of towns almost necessarily followed ; but the coast of Hampshire stands alone in many important particulars. Its harbours, as well as its rivers, are creeks of the sea, or tidal streams, at Portsmouth, Southampton, Beaulieu, Ly-mington, and even at Christchurch, where the confluence of the Avon and Stour does not produce at ebb or low-water a sufficient depth for the few small craft which it employs. Parallel with the shore from Southampton to Christchurch is the belt of the New Forest, leagues broad, stretching between the sea and the inland portion of the country. And lastly, the eye of every landscape is the English Sicily, the Isle of Wight, forming seaward another parallel line.



That island affords scope for another volume, devoted to telling the story of its Lancastrian king and great feudal lords, and describing the beauty of its chines and undercliff; its central downs and western bluffs at Freshwater; the Castle of Carisbrooke, where Charles I. was a prisoner; the ruins of Quarr Abbey; the legend of God's Hill; the batteries of the Needles; the indented cliffs of Alum Bay; the churches of Newport, where Elizabeth Stuart sleeps under a tomb restored lately by the Queen of England, and of Brading on its hill; the deer-park of Appuldercombe; and the splendour of Osborne; the long pier of Ryde; and the Solent in front of Cowes, studded with the sails of a squadron of yachts, such as no country but England could produce. Such a work, as a GUIDE TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT, is in course of publication by Mr. E. Stanford, Charing Cross, and to its pages we must refer the reader.

The visitor can choose here his mode of travelling, by railway or by the easy conveyance of the steamer, between Portsmouth and Lymington. If he adopts the latter course the scenery is found of the most striking and interesting character. On the one hand are the white cliffs or the wooded shores of the Island; on the other that marvellous succession of varying views afforded by the inequalities of the mainland; a shingly beach and some low cliffs along Stokes Bay to the entrance of Southampton Water, guarded by Calshot Castle; then a low coast, rich in salt-works, sweeping to the south-west and terminating in a long thread-like sand-bank, its point covered by the towers of Hurst Castle and the tall lantern-topped lighthouses, from which, after a slight and abrupt interval, reaching in places a height of 150 feet, the cliffs begin to rise round the shallow bay of Christchurch, while far to the west is seen the dark front of Hengistbury Head.

The basin of the Southampton water comprehends a large portion of the county. The drainage is effected by the rivers Anton, flowing through Romsey, the Itchen, through Winchester, the Usk, through Redbridge, and the Hamble and Titchfield river on the east bank, which all join

this estuary. The New Forest is drained by the Beaulieu river and the Boldre, which enter the sea, the former at Exbury the latter at Lymington. The Dorsetshire basin is drained by the Avon, which flows from Salisbury, and by its union with the Stour forms Christchurch Haven.

From Boldre to Southampton Water the New Forest has a soil resembling Bagshot sand, and peculiarly favourable to the growth of the oak. London clay forms the remaining part of that district, and of the land round Southampton and the whole coast line eastward of the Avon; westward of the latter river the soil is plastic clay.

Days may be spent in wandering or driving through the Forest; every description and contrast of scenery is afforded; tracts covered with gnarled oak and spreading beech; the wild heath, the morass, and the tidal inlet dark with the woods upon its bank; grand distances and close retreats; farm-house, stack-yard, and fields of grain, alternating with downs, green lawns, and pastures. Beside lesser elevations, ridges from the high lands at Cadnam branch off through this tract; one terminates at High Cliff, the other slopes down to the levels between Beaulieu and Lymington. From Redbridge to Hurst Castle, a distance of 26 miles in coast line, there are richly-wooded or cultivated shores, shelving down to the water-side. The land-breeze is soft and balmy, that from the sea fresh and invigorating. The oozy flats and mud-banks on the south-east, which at high water have a depth of about five feet, are covered with *zostera* and a peculiar seaweed, which attracts numerous water-birds: mallards and ducks abound. The sportsman pursues the game with his feet shod with mud-pattens, which are long broad boards attached to the soles of the boot; gravelly beaches are in consequence here called a "hard."

To the west of Hurst Castle the cliffs, so interesting to the geologist from their fossils, are of the tertiary formation, and in process of gradual decomposition by the sea, the land-springs, and the weather. Within this line are moors producing only gorse, but at intervals occur cultivated lands and deep wooded dells, worn by the streams of

centuries, through which brooks still flow into the sea. Remains of salterns may yet be seen within low-water mark, a fact which would suggest a strong doubt whether the inroads of the sea can be of very ancient date. The prevailing soil of the forest is sandy loam. Near King and Minstead the plastic clay affords occasion for numerous brick-pits. In the western part of the forest, midway between Fordingbridge and Rufus' Stone, were discovered, recently, mounds containing vases of an ashy-grey colour, now in the British Museum; these marked the site of extensive Roman potteries. At Sowley Pond the oxide of iron found in the sand was the cause of the establishment of iron-works, which only of late years were suspended. Near Lyndhurst are downlands, and to the north of Beaulieu is a sterile craggy heath. The traveller, however, must be wary of the quagmires, which are covered by a thin crust of soil, with mosses, and marsh plants; their position is ordinarily indicated by poles. In the moist flats, among the rank herbage, in the brushwood, and among the tangles of the fern, is found the black grouse. Of White's thrush only two specimens have been seen in England; one was shot by Mr. Bigg in this forest, the other by Lord Malmesbury at Heron Court. The cry of almost every English bird may be heard here: the whirr of the partridge, the song of the thrush, the wail of the pewit, the cooing of the ring-dove, the whistle of the plover, the note of the cunning lapwing. In spring migratory birds rest on their way inland, in autumn they collect in flocks on their homeward return. In winter aquatic birds from the north visit the shores, where ice seldom freezes the brooks or shallows. The Regni occupied the seaboard when the Romans arrived; Hampshire formed a portion, and Winchester was the metropolis, of the kingdom of Wessex. It was not until after the reign of Henry of Winchester, and then by degrees, that London became the capital city of England. The only state of America which bears the name of an English county is New Hampshire; and New Portsmouth is one of its finest harbours.

The South Coast railway from Brighton enters the

county at *Emsworth*, a hamlet of Warblington, situated at the head of a channel which forms part of Chichester harbour, and opposite Thorney island. Shipbuilding, roperies, and sail-making are carried on by the inhabitants. There is some trade in timber, and an oyster fishery. This is the station for HAYLING (Helyngay Island i. e. Helinga's Isle), where there is a small bathing-place with some good houses. In the north-west is a large round camp called *Tunorbury*, after the Saxon idol Thor. The next station is HAVANT, (Havehunte of Domesday 2 miles) which stands at the head of Langston harbour. The church, dedicated to St. Faith, is cruciform, of mixed architecture Norman to Perpendicular, with a central tower 54 feet high, and north porch. The pillars are circular; there are Norman sedilia in the south transept, and in the north aisle is the effigy of Thomas Aylward, secretary to the munificent William of Wykeham, and rector of the parish. The stained glass in the east window was the gift of Sir T. Staunton. The swing bridge over the channel was erected in 1828, at a cost of 12,000*l*. At LEIGH Park, to the north of Havant, lived Sir George Staunton, bart., author of "Lord Macartney's Embassy." The church of *Warblington* (2 miles west from Emsworth) is said to have been built by two maiden sisters, the co-heiresses of the family of de Warblington. The north side of the nave has simple pillars, 2 feet in diameter and 8 feet high; while on the south side they are clustered, four shafts of Sussex marble surrounding a central pier of freestone. At the east end of either aisle was a chantry. In the south chapel is an altar tomb with an effigy of a lady; and on the north side is an incised slab of grey marble with a similar memorial. There are several ancient stone coffins. The chancel retains a considerable portion of its encaustic floor. Near the church are a Tudor gateway and tower—the remains of the castle of the Montacutes, Earls of Salisbury. It was formerly a square of 209 feet on each side, built of brick and faced with stone. The whole area, consisting of an acre in extent, was girt with a moat ten feet deep. A large advanced work or

camp of five acres, with a rampart eight feet high, and a fosse protected the north angle. Bishop Cotton of Salisbury was born at Warblington; and the Countess of Salisbury, who is buried at Christchurch, was arrested here in 1539.

To the west of Havant is *Bedhampton*. The manor was once held by Elizabeth, widow of John Earl of Kent, who assumed the veil in the agony of grief for her loss. But a gallant and courteous knight, Sir Eustace Dabrishecourt, laid siege to the fair recluse, wooed and won her; and before sunrise on St. Michael's day they were married by a canon of the College of Wingham. The archbishop imposed a heavy penance upon the bride and bridegroom, and they were moreover enjoined to found a chantry in the parish church. She died here in 1411. At *Farlington* church (2 miles south) there is an effigy of a crusader. *Purbrook Park* (J. Deverell) and *Bedhampton Park* are situated between Farlington and Bere Forest; and to the north-west of Bedhampton Park is *Roland's Castle*, called after "Roland the brave," whose ruined tower yet looks down on the Rhine-girt Nonnenworth: the mound on which the castle stood alone remains. The next village is COSHAM, where there is a station. On the south slope of Portsdown, and north-west of Cosham, is *Widley* church, and to the west that of *Wymering*, which exhibits several Norman features. The approach on this side is unpromising, but Hampshire does not mostly consist, as here, of marshy land and monotonous flat. The traveller from Sussex or from Devon will find in it scenes as lovely as any of those on which he has already looked—scenes of peace, sweetness, and beauty, which will revive the heart and make young again the mind of him who arrives from feverish London—scenes full of innocent pleasures, where thought becomes poetic, and feeling devout. The great wave of the German Ocean, which swept over Lionesse and Lomea; or the more terrible power which sundered Kent from Picardy, and so gave to England an impregnable sea-wall, and disunited from Hampshire that island which lies now anchored at its side, the fairest part of fair England, the lovely miniature of the most delicious landscape, com-

bining the grandest sea-views with the verdant downs and wooded heights of neighbouring counties, and which form a roadstead, secure and tranquil, before the harbour, of Portsmouth.

The railway soon after leaving Cosham, crosses the lines of *Hilsea* and terminates at

## PORTSMOUTH;

“ A broad-armed port,  
Where laughing at the storm brave navies ride.”

From Portsmouth to London the journey occupied two days in the times of the roundabout, and flying diligences; and in 1820 was not accomplished under ten hours. The South-Western Railway is  $94\frac{1}{2}$  miles long; but express trains by the direct line, opened in 1859, perform the journey in one hour and three quarters.

This place offers a superb idea of the maritime power of this country, whose marriage ring is the sea, and whose position is the heart of the modern world. All that was to be seen at Tyre, or is read of in history, here appears united in one grand point, a common centre of commerce and correspondence with all parts of the globe, all lands being laid under tribute to increase the strength, riches, and prosperity of Great Britain. Great is her blessing; her responsibilities are proportionate to her duty of being a faithful steward for Him whose will has created her power. The view of Portsmouth from the sea is remarkably imposing; it includes the cupola of St. Thomas's, the spires of St. Jude's and Trinity Church, with the towers of the semaphore and dockyard, the fine groups of trees along the ramparts reaching from Pembroke Bastion to the East Bastion, the green slopes of the glacis, the grey walls of the moated lines, which would take 14,000 troops to man, and the white gleaming forts at the mouth of the harbour, with Southsea Castle in the foreground. Behind, over the dense masts of the men-of-war, resembling a northern forest in the leafless winter

rise in soft swells the pale blue ridges of Portsdown with Porchester Castle, grey in the distance, crouched at its feet, the glittering water covered with every variety of moving craft. Strong defences, vast and majestic ships, stupendous engines, the fruits of mechanical genius, are the features of an unrivalled landscape, to which no other seaport can offer a parallel, while the extent and magnificence of this great national establishment afford the highest illustration of the enormous wealth and still mightier energies of England.

The town has been steadily increasing during the present century.

	Area in Statute Acres.	1841			1851		
		Houses.			Houses.		
		Inhab.	Uninh.	Balldg.	Inhab.	Uninh.	Bldg.
Kingston .	..	2,465	153	6	3,452	169	64
Portsea .	..	2,703	272	4	2,688	142	1
Portsmouth }	7,806	1,094	93	2	1,081	54	..
Landport .	..	3,627	253	31	5,608	349	107
Alverstoke.	5,222	2,339	259	8	2,851	101	58

## POPULATION.

	1801	1811	1821	1831	1841	1851
Kingston .	..	..	..	..	12,170	17,696
Portsea .	..	..	..	..	14,768	17,735
Portsmouth }	33,226	41,587	46,743	50,389	8,893	9,897
Landport .	..	..	..	..	17,227	26,798
Alverstoke.	11,295	12,212	10,972	12,637	13,510	16,908

The harbour, an inlet of the British Channel, four miles deep, and reaching 16 miles from Fareham to Fishbourne, is divided by the alluvial islands of Portsea (Port's Isle) and Hayling, into three parts, that on the west being the harbour of Portsmouth; the middle portion forming Langston harbour; and the easternmost separated by Thorney and Pilsey Islands, into Emsworth Channel, famous for oysters, and Chichester harbour. At a mile and a half from the entrance of the port, the main channel is subdivided into three branches, leading severally to Fareham, Porchester, and Portsbridge. The mouth of the harbour is two miles wide between Fort Monkton and Southsea Castle; the actual entrance being about one furlong across. Between Gosport and the Dockyard its width is half a mile; further inland it expands to a breadth of three miles, and contains Pewit, Horsea, and Whale Islands. A first-rate can enter the port at almost any time of the tide. It is the finest harbour in England, with the exception of Milford Haven; and the Isle of Wight forms a natural breakwater to shelter the anchorage of Spithead. Up the creeks are found larks; the cross-bill and snow-bunting occasionally; but widgeons, wild ducks, teal, and curlews abound.

The Roman title of the Great Port, or the Chief (Porta) of some Saxon invaders in 501, gave origin to the present name of the town. Cattle from the west, coals from the north of England, corn and provisions from Ireland, eggs and game from France, timber from the Baltic, foreign fruits and the wines of Sicily and the Peninsula, employ upwards of two hundred sail of trading vessels, while steamers ply for conveying passengers to the west of France and Ireland. The island of Portsea is famous for its productive soil, brocoli arriving at a great size, and the vine bearing grapes of fine flavour. In the island, as in Ireland, the folks say that no reptile is to be found.

*Portsmouth* with Portsea, had in 1851, a population of 55,000. The town is not mentioned in Domesday, nor are Gosport, Petersfield, or Lymington. Christchurch and Romsey were then mere villages. Portsmouth was incorporated



5 Ric. 1, May 2, 1191. The latest charter was given by King Charles I.; but the place is now governed under the enactments of the Municipal Reform Act. Between 1768 and 1775, the town was paved at a cost of 9,000*l*. The arms of the town are—Azure, a crescent in chief, an estoille, or. The borough has returned two members to Parliament since the year 1298. It was the birthplace of Jonas Hanway, (Aug. 12, 1712,) to whom the foundation of the Magdalen Asylum and Marine Society are mainly attributable, and of Charles Dickens. The town gave the title of Duchess to the notorious Louise de Querouaille, 19th August, 1673, and of Earl to John Wallop, Viscount Lympington, 11th April, 1743.

In 1101, Duke Robert of Normandy landed here to dispute the crown with Henry I. On September 23, 1114, Henry I. sailed from this port. In 1123, this king kept Whitsunday here. In March 1170, Henry II. landed at this port, and appointed a general rendezvous of the fleet; the ships assembled in May 1177, but were shortly after dismissed. On February 11, 1140, the Empress Matilda, with her brother, Robert Earl of Gloucester, disembarked here, and on May 12, 1190, Richard I. sailed from Portsmouth with 100 ships, for the last time beholding his native shores. King John and his Queen embarked here for Normandy, May 1201; the king landed here from Barfleur, December 7, 1203; it was in his reign that a fleet was first stationed at Portsmouth. The inhabitants sent three casks of wine to Henry III., as an inducement to his compliance when they entreated him to direct the judges of assize to visit the town. On April 30, 1233, the king sailed hence for Brittany, but before embarking he grossly insulted the aged Hubert de Burgh, and charged him with being the pensioner of the French, or in their pay. Indeed, it was only the interposition of the arm of the Earl of Chester, which prevented the young king from stabbing that loyal subject to the heart. In this reign persons were permitted to embark only at the ports of Dover or Portsmouth. On May 15, 1242, Henry III. and Queen Eleanor sailed for Guienne, and the king was here in August 1253:

On September 25, 1245, the king landed here. On August 6, 1253, he embarked and sailed with a fleet of 300 ships. Edward I. was here for a month in 1294; Edward II. in 1324-5 and 6. Edward III. sailed from Portsmouth June 4, 1346. In March 24, 1337, the French galleys under Sir Nicholas Bahuchet, carrying English ensigns, landing their crews, and burned almost the whole town, with the exception of a few houses, the church of St. Thomas, and the Maison Dieu. A similar disaster befel the town in September 1369, and again in 1372; so that the king was compelled to remit tax and farm-rent to the inhabitants. Two years after the townsmen crossed the Manche, entered the Seine, sunk four ships at Havre, and burned the admiral's yacht, returning home with several prizes and a rich booty of wine and valuable bales. In May, 1383, the Bishop of Norwich sailed from this port, after being detained a month by stormy weather, while five French balingers cruised between the harbour and the Straits, to cut off his supplies and reinforcements. This sight so provoked the sailors of Portsmouth and Dartmouth, that they went to sea, engaged the enemy, and slew the crews, with the exception of nine men. Richard II. here saw the Duke of Lancaster embark his army to claim the crown of Castile, July, 1386.

On April 9, 1445, Margaret, consort of Henry VI., landed at Porchester during a terrific thunder-storm; but the loyal villagers strewed the streets with rushes, and cheered lustily. The royal lady proceeded to the Maison Dieu, in Portsmouth; and on April 10 she was rowed in a galley to the Maison Dieu, Southampton, where she fell ill. On April 22 she was sufficiently recovered to stand as King Henry's bride at the altar of Titchfield Abbey. On January 9, 1450, Adam de Moleyns, Bishop of Chichester, was assassinated by some shipmen in a hostelry here, by order of the Duke of York, because, the bishop, discontented with the state of public affairs, had resolved on going beyond sea. In 1475, 30,000 men were reviewed on Southsea Common. In 1545, the French king, Francis I., having equipped a fleet of 200 sail, besides galleys, an

expedition, under M. D'Annebaut, sailed for Portsmouth, to prevent succours being thrown into Boulogne. On its arrival at St. Helen's it encountered an English fleet of 100 sail, commanded by Lord de Lisle, which, under the eyes of Henry VIII., who watched the action from Southsea Castle, cannonaded them during two days, and endeavoured to decoy them among the shoals. The *Mary Rose*, Captain Sir George Crew, was overweighted with her armament, and sank with her commander and 600 of her crew. In 1552, King Edward VI. visited Portsmouth. The British navy then comprised 7,780 men of every class; with two ships at Deptford, one at Woolwich, and at Portsmouth 53, besides galleys, pinnaces, and row-barges.

In July, 1554, Howard, the Lord Admiral, sailed to join the fleets of Spain and the Netherlands, and escort Philip II. to his marriage with Queen Mary. Prince Charles landed here from his Spanish journey October 10, 1623. The fleet for the relief of Rochelle had its rendezvous here. On November 10, 1641, Queen Henrietta, consort of Charles I., intended to escape from this port to France. The fleet declared for the Parliament, and Portsmouth was lost to the King; but it was one of the first towns which reasserted its loyalty at the Restoration. On January 9, 1661, the Queen entered the town in state with the King and the Princess Henrietta, intending to embark in H.M.S. *London*; but the Princess becoming ill on leaving the harbour, the Queen ordered the ship to be put about, when the *London* grounded on the Horse Sand, and the Princess remained at Portsmouth till January 26. On May 13, 1662, Katharine of Braganza arrived here in H.M.S. *Royal Charles*, accompanied by fourteen men-of-war, and was received with royal honours. The Queen took to her chamber, suffering from a feverish cold, and her graceless bridegroom did not arrive till 3 P.M. on May 20. Their indecently performed nuptials—a burlesque on a solemnization of matrimony—were enacted next day; and on the 27th they left Portsmouth. Charles II. visited the town Oct. 4, 1664, and on July 13, 1671, he sailed from it, to inspect a new fort at Plymouth. In April, 1672, the King arrived

with the Duke of York to hasten the fleet's departure for the Downs, as it was reported that the Dutch were at sea. In June, 1677, De Ruyter made a fruitless demonstration before the place. The ships here in 1684, were three first-rates, as many second-rates, thirteen third-rates, five fourth-rates, three fifth-rates, one sixth-rate, and ten fire-ships. After the Revolution, Portsmouth became the great naval station of England.

In September, 1685, James II. visited the port during a royal progress through South Hants. On November 17, 1688, he sent hither his eldest child, Prince James, with the Marquis and Marchioness of Powys, under an escort of Irish and Scotch Dragoons, on their way to the Continent; but, after considerable delay, the young prince was taken back to Whitehall, December 2. James II. desired Colonel Beaumont, of the Duke of Berwick's regiment, then quartered here, to receive certain Irish contingents: on his refusal, he and five captains were thrown into prison; from which they were set free after the King's abdication. In September, 1684, the Princess Anne and Prince George of Denmark reviewed the fleet at Spithead. The distinction between the navy and army was not more strict in those times than in the Russian navy at present. Lord Monmouth, in 1690, then commanding a regiment here, importuned the Queen to give him a flag-ship; and he was refused, not because his request was unreasonable but that his fidelity was doubtful. William III. visited Portsmouth, May 16, 1693, to thank Admiral Herbert, of H.M.S. Elizabeth, for having interrupted a French fleet conveying supplies to James II. in Ireland. In 1692 he was here, to review the English and Dutch fleets under Sir Charles Rooke; and on February 16, 1693, to hasten the fitting out of a fleet of fifty-two sail, which Admiral Russell took to sea on May 3. In 1694, twelve regiments of the line and two of marines were assembled here under Tollemache, who was defeated June 8 near Brest, in a descent on the French coast. On October 15, 1701, the Edgar, 74, just returned from the North American station, blew up at Spithead with 800 persons on board. On June

2, 1702, Prince George of Denmark here reviewed the fleet. The Newcastle was lost in a storm at Spithead, November 26, 1703. On December 23, 1703, Prince George received here Charles of Austria, a candidate for the Spanish crown, who re-embarked four days after. On March 18, 1750, the shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt. On November 17, 1759, the remains of the illustrious Wolfe were landed here with due solemnity and honours.

In 1773, 1778, and 1794, King George III. reviewed the fleet. On June 22, 1773, attended by his ministers and the French ambassador, he was received at Portsea Bridge by Major-General Parker, who delivered up the keys of the garrison; on passing Landport Gate there was a triple discharge of 232 guns from the ramparts, blockhouse, and Southsea Castle. At the Commissioner's house all the men employed in the dockyard were assembled to cheer his Majesty, and then somewhat ungraciously dismissed to their work. The King was, however, delighted with his reception, and said—"I do not mind abuse—I am grown accustomed to it, but I own these sentiments of applause touch me." After a levee at the Governor's house, he embarked in a barge for Spithead, where lay the fleet of 20 ships of the line, two frigates, and three sloops, moored in two lines; and they fired a salute and manned yards. The King dined every day on board the *Barfleur*, 90, at 3.30, and on his proposal of the Queen's health the whole fleet fired a salute. On June 26, he left 2,000*l.* for distribution to the poor, the workmen, and the ships' crews of the royal yacht and *Barfleur*. On July 5, 1776, H.M.S. *Marlborough* blew up in the harbour. On May 2, 1778, George III. and his Queen arrived at the dockyard under an escort of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and on the following day attended Divine service at the Garrison chapel. On May 5, the King inspected the new fortifications at Portsea, and left for London, May 9. It is scarcely credible, and the House of Commons spoke audibly their displeasure at the fact, that the fleet of observation under Admiral Keppel, was detained for this idle review, while a French fleet had

actually left Toulon. In June, 1794, the King stayed here five days, and presented Lord Howe, in the Queen Charlotte, who had brought in six French prizes, with a diamond-hilted sword; and Sir A. Hood, Admiral Gardiner, and Sir Roger Curtis with gold chains. On another day the King witnessed the launch of the Prince of Wales. On the following day he cruised towards the Needles in H.M.S. Aquilon, Captain Stopford, but, owing to the wind failing, she grounded off Cowes, so that his Majesty was compelled to land in her boat. On June 30, he sailed in the Niger for Southampton. In 1756, Admiral Byng was shot in the harbour, on board of H.M.S. Monarque, by the sentence of a court-martial intended to screen the incompetency of the government of Fox and the Duke of Newcastle. The Admiral desired to die with his eyes uncovered; but as his intrepid look might have daunted the marines, he consented to be blindfolded, and on his dropping a handkerchief five musket-balls passed through his body. Having been appointed to an ill-conditioned and slender force for the relief of Minorca, he found the island already captured, and an overwhelming French fleet lying there; he, however, engaged the enemy at sea—the Ministry said languidly—and, to secure themselves for their neglect, they sacrificed him. Byng was put under arrest at Spithead on July 3, 1756, and sentenced in December.

On August 19, 1781, where a red buoy is now laid down, H.M.S. Royal George 108, bearing the flag of Admiral Kempenfelt, which had just returned from the West Indies, sunk at her anchors. She was the best sailer, carried the tallest masts, the squarest canvas and heaviest metal,—28, 48, and 52-pounders—in the service, and Lord Anson, Boscawen, Rodney, and Hawke, had severally commanded her. In the hurry of repairing her keel, for which she was heeled over, the carpenter, finding it necessary to strip off the sheeting lower down, to arrive at the leak, she was laid still more over. The lower ports were open, when at 10 a.m., a sudden squall from the north-west threw her port broadside on the water, and she filled and went down in three minutes. In addition to the crew, many persons

from the shore were on board, so that nearly 700 lives were lost. Boats from the fleet put off, and saved 300 souls, including Captain Wrangham, and the late Admiral Sir Philip Durham. A sheep swam on shore with a living infant holding by its fleece. The bodies washed on land were buried along the beach at Ryde.

“ Toll for the brave! brave Kempenfelt is gone,  
His last sea-fight is fought; his work of glory done.  
His sword was in its sheath, his fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down, with twice four hundred men.”

In 1817, Mr. Ancell, of the Dockyard, reported that it was impossible to destroy the wreck; but, in 1839, Colonel, now Sir C. Pasley, R.E., succeeded in removing a great portion of it.

In 1794, *L'Impetueux*, 74, one of Lord Howe's prizes on the glorious 1st of June, was burned in the harbour to the water's edge. On May 1, 1795, *H.M.S. Boyne*, 98, lying at Spithead, while the wind was blowing from the south-west, appeared in flames, as from 11 A.M. till 5 P.M., she slowly drifted from her moorings. Her lower-deck guns were shotted, and the balls fell round Southsea Castle, some reaching Stoke's Bay; but amid the terrific conflagration, a few fool-hardy men, occupied in stripping off her copper, were destroyed when the fire reached the magazine, and the ship exploded with a shock that was felt in the town itself. Her crew escaped, after the most gallant exertions to save the ship. The *Boyne* white buoy still marks the fatal spot. On October 19, 1799, *H.M.S. Impregnable*, 98, was lost on the Woolsner Sands. On Nov. 30, 1811, the shock of an earthquake was felt here. On June 22, 1814, the Prince Regent and the Allied Sovereigns, with the Dukes of York and Clarence, and Blucher, visited Portsmouth. On the 25th, the fleet of fifteen sail of the line, and as many frigates, performed the manœuvres of a naval review at Spithead, the illustrious visitors inspecting it on board the Royal Sovereign yacht. Byron was here in 1813. In Aug., 1815, lay off Portsmouth the *Bellerophon*, Captain Maitland, the prison

ship of Napoleon, who was transferred to the Northumberland, Admiral Sir George Cockburn, for the voyage to St. Helena. King George IV. visited Portsmouth September 18, 1820, and embarked for Ireland August, 1821. On Feb. 28, 1854, the Scots Fusilier Guards, on their way to embark for the Crimea, were attended by the men of two regiments as a voluntary escort from the railway station to their troop-ship. Truly, during the period of the entire campaign was Camden's remark verified, that Portsmouth, if dull in peace, was busy enough in war. Nor could there be a more touching contrast than was presented by the frequent meeting of the long lines of gallant soldiers on their way to embarkation in the dockyard, with the fatigue parties carrying the closely-curtained litters or stretchers, on which were borne brave officers, and wounded men, heroes who had done their duty well, and were come home most of them crippled for life, and too many only to die. Yet many a pale face was seen to beam with enthusiasm, and many a wasted hand waved a God-speed to those who were going with a good heart to fill up their vacant places. Those who now see with admiration and astonishment the noble port, the vast batteries, the teeming arsenal, and crowded quays of Portsmouth; its estuary filled with gallant ships and floating castles moving by invisible force, its huge dry-dock roofs sloping down to the water's edge and covering the frames of new leviathans, cannot fail to be impressed with such signal instances of the national progress, intellect, energy, and the mighty spirit of invention.

The period at which Portsmouth was founded is unknown; and for centuries it was little more than an outlying member of the harbour of Southampton, and far exceeded in the number of its ships by Hamble, Lymington, and the Isle of Wight. The retirement of the sea from Porchester induced the inhabitants to remove to the Port's-mouth. On Dec. 12, in the first year of the reign of Richard II., a patent roll sets forth that, "Forasmuch as the town is in great peril, and not defended



with walls or turrets, or in any manner enclosed," the townsmen had undertaken to commence a line of fortifications, and for that purpose had resolved to devote the fourth part of the rents of all their tenements to the works. The king granted to them the customs for six years, the duties varying from 4*d.* to 8*d.*, according to the value of the imports or exports. Four years afterwards the royal license was issued to the men of Plymouth to fortify their town with a wall of stone and embattle it. The fortifications continued during the reigns of Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., at the instance of Bishop Fox, and Henry VIII. Leland has left us a description of the harbour in 1548. At the entrance, upon either shore, was a great round tower, as at Fowey and Dartmouth, with an iron chain to command the navigation. A quarter of a mile further up lay the wreck of the *Henry Grace Dieu*, the huge ship which carried our English Blue Beard to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. From the east tower began a mud wall, and a ditch, mounted with brass ordnance, which continued S.S.E. (that is, to the Point gate), and was the chief defence. Another similar wall, a mile in circuit, with a ditch, completed the protection of the town on the east side. In the south part of the town Henry VIII. built three great brewing-houses, and stores for the fleet. The town was little frequented in peace time. Carpenter erected a town-hall in the middle of the High Street, almost rebuilt in 1793, but now happily removed. There are letters extant from Cardinal Wolsey, which direct the fleet at this port to be armed with brass guns from Biscay. In 1552, Edward VI. informed Fitz-Patrick that he found "the bulwarks chargeable, the rampart massy, but ill-fashioned, ill-flanked, and set in remote places; the town with fair and large closes, and much vacant room;" and that he had "devised two strong castles on either side of the haven." On the north-east side was a wooden gate (near the present Town Mount Bastion), adjoining a mound of earth fortified with a ditch and cannon to secure the land side. In the reign of Elizabeth, the proceeds of a state lottery were applied to strengthen the defences, and guards were care

fully set. In 1586, the defences were composed of the Mount at the gate, Vocke's, Guy's, East, Four House, Greens, and three new stone bulwarks. In 1623, these fortifications were mounted with the following brass ordnance:—2 cannon, 5 culverins, 1 demi-culverin, 1 saker, 3 mynions, 4 port-pieces, 8 chambers; and these iron guns—1 culverin, 42 demi-culverins, 12 sakers, and 2 bombard-balls. Southsea Castle was mounted with 1 brass falcon, 2 demi-culverins, 3 sakers, and 1 mynion.

The entire defence of the south coast in 1586 consisted of the following forts and armaments:—Dover, with a basilisco, and 41 cannon of all sorts; Archcliffe, 13; Moat's bulwark, 6; Sandown, 24; Deal, 5; Walmer, 1; Sandgate, 7; Camber, 10; Calshot, 14; Hurst, 23, and a basilisco; Sandfoot, 10; Portland, 13; Plymouth Fort, 15; St. Nicholas, 18, and a basilisco; St. Mawe's, 10; Pendennis, 29; and St. Michael's Mount, 6. Each "institution," or garrison, was officered by a captain, whose pay ranged from 20*d.* to 3*s.* a day, a re-scourer, a lieutenant, master-gunner, and porter, in most cases with the pay of 8*d.* to 12*d.* a day; the common men received 6*d.* a day. At Portsmouth the governor received 10*s.* a day. In the garrison were 5 officers, 120 soldiers, and 29 gunners: at Southsea, 10 men; while at Plymouth the captain was allowed 103*l.* a year to maintain the garrison, which consisted of 5 officers, 16 corporals, 9 gunners, and 46 boatmen. At Dover, the entire force numbered 8 officers, 9 gunners, and 31 men, while Pendennis had 49 men. In 1603, the surveyor of works at Portsmouth received 1*s.* 4*d.* a day. In 1654, there were only six men-of-war at Portsmouth, the largest, mounting 50 guns, had a complement of 250 men. In 1779, the garrison for Portsmouth and Gosport was composed of the 41st Invalids and four battalions of militia. Charles II. continued the works, and James II. erected covered batteries,—Parliament having voted 6937*l.* for the purpose in 1679. Within fifty years after the great wars of William III., the naval establishment, the military fortifications, and population had greatly increased. The name of the principal street in Portsea, called after Queen Anne, fixes

its own chronology; but it was not until the year 1792 that the thickly-set houses, which had been once scattered, few and far between, on the gorse-covered Portsmouth Common, were recognised by act of parliament as the town of *Portsea*. In 1750, the lands on which stand Portsea Lines were purchased; the lines were commenced in 1770, and completed in 1809. In July 1813, Parliament voted 90,000*l.* for fortifications at Hilsea and Portsmouth. During the French war, the half-way houses had expanded into the suburb of *Landport*. A Mr. T. Croxton, of Croxton, commenced to build three terraces, designing to form a town which should bear his own name. At *Mile End* is the *Royal Hospital*, the first stone of which was laid by the Prince Consort, Sept. 27, 1847.

*Southsea*, about the same period, became a considerable town, and in 1816 rose into a favourite watering-place. *King's Terrace* was the earliest range of good houses, and contains a niched statue of George III., by Mr. Hellier, of the Dockyard, erected, in 1809, in commemoration of the fifty years of that king's reign—an event which gave name to the adjoining *Jubilee Terrace*. The *King's Rooms* (so called after King William IV.), 80 feet long, contain a fine ball and reading room, 45 ft. by 35 ft., and 17 feet high. The *Clarence Esplanade*, along the shore, is due to the exertions of Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, when Lieut.-Governor, who gave the statues of Wellington and Nelson, by Milligan, to the mayor and corporation, June 18, 1850, in the presence of Viscount Gough. Adjoining them is an anchor of the *Victory*, which marks the spot where Nelson embarked on Saturday, Sept. 14, 1805, at two P.M., with Mr. Canning, before he sailed for his crowning victory of Trafalgar. He endeavoured to avoid the crowd at the stairs; but a large number of people gathered to look on that noble face, some cheering, some kneeling and blessing him as he passed on, and many weeping. "Hardy," he said, "I had their huzzas before, I have their hearts now." On the common is a graceful Gothic pillar of Portland stone, by Truefitt, with lamps, erected as a testimonial to Lord F. Fitzclarence. On the common, Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham,

was hung in chains. A Russian gun on the esplanade is observable.

*Southsea Castle* was one of Henry VIII.'s coast defences, built 1539, and surrounded by Charles II. with a star fort, which blew up, Aug. 23, 1759. Parliament granted 6937*l.* for repairs, which were made in 1814. It was greatly strengthened in 1850. In it Edward VI. rested for one night. On Saturday, Sept. 3, 1642, the captain in charge, Challiner, had only a guard of twelve men; when at midnight the walls were scaled by eighty rebel musketeers, who mastered the place, and turned the guns on Portsmouth; the town capitulated next day. The lighthouse was built in the autumn of 1855. There is a 10-inch gun mortar battery to the west, and a practising-battery on the east side. Behind the former, a monument, completed June 18, 1857, has been erected to the memory of those who, from sickness or wounds, incurred during the Crimean war, died at Portsmouth. Midway between the auxiliary battery and the castle, a monster wrought-iron gun, the gift of Horsfall, of Liverpool, which measures 16 feet 6 inches in length, with a circumference at the muzzle of 7 feet 1½ inch, has been mounted on a concrete bed 7 feet deep. The gun weighs 22 tons, its shot 3 cwt., and the service charge of powder is 78 lbs. It was placed in position, Sept. 1, 1858. Albert Durer, pictured the alarms of Christendom at Turkish aggression by a representation of the monstrous cannon, conveyed on thirty coupled waggons, and drawn by sixty oxen, with which Mahomet II. battered the walls of Constantinople. By the erection of this huge weapon at Southsea, the age appears, with regard to artillery, to revive the old prejudices in favour of magnitude and volume. A lighthouse has been recently erected.

At the foot of the High Street are the Queen's Stairs, the old *Semaphore Tower*, built by Edward III. Before the *Maison Dieu* was dissolved, it was part of the governor's house, and on it is a bust of Prince Charles, who landed here Oct. 10, 1628. The telegraph was removed to the dockyard when the port-admiral's residence was

changed to that place. In 1793, M. Chappe invented the telegraph. Working models, executed at Frankfort, were sent by Mr. W. Playfair to the Duke of York and in May 1817 the government established this mode of making signal exchanges by means of a figure resembling the letter T, on a chain of stations between London and Portsmouth. The fire-cage on Portsdown Hill, and the beacon, were previously the only means of communication. In 1839, the first electric telegraph was introduced on the Great Western Railway. Addison, in the "Guardian," No. 119, had, however, republished the hint of that invention given by Strada, in the sixteenth century. The Marquis of Worcester, in 1663, and M. Amonton, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, had also suggested a more complicated method of signals. Outside is the *Victoria Pier*. From the sallyport, Sir Walter Scott, who had been staying at the Fountain Hotel, took boat, Oct. 29, 1831, for H.M.S. Barham, in which he vainly tried to recruit his health by a voyage up the Mediterranean. Lord Byron landed here from H.M.S. Volage, July, 1811.

**FORTIFICATIONS AND RAMPARTS.**—The adjoining battery is *The Platform*, or *Saluting Battery*; below it is the *Grand Parade* and *Main Guard*, with the *Garrison Chapel*. In 1726, the works of Portsmouth were manned by a garrison of one hundred invalids. Towards the sea is the *Spur Redoubt* (an outwork with two ramparts meeting in an angle); the lines here meet the *King's Bastion*, on which the garrison flag is hoisted, and where the sunrise and sunset gun is fired. A cannon from the *Royal George*, removed by G. Dean, in 1834, and four guns of *L'Impetueux*, taken by Lord Howe, are mounted here. The Bastion is a work composed of two flanks and two faces, the latter forming a salient angle projecting into the country, the side (or gorge) towards the town side being hollow; the connecting-wall between the bastions is the "Curtain." Before the Bastion is the *King's Counter Guard*, an outer work to prevent the breaching of the bastion or ravelin. On the town side is the *Governor's Green*: the road to Southsea lies over the *Spur Bridge*,

and through the *King's Ravelin*, i. e., an outwork forming a salient angle in front of the Curtain: the scarp is the inner, the counter-scarp the outer and parallel wall on either side of the ditch. The ramparts now bend eastward, and are defended by *Pembroke* and *East Bastions*, with *Montague Ravelin* intervening, and a noble range of elms lining the ramparts. The East Bastion bears the date and name, W. Legge, 1679. Between *East* and *Town Mount Bastions* is the *East Ravelin*. The grassy slope towards Southsea is technically called the "Glacis." The embrasures are the deeply-splayed openings in the breastwork of the rampart, through which the guns project. Across the next, or *Landport Ravelin*, the Landport road passes, under *Landport Gate*, of rustic work, built in the time of George III.; the ramparts now have a north-west deflection, and are defended by *Grey's* and *Beeston's Bastions*. To the east of the last is a sallyport, which leads to the bridge of Portsea. Parallel with the Gun Wharf and Royal Artillery Barracks, the ramparts run southward to the fine palladian Quay, or *St. Thomas'-Gate*, of the Doric Order, built 1760, fronting the *Custom House*, built 1829.

Crossing the Swing-bridge, which lies over the *Camber*, or Commercial Quay, on the east side of which is the *Camber Bastion*, with circular portholes, and bearing the initials and date, J(acobus) R(ex), 1687, we pass down East Street to *Portsmouth Point*. Here is the *Floating Bridge* to Gosport, established May 1839, 100 ft. by 60 ft., with engines of 16-horse power, propelling it along a double chain, and capable of conveying 50 carriages and 500 passengers; it crosses at the hours and half-hours, and returns at the intervening quarters of the hour. Opposite the Blue Posts Inn (familiar from Peter Simple's sorrows), and the old Custom-house, now stores and offices, is a lane leading to King Edward's *Round Tower*, Broad Street, built on the foundations of a tower erected 1418-1421, and to *Capstan Square*, where there are remains of the windlass which hove up the ancient chain boom, behind the Point Battery Barracks. The chain lay upon the beach, below the old sallyport, in 1820

Broad Street meets High Street at *James* or *Point Gate*, a structure of the Corinthian Order, built by King James II., after the designs of Inigo Jones.

In the centre of High Street, on the north side, is the lieutenant-governor's, formerly the port-admiral's, residence ; on the south side, near the Prince of Wales' Club, stood the theatre, where Gilbert Gurney enjoyed the novelty of seeing the merry-hearted middies, performing evolutions with long four-horse whips from an upper box, while the bells were ringing in honour of his presence at Portsmouth as the Prince of Orange *incognito*. No. 10, is the house, formerly the *Spotted Dog Tavern*, where the Duke of Buckingham was murdered by Felton, a disappointed lieutenant, Aug. 23, 1628, at the time the fleet lay here for the relief of Rochelle, then besieged by Cardinal Richelieu. This scene is romantically depicted by Dumas, in his "*Trois Mousquetaires*." The identical room was taken down in 1827. As the duke stood in the hall, the assassin stabbed him to the heart with a dagger, now preserved at Southwick Park. "Villain!" was the only word which Buckingham could pronounce before he fell back lifeless, under the eyes of the duchess and his sister. The villain had travelled seventy miles to glut his revenge ; and he said that he felt the strength of forty men in his arm when he struck the blow. Higher up is the entrance to the *Cambridge Barracks*, occupied in 1825, but enlarged in 1857. In St. Nicholas Street (so called after the church of Maison Dieu) are the *Four House* and *Clarence Barracks*, built 1753, occupying the site of King Henry's cooperage and brewing-houses. Opposite the Landport Gate, are the *Colewort Barracks*, first built 1694, near a street formerly known as the Hog Market, now called after the neighbouring village of Warblington, and occupying the site of the colewort gardens of a Franciscan friary. The officers' quarters were formerly the lieutenant-governor's residence.

On May 2, 1191, King Richard I. granted an annual fair, called Free Mart, commencing on St. Peter's Day, June 29, and lasting fifteen days ; by the change of style it began July 10. The booths were formerly ranged along the pave-

ment on the north side of High Street, and no arrest could be made within the precinct during its continuance ; but the motley and disreputable scene has been happily removed to another fair held on July 24 and the two following days, on Portsdown Hill. It is to be desired that it may soon be numbered with other worn-out customs "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." In King Street, near Quay Gate, stood the old victualling office for the navy, since removed to Gosport.

**THE GUN WHARF.**—By the Portsea bridge, conspicuous for its curious emerald green roof (of copper oxidized by the air), is the *Gun Wharf*, extending over an area of 14 acres. Here the armament of every ship, when in ordinary or paid off, is lodged. The guns are labelled and placed in separate tiers, and the carriages stowed away with the same regularity, so that they can be got ready at the shortest warning. Here there is also a Storehouse, built 1811, to answer any sudden emergency of equipment for a man-of-war or an expedition. In the *Armoury*, built 1797, are 25,000 stand of arms, with ancient mail and plate armour ; the armed buff-leather coat ; the helmet and gauntlet of the cavalier ; muskets with fixed bayonets, ranged in four rows ; pikes and halberts grouped into iron pillars. Pistols form elaborate cornices ; and swords, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and small arms gleam in various fantastic devices. In front are various guns brought from foreign countries. The old Gun Wharf was built 1662-1719, and rebuilt 1803. The new buildings were commenced in 1797, and finished in 1814. The buildings form three sides of a quadrangle with a lofty tower and cupola on the south side. The sward is covered with massive pyramids of shot and shell, each size of missile ranged by itself, and some of the countless heaps containing 30,000 or 40,000 piled on a square or oblong base. Some granite shots deserve attention ; they were taken out of the sides of the ships forming Sir John Duckworth's squadron at the memorable passage of the Dardanelles. Here are also three cannon of interest—a gun of iron bars, cramped together with hoops ; a "Dori cannon" of brass, 8 ft. 6 in.



long, calibre  $8\frac{3}{16}$  in., cast 1535; and a polygonal "colveryn bastard," for the *Mary Rose*; a 9-pounder; and a brass 32-pounder of the *Royal George*.

## PORTSEA.

The suburb of Portsea is divided from Portsmouth by the *Mill Pond*, which was constructed, partly as a defence, and partly for retaining sufficient sea-water to grind the grain for the victualling office at the King's mills, which cost 7000*l.*, and are built on immense piles, 25 ft. to 30 ft. long, shod with iron, between the two divisions of the Gun Wharf; the bridge to Portsea being defended by the *Mill Redoubt*. Another bridge, the *Mill-dam*, defended by *Amherst Redoubt*, called after Lord Amherst, Commissioner of the Navy, connects Landport with Portsea, and leads into the country by roads passing through the *Unicorn* and *Lion Gates*, so called from the sculptured supporters. The fortifications, continuing down to the water-side northwards, are the following: *Right Demi-Bastion*, facing the *Ordnance Office* for the south-western district; *Right Ravelin*; *Townsend Bastion*, with the Military Hospital and Artesian well in the gorge; *Lion Ravelin*; *Duke of York's Bastion*; *Unicorn Ravelin*; *Left Demi-Bastion*; and *Sluice Bastion*, fronting the new convict prison, with a curtain, broken by Anchor Gate. The last convict hulk, the *Stirling Castle*, was laid up in the present year. The *Anglesey Barracks*, called after the Marshal Marquis, intervene between the gates. The designations, Amherst and Townsend, are common to two cotemporaneous batteries at Dover, now destroyed. (See WALCOTT'S SOUTH KENT, in this series). The lines are planted with poplars. The only other place of interest in Portsea is the *Hard* (place of landing or communication), leading to the *Dockyard* from St. George's Square.

THE DOCKYARD.—The central position of Portsmouth in the British Channel and with regard to Cherbourg, the noble anchorage of Spithead, and the spacious harbour

must always render this place the chief naval arsenal and rendezvous of the British fleet, and make its dockyard of the highest national importance. Unfortunately, enlarged as the necessities of the moment required, and without anticipation of the introduction of machinery, no uniformity or order of construction has been observed. In 1240 there were covered slips for the royal galleys at Shoreham, Rye, and Winchelsea; but there is an earlier instance of a dockyard at Portsmouth, where, in May, 1212, King John desired the sheriff of Southampton to surround the docks with a strong wall, as the archdeacon of Taunton (William de Wrotham) had given directions for the ships and galleys, and also to construct penthouses for stores and tackle. On the site of the present Basin was an ancient dock formed of timber bolted and tunnelled together, with whole trees forming the sides. Many large stone cannon-balls were found. The dockyard has reached its present extent and importance only by gradual changes. The two southernmost docks were built in 1688. In 1698, the improvements were of a more extensive character. Four docks were added on the north, and a range of twenty boat-houses. The lower wet-dock cost 13,754*l.*; the single dry-dock 10,124*l.* The lower dry-dock, 10,304*l.*; the upper wet-dock, 10,817*l.*; the new mast-dock, 3,362*l.*; a new store-house, 2,581*l.*; and a new rope-walk 2,991*l.*, and the total value of the entire yard was estimated at 98,430*l.* In 1764, Lord Egmont, First Lord of the Admiralty, recommended a further enlargement of the dockyard, and an estimate of the cost was made at 352,240*l.*, and by the end of 1773, 299,917*l.* had been expended: the north basin was reconstructed, that on the south was rebuilt, the two rope-houses were thrown under one roof, and enormous timber berths were added. The number of persons employed was 2,883; 2,198 in the yard and 685 in the ordinary. In 1790, the south and parallel docks were begun, and cost 22*l.* 10*s.* per rod. The docks average 22 ft. in depth; and at the suggestion of Gen. Bentham were lined with Purbeck and Portland stone. Sir Robert Seppings first roofed in the docks.

The present boundary-wall, 14 feet high on the land-side, was built 1711, and the entrance removed to its present position from the *Old Buildings*, near which the convicts, formerly stationed in hulks at the entrance of the harbour, are now lodged in the New Prison. On the water-side is a dwarf wall nearly three quarters of a mile in length: the area is larger than the enclosure within the ramparts of Portsmouth, being 120 acres, 3500 feet long north to south, and 2000 feet broad east to west. On the left side of the entrance are the *Mast Houses*, to the right is the *Mast Pond*, constructed 1773-1797, eastward is a quadrangle; on the south is the *Guard House* and Navy Pay Office; on the east is the *Royal Naval College*, built 1817. In 1720 the Royal Naval Academy was founded, in which sons of naval officers, to the number of 120 in time of war, and 70 in peace, were educated; in 1816 a school of naval architecture was incorporated with it: it has been more recently known as the Royal Naval College, and since April 1837 as a School for Naval Architecture; it contains an observatory. On the north is the *Lawn*, with the *Port Admiral's House* on the east, built 1782-86 for the First Commissioner of the Yard: the *Admiral Superintendent's House* and the residence of the dockyard officers are towards the New Basin. On a line with the mast-houses occur, in three divisions, the *Hemp Houses* and *Sea Store Houses*, 800 feet long by 60 feet, and parallel to the westward, divided from them by the *Camber*, the *King's Stairs*; the *Rigging House*, easily recognised by a tall round clock-tower; the *Sail Loft* 600 feet long, and *Sail Field*.

Three lines of buildings run parallel with the Lawn to the north, (1) the *Store Houses*, 600 feet long; the circular Observatory in the centre was built 1813, with the *Chapel*, built 1785 by Parlby, a bell of the Royal George hanging in the cupola at the east end; (2) the *Ropery* 1094 feet long by 54 feet; and (3) the *Tarring House*, *Seasoning Pond*, and *Canvas Shed*. The Ropery has been three times destroyed by fire: July 3, 1760, at midnight by lightning; July 27, 1770, the cause unknown, at a loss of 150,000*l.*; and December 7, 1776, by James Aitken, a Scotchman, who had been

suborned by Silas Deane, the American agent at Paris. He is better known as "Jack the Painter," and was sentenced at Winchester, and having been hung March 10, 1777, at the Dockyard gate, on a gallows 64 feet high, was afterwards gibbeted on Block House Hard. In the rope factory, the spinner, having his waist bound with hemp attached to revolving hooks, converts the raw material into yarn, this again into a strand (with a thread of peculiar colour woven into the midst to mark the queen's property), three strands into a rope, and three ropes into a cable. The former processes are carried on in the two upper stores, the rope-twisting in the lowermost: the labour is enormous, and the fatigue can only be borne during a few hours, although 80 men are employed on some of the larger ropes. Captain Huddart's rope machinery and the use of iron cable has greatly relieved the hand-wrought manufacture; a single cable contains 15,000 lbs. weight of hemp.

"In that building long and low,  
With its windows all a-row,  
Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their thread so thin  
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.  
At the end an open door;  
Squares of sunshine on the floor  
Light the long and dusky fane."

In the Tarring House, the hanks of yarn are unwound, dipped in boiling caldrons, and then pressed between two rollers which saturate the inmost fibres of the hemp. Alongside the Ropery is a range of anchors painted white, some 90 cwt., 20 feet long, with a shank 12 inches thick, and each valued at 400*l*. That of the Royal George bears the inscription "Fear not, I will hold you fast." Formerly they were wrought by smiths, but now by the marvellous Nasmyth's hammer, which can forge these huge masses or crack a nutshell so deftly as not to injure the kernel.

Beyond the storehouses is the huge *Basin* containing an area of 33,000 square yards, from which open eastward four

(the north, south, north-east, and middle) *Dry Docks* flanked by two jetties, and the *Camber Head* and *Camber Stern Docks*. The sheers for masting are 128 ft. in length ; the bridge of the south dock over the flood gate broke down Sept. 14, 1825, at the launch of the *Princess Charlotte* 110, and precipitated a number of persons into the dock, sixteen of whom were drowned. Most curious is the view from this point: the triangles of sheers lifting spars and beams; the dismantled hulk with jury lower masts, and copper mouldy green; the younger vessel refitting alongside; the half-built hulls under the huge sheds; the deep graving-docks filled with props and stays supporting some noble vessel, with the prints of long service on her time-worn sides; the solitary sentry; the silent gangs of convicts; and, out in the harbour, the full-rigged busy frigate, and the guard-ship, with signals fluttering up and down; the memorable ship that carried Lord Nelson to triumph and in death—the glorious *Victory*.

On the north-east side is the *Block Machinery*. In the year 1781, Taylor of Portsmouth introduced a system of block-machinery moved by water power. In 1802 Sir Isambard Brunel applied steam engines and the most ingenious mechanism to the same purposes; Government bought the patent, and after six years, under his superintendence, the Block House was opened Sept., 1808: the savings within four years, owing to the disuse of the old cumbrous system of production, paid the cost of the new buildings and Brunel's remuneration 20,000*l*. Ten men can now achieve what formerly occupied eleven times that number. The outer shell of the block (or ship's pulley) is of elm or ash, and in form an oval spheroid with flattened sides; the sheave (or wheel), on which the ropes revolve, is of lignum vitæ: 140,000 blocks can be finished in a year; 200 sorts of blocks varying in size are in use in the Royal Navy, and a two-decker requires as many as 1430 to hoist sails and yards and reeve rigging. A series of forty-four machines, driven by an engine of 32-horse power, each devoted to a particular operation, completes the block—sawing, boring, and shaping it. Other machines

are at work on every description of ship's furniture from a pump to a drawer-knob. Eastward of a Basin is a square full of timber-stacks; on the east side, is *Long Row*, the houses of the departmental officials of the yard, built 1783, with a statue of William III., given by Colonel R. Norton of Southwick, 1698, standing in front; on the south, the *Mould Loft*, *Carvers' shops*, &c.; on the north, *Joiners' shops*; on the west the *Steam Saw-Mills*. To the north are the *Anchorsmiths' shops*, and *Foundry* adjoining; at the extreme north end is the magnificent *Victoria Steam Basin*, lined with granite and provided with three dry docks, built by S. A. Rolt, and opened by Her Majesty, May, 1848; on the east side is the *Steam Factory*; on the west the *Steam Magazine Store*, 600 by 45; to the south are the *Boiler Houses*. On the north-west side of the yard are five enormous *Building Slips*, in which men-of-war are seen on the stocks, with a dock at the angle; saw-mills, sheds, and smitheries fill the interval between the sea wall and the steam basin. The slips were first constructed by Templar and Collard, in 1764, on reclaimed mud-land. From them is witnessed the magnificent spectacle of a launch.

In 1852 the *Britannia*, 120, employed in building 970 men, at an annual cost of 26,693*l.* In 1859 the *Marlborough*, 120, required 1100 men, at an annual cost of 35,248*l.* The *Arethusa*, 50, in 1852, required 500 men, at an annual cost of 14,585*l.* The *Indefatigable*, 50, was built in 1852 for 51,683*l.* The *Shannon*, 50, in 1859, cost 71,112*l.*, and the *Orlando*, 50, 99,375*l.* The *Britannia*, in 1852, required 4,550 loads of timber and 218 shipwrights. The *Marlborough*, in 1859, required 6,068 loads of timber and 334 shipwrights. The *Rodney*, 90, in 1852, required 3,610 loads of timber and 219 shipwrights. The *Renown*, 91, 800-horse-power, required 4,680 loads of timber and 277 shipwrights; her hull cost 93,332*l.*; her machinery 49,600*l.*, and complete hull, masts, and machinery, with rigging stores, 163,921*l.*; 3000 loads of timber are as much as forty acres of forest land can produce in a century.

In Her Majesty's dockyards are 42 building slips,

and 33 docks, of which only 4 are sufficiently large for the construction of first-rates. So late as 1650 there was here no mast-house, no dry dock ; only 100 shipwrights and a single team of horses were employed. The first dry dock was constructed after the 'capture of Jamaica. A commissioner's house was built in 1664. In time of war, 4000, and even 5000, men have been employed in the dockyard. In the summer of 1665, the dockyard labourers were so ill-paid that they went in a body a-harvesting, or seeking any employment, in order, says Pepys, "to get themselves bread." The cost of a man-of-war was then reckoned at 1,000*l.* a gun, but is now estimated at 2,000*l.* and upwards.

Three ships of national interest are seen from the Dockyard : *H.M.S. Excellent*, of 2155 tons, built 1801, by G. Rule, at Portsmouth, for instruction of marine cadets, and of lieutenants and mates, R. N., and novices in gunnery, and commissioned 1832 ; Lord Collingwood commanded her on the memorable First of June ; *H.M.S. Britannia*, 120, Capt. Harris, of 2616 tons, built at Plymouth, by Rule, and used for the training of naval cadets in seamanship ; and, lastly, the time-honoured *Victory*, 101, the flag-ship of the immortal Nelson at Trafalgar, which is wreathed with laurel on the anniversary. Although small in comparison with three-deckers of the present day, and with only jury-masts and rigging, yet the three tiers of guns with their open ports, the huge mooring-chain, the massive anchors hanging over the bows, the boats from the davits, the tall dark hull, and soaring spars overhead, in contrast with the diminished size of the figures that look over the bulwarks, are very impressive. Below the long, low, stanchioned "Between-Decks" presents a novel spectacle—the guns with all their gear ; the arms, sponges, and ramrods fitted between the beams ; the shot-racks round the hatchway ; the mess-tables between each gun ; the strong capstan ; the solid bulk of the masts ; while frequently the shrill boatswain's pipe, the rush of the light-footed men on deck, or swarming aloft ; the ringing of arms as a

guard of honour salutes some admiral, or the sounds of martial music lend animation to the scene. On Sundays, at 10 A. M., the celebration of Divine service on board is one of the most striking scenes of solemn and simple interest. At the entry-ports are alms-boxes for the Dreadnought Hospital Ship, and the Seamen's and Marines' orphan schools, Portsea—institutions equal in value to the admirable Sailors' Home, in Portsmouth. Nelson fell on the quarter-deck—the spot is marked by a brass plate; he died in the cock-pit, on the orlop-deck, in a cabin on the port (or left) side. A broad accommodation ladder will enable the most timorous to climb the sides, which, as Hook said, ordinarily have nothing “to step upon but bits of sticks, fitter for cocks and hens to walk on than men and women, with nothing to hold on by but a couple of things like skipping-ropes, swinging from side to side, their only effect being to swing you off those detestable little ledges.” But on entering, the uninitiated visitor will be still perplexed: he will find, like Tom Lazenby, that “a cot is a sack tied up to the top of a room, and the best bower they have is an anchor; the ensign is a flag, the companion a staircase, the sheets are ropes, the berths are deaths, and some of the men are all night in shrouds; the yards, instead of places for exercise, are great masts, crosswise; and as for what they call Sterne, instead of being the author, it is only the back-part of the ship, quite the reverse of the head.”

The Victory was launched 1765, rebuilt 1800, and is of 2164 tons. The fine royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert* (the upper deck of which is 460 feet long), of 1033 tons, and 430 horse-power, built at Pembroke by Sir W. Symonds, with its tender, the *Fairy*, of 120 horse-power, and 312 tons, built at Blackwall by Mare, 1845; and the *Elfin*, of 98 tons, and 40 horse-power, built at Chatham by Lang, may be often seen in summer, cruising in the offing, or conveying Her Majesty to Osborne.

CHURCHES.—The church of *St. Thomas à Becket* (J. R. M'Ghie, V.), the parish church, was built by Toclyve, Bishop of Winchester, 1174—1189; it is 112 ft. long. The original



chancel, 44 ft. in breadth, and the transepts, with the eastern arches and piers of the central tower remain. The nave and aisles were rebuilt by Staniford, 1693, in the Tuscan style, under the superintendence of the then vicar, M. Heather. The present west tower, built 1702, is 120 ft. high, and is crowned by an octagonal lantern and cupola: in the former hangs a bell, formerly rung to signal the number of ships in the offing, but now only on an alarm of fire. In the time of Elizabeth a sentry used it to announce the approach of troops, and waved a flag to denote the direction from which they came. The tower contains a peal of eight bells, five of which were given by Prince George of Denmark, at the instance of Sir George Rooke, having been barbarously removed from the Pharos in Dover Castle (see WALCOTT'S KENT, in the present series). On the summit of the cupola is a gilt vane in the form of a ship, 6 ft. long, on the mizen of which a small flag veers with the slightest shift of wind. An Italian of rank, who viewed Portsmouth from the summit of the tower, upon a lovely summer day when the tide was in, exclaimed, "Venice, Venice! this is my own Venice!" The chimes were given by Mr. Brandon, in 1713. The organ was built 1718. In the south aisle is a window to the memory of C. B. Henville, late vicar, who gave the east window. Until the present steeple was built, the belfry was in the buttress turret of the south transept. The vicarage was formerly in the gift of Southwick Priory; but since the Reformation, is in the patronage of St. Mary's College, Winchester. The only monument of interest is that of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, assassinated August 22, 1628. In the register book is the entry on parchment, in letters of gold, of the marriage, of Charles II. and Katharine of Braganza, May 22, 1662.

*St. Mary's Chapel*, St. Mary's Street (T. Knight, C.), was erected 1839, on the site of a chapel under the same dedication, which was standing in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The *Garrison Chapel*, Grand Parade, was the church of St. Nicholas, for the Hospital of the Maison Dieu, endowed in 1238, for twelve old men, by Peter de

Roche, Bishop of Winchester. After the dissolution by Henry VIII., a portion of the buildings demolished in 1826 was allotted for the governor's residence. The plate for the service of the altar was the gift of Queen Anne. The former altar-cloth, "representing the city of Lisbon," was probably presented by Charles II. Sir Charles Napier was buried before the chancel in 1853.

The other churches are as follows : *St. Mary's*, PORTSEA, (Kingston) (J. V. Stewart, V.), newly rebuilt, in which are memorial monuments of the crew of the *Royal George*, and of the *Hero*, 74, which foundered in the North Sea, Nov. 24, 1811 ; *St. George's Church*, Portsea (G. J. Quarmby, P. C.), a Palladian building, erected by subscription in 1753, the parish church being at Fratton, a mile distant ; *St. John's Church*, Prince George's Street (J. G. H. Knapp, P. C.), also a Grecian building, built 1789 ; *Holy Trinity Church*, North Street (T. D. Platt, P. C.), a Decorated church, built 1842 ; *All Saints*, Newtown (H. B. Snooke, P. C.), built 1827, at a cost of 12,000*l.* *St. Jude's*, Southsea (T. R. Brownrigg, P. C.), is an Early English church, by T. E. Owen, built, 1851, with nave, chancel, and south-east transept, tower and spire. *St. Paul's*, Southsea, built by F. Goodwin (C. D. Stewart, P. C.), was consecrated October 22, 1822 ; it cost 16,000*l.*, and is 94 ft. by 60 ft. Over the altar is a picture of St. Paul at Melita, by Skottowe. There are also *St. Bartholomew's* (A. S. Godfrey) ; and *St. James'*, Milton, built 1840 (R. Burridge, P. C.).

Excursions may be made by steam-boats, which run several times daily, to the *Isle of Wight* (see STANFORD'S GUIDE, in this series) and to *Southampton* ; and during the week communication is maintained with LYMINGTON, PLYMOUTH, and FALMOUTH.

On April 5, 1825, the first steamer, the *Union*, plied to Ryde. The regatta was established here Sept. 1, 1821.

## THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PORTSMOUTH.

THE ISLAND of PORTSEA communicates with the mainland at *Portsbridge* by two bridges, and is defended by the *Hilsea Lines*, earthworks, and a ditch, which are in process of reconstruction; the lines will be elevated to a height of 30 ft. In June, 1813, 90,000*l.* were voted to form these defences. The tithe was given to the new monastery of Winchester, by Queen *Elfrida* in the tenth century.

To the east of Southsea there is a walk to Fort Cumberland, inland by *Milton*, or by the sea-shore, passing two earthworks, called *Lumps* and *Eastney*—half of which, with a furze common between them and the beach, has been washed away by the sea in the present century—to *Fort Cumberland*, a regular pentagon, with casemated bomb-proof walls, commenced in 1744, under Lord Tyrawley, renewed in 1790, and completed 1820, with accommodation for 3000 men, under the late Duke of Richmond, whilst Master-general of the Ordnance, by the convicts on board the hulks in Langston Harbour. The fort is permanently garrisoned by the Royal Marine Artillery. Barracks for 1200 men are proposed to be erected in the rear of the fort, at a cost of 68,000*l.* Immediately across the strait is Hayling Island.

PORCHESTER station is 9 miles from Portsmouth. There were nine garrisons in the district of the "Saxon Shore," which reached from Porchester to Brancaster in Norfolk. *The Castle* occupies the site of one of the earliest stations of the Roman Legionaries (the Port Castle), either soon after the invasion of Julius Cæsar, or under Plautius and Vespasian, during the Roman occupation. Of this fortress, *Caer-Peris*, there is a tradition that the Anglo-Saxon chief *Porta*, and his sons *Bilda* and *Mægla*, landed there from two ships in 501. The present walls, 18 ft. high, and from 8 to 12 ft. thick, which enclose a nearly perfect square, 620 ft. by 610, with an area of nine acres, were built evidently on the lines of a Roman rectangular camp. Where the east or *Prætorian*, and west or *Decuman*, Gates stood, are entrances, constructed after the Norman style of

fortification, but the ditch is double on the east side. On the north and west sides is a single vallum with a fosse, the opposite walls being protected by the water. The eighteen circular mural towers, which were like those at Dover Castle, are hollow, and the binding courses of tile appear only on the north and south sides, while the courses of ashlar are irregular, and the ordinary red Roman mortar is not found. The walls are 18 ft. high, and from 8 to 12 ft. thick, having a passage round them, in many places defended by a parapet. The *Keep*, of the twelfth century, on the north-west side, is quadrangular, 115 ft. by 65 ft., of four stories, with walls 7 ft. 6 in. thick, and faced with Caen stone. Next the *Keep* in the Inner Bailey we find a Late Decorated room; on the south is a Mixed Norman and Tudor chamber: on the east side the late additions are more numerous. These formed possibly the Queen's chambers and hall. The Inner Bailey is entered under a gateway with two portcullises. The entrance of the Inner Bailey, opening into the outer ward, is on the south side; that of the Outer Bailey, on the west side, is 35 ft. high, with a roadway 8 ft. broad. On the north-east corner of the Inner Bailey there is a square tower; the keep of four stories filling the north-west angle. It contains a chamber which may have been the private chapel of the Constables of the castle. Richard, Earl of Arundel, held the office in 1335, and John, Earl of Worcester, in 1464. King John paid eighteen visits to the castle, Edward I. one, and Edward II. four. In the reign of King John the *Keep* was used as a state prison, and in the war with France after the revolution, as many as 8,000 French prisoners were confined here. It served also as the dungeon of the Dutch sailors of *De Winter*, taken after the battle of Camperdown. Some galley-slaves wrecked on the coast of Pembroke, and also Tallien, were confined in it. On the south side of the Outer Bailey is *St. Mary's Church* (Norman), formerly belonging to an Augustinian Priory, founded by Henry I. and removed to Southwick. It was founded in 1153, and cruciform, 134 ft. by 83 ft., but is now shorn of the south transept, and has a low central tower; it has a noble western doorway, a stone

bench in the chancel with a sort of canopy without shafts, and a curious Norman font arcaded, with sculptures of the "Baptism in Jordan." Porchester gave title to a barony, 17th October, 1780, now attached to the earldom of Caernarvon. The publicans of the hamlet are exempt from having soldiers billeted on them.

*Portsdown Hill* is an isolated eminence seven miles long, in breadth one, and 447 ft. high, an outlier of the chalk. At the west spur is the monument erected to the memory of Lord Nelson. The view is magnificent: below are the towers of *Porchester*, *Gutcombe House* near *Cosham*, once the residence of Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, *Tipner Fort* near *Kingston*, and the lines of *Hilsea*. More distant appear the towers and ramparts of the three towns on either side of Portsmouth Harbour, with Spithead and the shores and hills of the Isle of Wight—Osborne, Ryde, and Cowes forming the background. The view is closed in on the west by the white cliffs of Purbeck far over the Solent, by Southampton Water, and the pale grey masses of the New Forest; on the east by the South Downs and the vales of Sussex, with the spire of Chichester Cathedral rising gracefully above them; while turning northwards we have a wide reach of woodland country, and the green downs of the forest of Bere, sweeping up to the hills of Petersfield and Alton.

"Here seats and lawns, the mansion and the wood,  
And cots and hamlets, and faint city spire;  
The channel there, the island, and white sails,  
Dim coasts and cloud-like hills and shoreless ocean.  
It seemed like Omnipresence—the whole world  
Seemed imaged in its vast circumference."

An annual fair is held on the Downs on July 26, 27, 28. Excellent crops of corn are grown upon the slope, and the harvest commences earlier here than on any other part of the south coast. The two channels of Fareham and Porchester lie immediately before the eye, with the stone-coloured ships in ordinary, the hulks, or old ships allotted for the reception of crews whose vessels are under repair, the sheer hulks, with their tall angular sheers for stepping,

masts, Rotten Row northward of the Dockyard, filled with unserviceable and condemned ships, and—

“ The crowded ports,  
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,  
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.”

## GOSPORT,

(Population, in 1851, 7414) derives its name from its *gorse*-covered common, or, according to a charter of Bishop de Blois, to its acknowledgement as God's Port, on King Stephen's rescue from shipwreck. In King Henry VIII.'s time it was a mere fishing-village; in 1144 King Stephen landed here. At the India Arms occurred the touching meeting of the brothers Gurney, Cuthbert and Gilbert, well known to the readers of Hook's inimitable tale of “Gilbert Gurney.”

CHURCHES. — *Holy Trinity Church* (W. Sanders), built 1694, and enlarged 1830; the organ came from Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, and therefore has been touched by the fingers of the great Handel; *St. Matthew's* (T. Tanner), consecrated May 6, 1846; *St. John's Forton* — (H. A. Veck); *St. Thomas' Elson* (G. D. Parnell).

At FORTON (Fort-town) outside the fortifications, which were begun in the reign of Queen Anne, are the *Railway Terminus*, *New Military Prison*, and *Royal Marine Barracks*. In the mess-room are portraits of George III. by Northcote, Lord Sandwich by Zoffany, and Lords Barham and St. Vincent by Beechey. The lines are mounted with heavy ordnance, and defended by broad and deep trenches. They were strengthened by additional bastions between Weovill and Alverstoke, at the beginning of the present century. The gateways were rebuilt in 1800. Near Forton Lake, and on Rat Island near the shore of the harbour, are remains of James Fort of the time of Charles II., known as *Borough Castle*, formerly the burial-place of convicts.

The *Royal Haslar Hospital*, Alverstoke, which will hold 2000 sick, and has 114 wards, was begun by Turner, 1746, on the recommendation of the Earl of Sandwich, and completed 1762. The Pediment, by Pierce, represents Navigation and Commerce; the front is 567 ft. long, the wings 553 ft.: the buildings are four stories high, and, with arcades 24 ft. broad, form three sides of a quadrangle, which is entered under the range of massive pillars below a hall, 100 ft. by 50 feet. Each ward, 60 ft. by 20 ft. accommodates 20 patients. The chapel, 72 ft. by 36 feet, built 1763, is on the west side, in the centre of an open airing-ground, a mile in circuit, and of 33 acres in extent. The officers' houses were added by Sheen in 1796-8. Adjoining are *Haslar Barracks*, and the New Slipway, on which are staged 120 gun-boats, besides mortar-boats. By an ingenious mechanism, and a system of tramways, they can be hauled up or lowered at any time of the tide. The cost has already amounted to 80,000*l*.

*Royal Clarence Victualling Yard, Weovill*, formerly the residence of the Countess of Clancarty, with a large garden on the skirts of the Common, was purchased by Government in 1753 for the King's Brewery and Cooperage, known long as Weovill's Store-houses, when these establishments were removed from Portsmouth. Mr. Weovill, who was agent to the Commissioners for victualling the Navy, died in 1715, and was buried in St. Mary's Dover. Here the food, wine, rum, cocoa, clothing, water-tanks, and other necessaries are kept for the Royal Navy. The chief object of interest is the *Biscuit Bakery*, invented by Mr. Grant. The Steam Corn Mill cost alone 76,000*l*. The wheat is here ground to flour, which is conveyed into a cylinder, five feet long, three feet in diameter; water is admitted by gauge, and a shaft, armed with long steel blades, in two minutes mixes up 5 cwt. of dough: this is now within five minutes kneaded on a table, between two breaking rollers of 15 cwt., into a sheet two inches thick; the dough is then cut up into pieces half a yard square, and reduced to the thickness of a biscuit, and the size of 6 ft. by 3 ft. under rollers. A cutting instrument now rapidly descends: at one moment it marks out, punctures,

and stamps with the Queen's mark, about 60 hexagonal biscuits (six to the lb.) on a sheet of dough a yard square; they remain unsevered, until they have been baked ten minutes in the ovens, into which they are thrown by a peel. 112 lbs. (a suit) are put in at one time, and lose 12 lbs. in the process of baking: the ovens, of wrought iron, have an area of 160 square feet.

At *Hardway* is Priddy's Hard. Ships at Spithead are supplied here with gunpowder from a large magazine, built 1769.

Immediately opposite Portsmouth is the *Block House Fort*, in front of which Jack the painter was gibbeted. It was formerly known as Charles Fort, and consisted of a central building, surrounded by square batteries. A sea-wall connects it with *Fort Monkton*, so called after Lieut.-Gen. Monkton, Commissioner of the Navy, Colonel of the 17th Regiment, and Governor of Portsmouth, 1779. At *ANGLE-SEA*, a rising watering-place, with a handsome terrace, and a very beautiful view over the Solent Sea and Stoke's Bay, is a triangular landmark called the *Gil-Kicker*, adjoining the new church of *St. Mark*. In August 1799, the Government, apprehending an invasion by the French, determined to build a fort in Stoke's Bay, and found it necessary to remove two sea-marks, known as the Kicker-Gil and Gil-Kicker. The latter was a triangular prism, 50 ft. high, erected by Robert, Earl of Warwick, the Parliamentary Admiral in the reign of Charles I., upon the site of an old blockhouse which had been built out of the ruins of an ancient chapel, but was suffered to fall into decay for the following reason. When Philip of Spain sailed down the coast, all the batteries and forts except the Gil-Kicker saluted him with repeated salvoes of artillery; the captain was in consequence dismissed, and the ramparts were dismantled of their guns. Facing the bay, at some distance to the west, is the residence of the late Right Hon. J. W. Croker, and more recently of H.R.H. Prince Alfred. The church of *Alverstoke* (T. Walpole, R.)—(from Stoke, low marshy ground, and Alwara, the lady of the manor, who gave the lands to



Winchester Cathedral)—is the mother-church of Gosport, which, except the tower and chancel, has been rebuilt. It contains a monument surmounted with the colours of H.M. 44th Regiment. The tablet to the memory of H. Walmsley bears an inscription by Lisle Bowles.

FAREHAM (Fernham in Domesday) is the next station of importance on the railway to the westward: the lines to Gosport (seven miles) and to Portsmouth here diverge. The town, in Leland's time a fishing-village, is now a thriving place (with a population, in 1851, of 4000), forming almost a suburb to Portsmouth, and affording an agreeable place of residence to the officials connected with the naval establishments. Vessels of three hundred tons can come up to the bridge. The chancel of the church is Early English; the remainder is of the early part of this century. Sir Henry Thompson built a district church, at a cost of 6000*l*. On the river, towards the sea, is *Cam's Hall* (H. P. D. Radcliffe); *Roach Court* (Sir J. Gardiner); *Upland House* (T. Beardmore); and *Black House* (Colonel Le Blanc). The only other neighbouring church is that of *Rowner* (Ruemore in Domesday). It is a small but ancient structure, two miles on the road from Gosport.

TITCHFIELD, a small town on the navigable river Arle, lies south-west of Fareham. The church of *St. Peter's* is cruciform. It has a rich Norman west doorway, with a late Perpendicular north aisle to the nave, the north side of which, and the walls of the chancel, are Norman, with Perpendicular windows inserted: on the south side are Early English sedilia, a water-drain, door, and two arches opening into a Decorated chantry, with water-drain, sedilia, the effigy of a knight in the north aisle, and the tomb and effigy of Jane, Countess of Southampton, who died 1574. There is also a monument of Miss Hornsby, by Chantrey. *Titchfield Place House* is of the early part of the sixteenth century, and was built out of the ruins of Titchfield Abbey, founded by Bishop de Roche. King Edward VI. lodged in it on his southern progress, and Charles I. concealed himself here after his escape from Hampton Court, but surrendered to Ham-

mond, governor of Carisbrooke Castle. Here was born Lady Rachel, afterwards wife of Lord William Russell. A crow-stepped gable, and a square gatehouse, with towers at the angles, are the only remains of this superb building, raised by Wriothesley, Lord Chancellor, first Earl of Southampton, from the fruits of sacrilege. He lies buried in the parish church. At *Crofton* there is an ancient chapel. Two miles north-east is *Bourhunt Church*, Transitional Norman, of the reign of Richard I., with a water-drain and bracket-head in the east wall: on either side of a far earlier chancel arch is an arched recess for an altar. The next parish church to the north is St. James', Southwick, an ancient building with a stone pulpit and sedilia, the steeple containing a fine peal of bells.

### SPITHEAD.

“ There lie the ships,  
Their sails all loose, their streamers rolling out  
With sinuous flow and swell, like water snakes,  
Curling aloft; the waves are gay with boats,  
Pinnace, and barge, and coracle; the sea  
Swarms like the shore with life. O, what a sight  
Of beauty!”

This roadstead, on the south-west of Portsmouth, derives its name from the Spit, a bank three miles in length, formed by the ebb-tide, which runs out of the harbour during seven in every twelve hours, and being diverted at Block House Point, thus creates a deep channel and a sand-bar. De Ruyter and the Dutch fleet passed through the channel after the destruction of the men-of-war at Chatham. On March 26, 1697, Peter the Great here watched with anxious curiosity the manœuvres of eleven sail of the line; and then, turning to the commander-in-chief, Mitchell, declared that, to his mind, the position of an English admiral was happier than that of the Czar of Russia. Sir G. Rooke sailed from Spithead May 20; the Duke of Ormond July 1, 1702; Sir C. Wager,

July 14, 1731. On August 10, 1740, the *Centurion* sailed from this anchorage, on Anson's voyage round the world; and here, July 30, 1774, Captain Cook anchored, after his second voyage. On December 23, 1787, the ill-fated *Bounty* sailed with Bligh. Lord Hawke returned to Spithead October 31, 1747, with his prizes made in the action off Cape Finisterre; and here he received the then long disused honour of a royal visit, when, August 15, 1750, the Prince of Wales came on board his flag-ship, the *Monarch*. Lord Keppel sailed March 29, 1761, to the conquest of Belleisle and the reduction of Havannah; and, on Oct. 18, in that year, Lord Rodney sailed to the conquest of Martinique, and again to the defeat of the Count de Grasse, April 12, 1782. Admiral Boscawen anchored here, after the reduction of Carthage, Aug. 14, 1742; and, on Feb. 19, 1758, sailed in the *Inflexible*, with Amherst and Wolfe, for Cape Breton. On Nov. 17, 1759, General Wolfe's body was landed from Spithead. Lord Hood, in 1793, sailed to his distinguished services in the Mediterranean; Lord Howe put to sea on May 2, and having gained the victory of the glorious First of June, returned June 15, 1794; Lord Bridport went to his victory off Belleisle, June 12, 1795; Lord St. Vincent sailed from Spithead before the battle off the memorable Cape, on Feb. 4, 1797, and cast anchor Aug. 1799. On April 9, 1798, the immortal Nelson weighed anchor to win the battle of the Nile; and, on Sept. 14, 1805, for his last crowning triumph at Trafalgar. On Dec. 4 following the Victory arrived with the dead body of the great hero. Lord Exmouth weighed for Algiers July 24, 1816. In June, 1812, Louis XVIII. visited Spithead. On Feb. 2, 1828, the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral, inspected the *Asia*, just returned from Navarino. Names are these which, as the Highland bards chanted over the graves of their chiefs, speak to other years, and to the men of all time.

In 1797, April 16, the Channel fleet mutinied at Spithead, demanding an advance of wages, and refusing to sail, when Lord Bridport made the signal to weigh. The Board of

Admiralty met at Portsmouth; concessions were made, the king's pardon was read, and the fleet returned to its duty. An ill-advised order of the Admiralty revived the discontent, and the mutiny broke out afresh on May 7, and was only happily quelled or composed by the judicious interposition of Lord Howe. Captain Beechey sailed in the *Blossom*, on his Arctic voyage, from Spithead May 19, 1825. Her Majesty, on March 10, 1854, there inspected the Baltic fleet of ten sail of the line and seven frigates, under the flag of Sir Charles Napier. On April 23, 1857, was held the most magnificent naval review on record, when, in a calm sea, and under a cloudless sky, upwards of two hundred and fifty vessels of all rates passed in procession, forming a double line which reached nearly four miles. The review terminated in a mimic engagement between the flotilla of gunboats and the forts, in the presence of the Queen.

“ The flashing and the roar,  
That burst from fort and ship and tower,  
While clouds of gloomy splendour lower  
O'er city, sea, and shore.  
The land-side with a restless crowd  
Seems all alive; their voices loud,  
Oft raise the thundrous cheer,  
While, from on board the ships of war,  
The music bands, both near and far,  
Are playing faint or clear.  
The bells ring quick a joyous peal,  
Till the very towers appear to feel  
The joy that stirs throughout their height.  
Ten thousand flags and pendants fly  
Abroad, like meteors in the sky,  
So beautiful and bright.”

At 9 P.M. the whole fleet illuminated their ports and burned blue lights—the most imposing spectacle which was ever witnessed, one never equalled, and, perhaps, which will not be surpassed.

On the west of Spithead lies the *Motherbank*, the roadstead of the Indiamen and merchant-ships; on the east is *St. Helen's* anchorage under the Isle of Wight. Off Bem-

bridge Point is seen the floating-beacon, called the *Nab Light*. The water to the westward is called the *Solent Sea* (the dissolving sea, according to Bede), from its tides sapping the cliffs. In it an ill-clad little fisher-boy in a skiff lying under the quarter of an admiral's ship besought to be taken on board; the lad became the great Admiral Hobson. Opposite to Fort Cumberland, but entered by a bridge from Havant, is *Hayling Island* (4 miles long), which once belonged to the Abbey of Jumièges, in Normandy, and afterwards to the Carthusians of Shene. There is a small watering-place at the south-west extremity.

“ The ocean old, centuries old,  
 Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
 Paces restless to and fro  
 Up and down the sands of gold.  
 His beating heart is not at rest,  
 And far and wide, with ceaseless tide,  
 His beard of snow  
 Heaves with the heaving of his breast.”

South Hayling Church is of five bays: that of North Hayling is dedicated to St. Peter.

The rarer plants in the neighbourhood are: At *Portsmouth*—*Dactylis stricta*, great English marsh fox-tail grass, *alopecurus maxima*, *Anglica paludina*, sea-eryngo, yellow poppy, and *convolvulus soldanella*: Near *Salterns and Drayton House* (2 miles,)—Lesser burdock, *xanthium strumarium minus*: *London Road* (3 miles)—Least English black bindweed, *cissampelos Anglica minima*: Near *Drayton*—Low sea heath, *erica maritima*, *Anglica supina*, *agaricus fimetarius*, egg agaric: Near *Rood Lane*—Bearded fox-tail grass, *alopecurus aristatus Monspeliensis*, grass-leaved orach, *atriplex littoralis*: *Sea-shore*—*Frankenia levis* smooth sea-heath: *Clay marshes*—*Fucus canaliculatus*, fursweed *fucus*: *Gosport*—*Herniaria glabra*, smooth rupture wort: *Sands*—*trifolium arvense*, hare's-foot trefoil: Near *Southsea Castle*—*Althæa officinalis*: *Havant*—*Eryngium maritimum*: *Fareham*—*Cheiranthus cheiri*, *chelidonium glaucium*: *Alverstoke*—*Ophrys spiralis* (*Portsdown*).

Among the rarer shells may be noted *Mytilus modiolus*, *M. bidens*, *murex antiquus*, *mya inæqualvis*, *sabella* and *carduum exiguum*. In blue clay at low water are found *Pholas dactylus* and *venericardia planicosta*, on Portsdown hill *echini*, and *terebratulæ*. The medusa, sea-anemone, *aphrodita*, and *sepiæ* are found in the tide-pools. The death's-head moth, and lesser *papilio crataega* are common. The solan goose, great northern diver, grebes, avocet, broad and tawny buntings, cross-bill, mountain finch, and egret occasionally visit the neighbourhood.

The house of *Southwick Park* (T. Thistlethwaite) was built in 1840 on the ancient domain of the Augustinian Priory of St. Mary, originally founded by Henry I. at Porchester Castle, but removed to this site shortly after. In the Priory church Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou were married, and the parents of William of Wykeham lie buried. The prior's chair is still preserved. In a former mansion, which was destroyed by fire, two kings were entertained—Charles I., who here received the tidings of the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham from Sir F. Hippenesley, in 1628; and George I. Richard Norton, in the reign of William III., made a will, afterwards set aside, in which he bequeathed his estate of 6000*l.* a-year, and personal property amounting to 60,000*l.*, to the poor throughout the world, and his pictures and collections to the King of England: he appointed the Parliament, or in default the Bench of Bishops, his executors. At WICKHAM, 3½ miles north of Fareham, is an ancient church with a Norman west door. Here was born the great William of Wykeham. In the neighbourhood, on the east of the village, is Rooksbury Park (W. Garnier), and Wickham Park (Mrs. Guitton). At WICKHAM CORNER Dr. Warton passed the last years of his life.

The next station is at BOTLEY. The church is situated a mile distant to the south of this little market town. It has been rendered notorious by a fatal practical joke known as the Botley Assizes. Some labouring men were drinking hard at the "Catherine Wheel" public-house, when one, wiser than the rest, refused to continue the

bout : his fellows held a mock trial, and having adjudged him to be guilty, suspended him by a rope round his middle to the bacon rack. A regiment happened to be passing at the moment, and the men ran out to hear the band; on their return, to their horror they found that their unhappy companion was dead!

The country hereabout is very pretty and pastoral; green meadows and softly-swelling hills, belts of trees on the ridges, and brooks in the valley, with occasional breezy spaces of down will tempt the traveller to prefer the walk to the railroad. Cobbett had a farm in this neighbourhood. BOTLEY stands on the river Hamble, which at the distance of 8 miles south expands into a creek: on the west bank (2 miles) is *Bursledon*, where, in 1807, men-of-war still were built; at the mouth is *Hamble*, (2 miles), where there is a church having a fine Norman west door and a monument to Sir J. Yorke, drowned in Southampton Water, 1831. At this place the Saxons are believed to have made a descent. On the point are remains of an ancient camp and fort. To the north of *Wilden*, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile from Botley, are some tumuli; and to the west of *Dodwell* (3 miles) are similar barrows.

Five miles to the north of Botley is BISHOP'S WALTHAM (the Town in the Wood), where are ruins of the palace in which William of Wykeham died; it was built by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester. The remains of the *Hall* in the inner court, (which was 65 ft. by 27 ft. and 25 feet high,) consist of the side wall, with five tall ivied windows, and part of a *Tower*, 17 feet square, retaining traces of a minstrels' gallery on the south side. The chancel of the church of St. Peter was built by William of Wykeham; the tower is Elizabethan; the nave aisles are of the seventeenth century. On the monument of Mrs. Wright is an epitaph by Dr. Johnson.

The neighbourhood was, in the last century, rendered infamous by the atrocities of the deer-stealers, called, from their disguise, Waltham Blacks, or in their own phrase, "the hunters." An Act of Parliament (George I.), severe as that of Draco, was necessary to repress the gang,

but this was not accomplished without bloodshed. They were hardly extinct in 1767. Bishop Hoadley refused to re-stock the chase (now a mere waste common of 2000 acres), alleging that it had already been the cause of too much evil.

The Portsmouth railway joins the main line at BISHOPSTOKE, from which there is a branch to Salisbury. At Bishopstoke are the beautiful gardens attached to the residence of Dr. Garnier, Dean of Winchester. A short run of 5½ miles will land the traveller at

### SOUTHAMPTON,

which is situated in the basin of the tertiary formation of Hampshire, with London clay and a deep bed of gravel for the subsoil. It derives its name from the river Test, or Anton, which here enters the sea; the affix South being added to distinguish it from the adjacent Northam; or, with equal probability, from Northampton and Wolverhampton. At Bitterne (Clausentum, Claus-anton, a river), the Romans established a military station on the east side of the Itchen, where there are traces of a fosse and vallum. It was the head-quarters of Tetricus, and was connected with Winchester by a road running through North Stoneham and Saint Cross;—with Porchester; Ringwood; and the Isle of Wight by Lepe across the Solent, into which a hard gravelly beach still extends some way. The road is known in the island as Rue Street, and passing by Carisbrooke, touches the south shore. The "Pilgrims' Way" ran from Southampton eastward into Kent.

The town is built on rising ground and a gravelly soil, at the head of the Southampton Water, which is 7 miles in length: to the east flows the Itchen or Aire, and to the west the Test or Anton. The approach from Winchester is very fine, through a wooded open park-like country, sloping down with a long avenue of fine old elms to the estuary of the Test and Aire, covered with the



sails of yachts and merchant-vessels, and rippled with white streaks of foam by many steamers, Calshot Castle and the Isle of Wight closing the distance to the south. On the water-side the view, from its diversified scenery, is equally beautiful. Rising lands, clad with woods on either side, slope down to the very shore; or lawns and fields, dotted with villages, villas and mansions, and the grey ruins of Netley appear on the right, to which shortly will be added a Military Hospital, cheerful bright Hythe on the left, with the dark background of the New Forest; and, northward, the docks, quays, the inlet to Redbridge and the spires of Holyrood and St. Michael.

A large ancient vessel, probably Roman, was discovered in the mud in 1848. Southampton Water has been traversed by the galleys of the Danes under Odin's raven, and by the Saxon with the White Horse of Jutland. The former fact is of peculiar interest. The line of Watling Street, extending from the S.E. shore of the British Channel to Chester and the sea which parts England from Ireland, was the frontier which separated the Dane and the Saxon rule. The south-west of Britain was comparatively free from the ravages of the Northmen; the Holmes islet in the Bristol channel, Dungeness, and the Ness (Næs), near Teignmouth, with the occasional termination Ey, being nearly the only traces of their influence. They undoubtedly had camps at Exeter, where there is a church dedicated to St. Olaf; as also at Teignmouth, Bristol, Wareham, Dorchester and Chichester; but at Winchester they established a court of Hustling; and three large fleets lay in winter along the coast of Hants, under the lee of the Isle of Wight and within the shelter of Southampton Water. To this day the red berries of the dwarf alder are believed by the peasantry to have been dyed with the blood of the sea-rovers. At Southampton also Canute was not an unfrequent visitor.

But to the Saxons the shores of Southampton Water, even in this less mild climate Venetian in tone and colouring like one of Guardi's pictures, must have opened like the gates of Eden. Beyond the deep estuary lay the magnificent forest of Natan-lea ("the Sanctuary-lea"),

extending on the north of the Roman road, over the broad tract between Nutshalling and Ringwood, afterwards afforested by William I.; and stretching on the other side of the Test, where the Itchin flows into the sea, from the Test westward to the banks of the Avon. The names of Saxon burghs still survive. Sudtuningas, Limingas, Halingas, Elingas, Fordingas, Brihtlingas and Weormeringas. Cerdic's-lea was the old name of Bernwood forest. In 508, Cerdic and Cynric slew Natanlead (Prince of Nat-e-lea) and 5000 Britons at Charford (Cerdic's ford) on the Avon. In 514 the Jutes, under Stuf and Wihtgar, nephews of Cerdic, appeared with three ships in Southampton Water. In 527 the two Earls, Cerdic and Cynric, gained another battle at Cerdic's-lea, as in 495 arriving in five ships they had defeated the Weales or Britons at Cerdic's-ora (a shore convenient for beaching boats); a name still preserved in Calshot Castle, through the intermediate corruption of Caldshore. Higden says that King Arthur, weary of a war of twenty years, in 520 surrendered Hants and Somerset, under the name of Wessex, to Cerdic after a signal defeat at Charlford, near Fordingbridge. Cerdic was buried at Winchester. Dover and Southampton are the only towns on the south coast mentioned by Shakspeare. The Hampshire fairy, Puck, figures prominently in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. If his native woods suggested the scene of the musings of the melancholy Jacques, it amounts to more than a probability that Shakspeare knew this part of Hampshire well. Some of the chief characters in the play of *Cymbeline*—Cymbeline himself and Guiderius and Arviragus—with several of the incidents, and the scenes, forest and sea, applicable to Southampton, but not to Milford Haven, are borrowed from the ancient legend which gives the traditionary origin of the name of the town.

Of Guiderius and Arviragus, sons of Cymbeline, the elder succeeded to the throne; on his refusal to pay tribute, Claudius marched against him, and by the advice of Levis Hamo invested Porchester. The valiant Guiderius, to save

the citizens, gave battle to the Romans. Claudius began to retire in confusion, when Hamo, disguising himself as a Briton, fought against the Romans until he could reach Guiderius and stab him to the heart. The brave Arviragus, seeing his brother fall, set the crown on his own head, pursued Claudius to his ships, and Hamo to the woods round Southampton, where he slew the murderer. From that day the haven was called Hamo's port. Hoel's 15,000 soldiers landed here to succour King Arthur, and here Maximilian, landing, artfully declined to fight with Conan. In 755 Hamtun, for the first time, appears as the only portion of his dominions left to Sigebert, King of Wessex. King Athelstan established two mints here in 928 ; and the prosperity of the place, now no longer a Saxon fishing village, attracted the terrible Danish pirates. In 838 Wulfurth gallantly repulsed their descent from 33 galleys : in 860 Earls Osric of Hants and Ethelwolf of Berks surprised another body of marauders who had plundered the country as far as Winchester, and utterly routed them here.

Again in 980 and 981 the Danish raven appeared in the devoted town, and in 992 an enormous ransom was paid by Ethelred the Unready to divert an invasion by Olaus King of Norway and Sueno of Denmark. The Danish king, Canute, with his palace at Winchester, had his port at Southampton ; and at the point where the Itchen falls into the sea, on the site of the present docks, he administered his well-known rebuke to his courtiers, when they hailed him Lord of Nature. Henry of Huntingdon was the first to relate the incident, and to this effect :—"The king ordered a seat to be placed before him as the tide was coming in : thus seated, he shouted to the flowing sea, 'Thou, too, art subject to my command, as the land on which I am seated is mine ; and no one has ever resisted my commands with impunity. I command you, then, not to flow over my land, nor presume to wet the feet and the robe of your lord.' The tide, however, continuing to rise, dashed over his royal person without respect ; then the king, leaping backwards, said, 'Let all men know how

empty and worthless is the power of kings, for there is none worthy of the name, but He Whom heaven, earth, and sea obey by eternal laws.' From thenceforth, King Canute never wore his crown of gold, but placed it for a lasting memorial on the image of our LORD affixed to a cross at Winchester." In 1016, he assembled here the chief clergy and nobles of the realm to secure their allegiance. At the time of the Norman Conquest, Sir Bevis of Southampton, a valiant Saxon lord, gathered an army on the borders of Wales, but, being defeated at Cardiff in 1070, fled to Carlisle. Bevis Mount and an uncouth effigy on Bar Gate preserve the memory of the hero of the most popular mediæval romance,—the knight who carried off the daughter of a Saracen king, Joysan, killed the huge dragon, and made the giant Ascupart his squire. William I. quartered sixty-five Normans on the new borough, which received a charter from Henry II., who landed here 1174 and 1186, and it was confirmed by successive sovereigns till the time of Henry VI. King John also concealed himself here in disguise when he fled from the barons. The name of King John's Pool commemorates the site of his residence.

Meanwhile Southampton was walled and moated: its jurisdiction reached from Langston Harbour to Hurst Castle, and half across the Solent, so that King John, who was here December, 1203, farmed out the customs for 200*l.* a-year. But the privileges of the townsmen involved them in constant feuds with the barons of the Cinque Ports, the burgesses of Lymington and Bristol, the citizens of Winchester and Salisbury, the monks of Netley, the merchants of Cadiz, and the Bishop of Winchester, who endeavoured to maintain the rights of the great fair of St. Giles, and so close all shops within 12 miles of the favoured hill. From this port, convenient for the voyage to Normandy, Picardy, or Guienne, embarked the archers and men at arms who won the fields of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. Since 1295, Southampton has returned two members to Parliament. In 1345 it furnished 21 ships and 576 mariners, while Lymington could boast

only 9, Portsmouth 5, and Poole but 4 sail. As the latter ports rose, so Southampton declined. The black death in 1348 swept away its inhabitants. In 1377, the gallant Sir John Arundel repulsed an assault by the French. In 1338, the French, Spaniards, and Genoese, landing from 50 galleys, plundered the town, and committed horrible atrocities, burning the greater part of it; but the inhabitants rose and slew the invaders. In 1405, the fleet of Castile, under Pedro Nino, made a demonstration before the town. In 1422, Queen Katharine sailed from this port on May 21. In 1432, the inhabitants repulsed an attack of the French. The stone-vaulted cellars of the 12th and 13th centuries, between the Maison Dieu and the Water Gate, still witness to the time when Canary and Malmsey, and the wines of the Mediterranean and the West of Europe, were stored in them. The splendid produce of Genoese enterprise and Venetian trade, the wool exports of the 14th century, formed the staple of Winchester; and the English stannaries, rendered Southampton the most important of British harbours; so that, when a princely Genoese offered to render it the great southern mart of England the merchants of London caused him to be assassinated. The seizure of its ships at Bayonne precipitated the war of Edward I. with France. In 1335 it was the chief magazine and arsenal of the southern coast. In May, 1339, French pirates, in galleys and pinnacles, burned two ships in sight of the town. On July 4, 1245, Edward III. embarked for the campaign which gloriously ended in the battle of Cressy. In 1356 and 1417, the transports for the army assembled here; and on August 7, 1415, Henry V., having first condemned to death the traitor lords, Cambridge and Scrope, and Sir Thomas Grey, set sail, on his way to win the field of Agincourt, with 1400 ships, 6000 men-at-arms, and 24,000 archers. On the fleet going out to sea, a flock of swans swam about among the ships, which was accepted as a happy augury.

“ The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embarks his royalty; and his brave fleet,  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.

O do but think,  
You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
For so appears this fleet majestic,  
Holding due course to Harfleur."

In the wars of the Roses the feuds of the inhabitants provoked two visits from Edward IV. ; once when he impaled twenty of his opponents, and again in 1461. In 1470, Thomas Neville, once vice-admiral, and later a pirate, here lost his head on the scaffold. In 1471, Lord Rivers defeated here the Dukes of Warwick and Clarence. In 1512, the Marquis of Dorset sailed with 10,000 men to aid the Spaniards against the French. From this port, in 1522, Charles V. embarked, escorted by the Earl of Surrey with a fleet which afterwards attacked the French coast ; and here, July 20, 1554, Philip II. landed on his way to his marriage in Winchester Cathedral. Henry VIII., who was here in 1518, and afterwards lodged in St. Michael's Square with Anna Boleyn, built Calshot Castle and Netley Fort, and erected the South Platform for guns. Edward VI. in his progress of 1552, was delighted with the beauty of the town, which the citizens " painted, repaired, and rampired." Philip II. landed here with the odious Duke of Alva, and having been invested with the order of the Garter July 20, 1554, set out for Winchester on Monday 23rd in a deluge of rain. Queen Elizabeth was its next royal visitant, August 13-16, 1560. The Flemish clothworkers, who settled here after having been driven out by their persecutor the Duke of Alva, and used the Maison Dieu chapel, added greatly to the prosperity of the town. Charles I. conferred with the Dutch Commissioners at his lodgings, No. 17, High Street. The chief room is Jacobean, and bears the initials and date J. 1605, R. During the civil war the rebels occupied the town, which in 1665 was swept by the plague. On December 14, 1666, a prize office was established here. James II. passed through the town September, 1685, and George III. June 26, 1789, and November 1, 1805. Gray, in 1764, mentions the Guernsey

lilies that flowered in every window, and says that no snow had lain on the ground for thirty years. In 1756-9, Hessian troops were quartered here. In 1794, Lord Moira's army, destined for Ostend, was under canvas on Bursledon Common; and in 1780, troops designed for Egypt had a camp on Netley Common. In 1779 and 1795 several brigades were posted at Shirley, and in the summer of 1800 some of the gallant soldiers who afterwards fought under Abercromby on the shores of Alexandria. During the reign of George III. the town attracted the notice of the Duke of York, and under his patronage quickly rose into repute and favour. *Gloucester Square* occupies the site of a Franciscan friary, founded 1204. The *Theatre* stands on the site of St. John's Hospital for teaching poor boys "the mystery of clothworking." The *Long Rooms* were built in 1761. *Thresher's Almshouses Above-Bar*, opposite Marland Place, (a corruption of St. Magdalen's lands, belonging to a hospital of lepers,) were built 1789. In King Edward VIth's grammar-school were educated Isaac Watts and Bishop Reynolds, who exchanged a puritan's gown for a prelatie rochet: and the town boasts among its sons Sir T. Lake, Secretary of State; his brother Arthur, a bishop; Pococke, Bishop of Meath, the traveller; Bishop Mant; Watts; and that true patriot, Dibdin, the English Tyrtæus. On the common is an Artesian well, 1300 feet deep, begun in 1837: near it are the gates of Bevis Mount, through which has passed its former master, Lord Peterborough, the rival of Marlborough and friend of Pope and Swift, who says of him, "Mordanto fills the trump of fame!" It was afterwards the residence of the poet Sotheby. The barracks were, in 1816, converted into a school for the orphan daughters of soldiers, since removed to Chelsea.

GATES, WALLS, AND ANCIENT BUILDINGS.—At the head of the High (formerly called English) Street stands the *Bar*, or *North Gate*, where, until 1678, a toll was levied on all goods which crossed the drawbridge over the town moat; outside of it died Lord Scrope, and his fellows, beneath the axe, 1415. The *Bar*, a term retained in the

names of Temple, Holborn, and Smithfield Bars, is the Saxon word for a gate, the Saxon *gate* signifying a road. The square Gate Tower, built late in the twelfth century, retains its circular central arch, but, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, received a semioctagon, fitting on to the two original round towers of the old fort on its northern face, with deep machicolations and bold buttresses, on which the figures of Sir Bevis and Ascupart were painted in 1744. On each side are two lions in lead, presented by W. Lee, M.P., at the same time: on the south side is a figure of George III., in the costume of a Roman emperor, the gift of the late Marquis of Lansdowne: the chamber above the roadway, 52 feet by 40 feet, has served as the *Guildhall* since the reign of Elizabeth; it contains a statue of Queen Anne. Of the six maces, one used to be carried before the mayoress; a silver oar here was the badge of jurisdiction from Southsea to Hurst Castle. There is also a two-handed state sword, 4 feet long by 3 inches in width, which is to be uncased in war, and brandished six times by the mayor and the members of the corporation. In 1773 the *East Gate*, and in 1803 the *Water Gate*, at the foot of High Street, with part of the walls, were barbarously demolished. The *South Gate* is an ancient and strong tower, with a gateway to guard the sluices which filled the town-moat at every tide, and is grey and ivy-grown. It received the addition of a "castelet" by Henry VIII., who gave to the town the long gun dated 1542, which is mounted, with six others, on the adjacent *Platform*. Opening to the West Quay is a pointed arch, called the *West Gate*, a plain work of the thirteenth century: above it is a tower, and the grooves for the portcullis are distinctly apparent on the sides. The adjoining *Walls*, which are about 28 feet high and 450 feet long, Late Norman, and some parts Transitional, exhibit an arcade of nineteen round and pointed arches, about ten feet in height, an unusual feature in exterior fortifications, but here employed to avoid any need of blocking up the windows of the adjacent houses. One of these, the *Norman House*, (entered from Blue Anchor



*Postern Gate*,) with double windows opening under the arches, its walls, a fireplace and projecting chimney, or flue-shaft, supported on four corbels on the first floor, still remains. The wide intervals between the corbels of the machicolations would facilitate the descent of beams or woolpacks, to deaden the blows of a battering-ram. *Castle Lane* records the site of the ancient *Castle*, rebuilt by Richard II., which in 1635 was in ruins: after various alterations in 1805 by the Marquis of Lansdowne, the donjon was destroyed 1818. Lisle Bowles wrote a poem on the subject of this house, in which these lines occur;—

“ How fair the scene

That lies beneath this arched window's height !  
The town, that murmured through the busy day  
Is hushed ; the roofs one solemn breadth of shade  
Veils ; but the towers and taper spires above,  
The pinnets, and the grey embattled walls,  
And masts that throng around the southern pier,  
Shine all distinct in light ; and mark, remote  
O'er yonder elms, St. Mary's modest fane.”

A modern meeting-house stands on the mound of the Keep. The tower was built before the reign of King Stephen, and was gallantly defended in 1377 against the French, by the constable, Sir John Arundel. The *north-west walls*, by far the most interesting and picturesque portion of the whole fortification, stand close to the water's edge, and are broken into light and shade by projecting buttresses and three towers. One, south-west, is an octagonal watch-tower ; then succeeds the semi-circular *Arundel Tower* ; and on the north-west is a small square tower on corbels, behind which rises a round tower buried in thick masses of ivy. The beach is here called the *Tin Shore*, in allusion to the mediæval trade of the port. Here, in 1798, a sperm-whale, twenty-five feet long, was caught. Southampton boasts the second savings-bank which was established in England ; and the first public drinking fountain out of the metropolis will shortly be erected.

The other remains of interest are some old houses in *Simnel Street*, and a timber house in *St. Michael's Square*, on the west side. There are portions of the ancient Woollen Hall, in a lane south of *St. Michael's church*; and the Red Lion Inn contains a curious roof and staircase. The *King's House*, of the time of Henry II., in Porter's Lane, was probably used as the store for the king's wines. The hospital of the *Maison Dieu* is approached by a dark, narrow lane from Winkle Street. It was founded for pilgrims by two merchants in the reign of Henry III. The old buildings, which stand among shrubs, have round-headed doors and windows—single lights—with the square-headed trefoil. The chapel, Transitional Norman, dedicated to *St. Julian*, is used by natives of the Channel Islands:—The chancel arch verges upon Early English, with good capitals; and the original entrance, tower, and gabled roof remain. In it were buried the conspirators put to death by Henry V.; their monument was set up by Lord Delawarr. Margaret of Anjou lodged here before her marriage, April 10-19, 1445.

Fronting the West Quay, which projects 390 feet into the sea, stands the old Custom House, built 1731, the representative of the past, and merely a subordinate to the new offices near the docks. The *Royal South Yacht Club House* was built 1846, fronting the *Victoria Pier*: the latter 1,000 by 36 feet long, of timber, and erected 1832, at a cost of 10,000*l.*, was opened by her Majesty. Travelers had previously to embark from the Hard, which means a gravelly beach, or firm causeway made on a muddy bank: the fixed light was set up in 1841. The Southampton Water, here three miles wide, has 40 feet of water in the centre. The regatta, which occurs in July, was instituted by the late Sir G. H. Rose, when M.P. for the borough. Within two years have succeeded two additions of the highest value: the first stone of the docks was laid in 1838; and in the following year the railroad was partially opened, and the whole line in 1840. The *Docks*, seven miles from the Solent Sea, have a quay line of 4,200 feet, and 3,500 lineal feet of solid masonry: the

charter of incorporation is dated 1836. The Open Dock, completed in 1842, is built of brickwork and concrete up to low-water mark; then to the upper level, of Swanage stone or granite, ashlar, and Isle of Wight rubble: it includes 16 acres, with an entrance 150 feet from the Itchen, commanding 18 feet of water at the lowest spring tides, 30 feet high-water springs, and 21 feet at neap tide: it was built on a point of mud land, 200 acres, the scene of Canute's rebuke, and the gift of Henry II. to the town: for this site the company paid 5,000*l*. On June 18, 1842, the water was admitted. On Aug. 29 the first steamers entered, the Liverpool and Tagus, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. To the south of it are three Dry Docks, the largest measuring 400 feet by 80 feet, and the Royal Mail slips. In 1852 the Close Dock, containing 10 acres, was constructed by A. Giles, and recently enlarged at a cost of 60,000*l*: the warehouse on the quay measures 200 feet by 45 feet; the entrance of the dock is 56 feet; the depth of water is at neap tide 21 feet, and at spring tide 28 feet. It will accommodate sixteen screw steamers of the largest class. There are two graving-docks, with a furnace shaft 100 feet high, which rises above the engine-houses, for pumping out water. Steam-engine factories and a sugar-refinery were built in 1850. On the side of the Close Dock is a range of warehouses.

In 1658 Southampton had eight ships above 100 tons, seven above 80, and forty-seven under 80. In 1776 there were but 705 inhabited houses, in 1841 there were 4300; there are now 250 vessels belonging to the port, of 15,000 tons aggregate measurement. Here, on February 22, 1854, embarked the first troops for the Crimea, the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. In 1836 the *Floating Bridge* was built, by which persons can readily reach Netley Abbey. Near it is the *Cross House*, said by tradition to have been built by a lady who caught a fatal cold, whilst waiting without shelter for the ferry boat. Not only, as for years past, does Southampton still import timber from the Baltic and Canada, coals from the Tyne, corn from Wales, stone from the Western counties, wine and brandy from France and the Peninsula,

and cattle from Ireland, but she has now a commerce to which her mediæval trade was not comparable even in its palmiest days. After a severe competition with the claims of Dartmouth to be the mail-packet port, in December, 1841, the steam-ships, some 220 feet long, and lofty as a first-rate, began to sail for the West Indies, Brazil, and America, in addition to the daily traffic with France and the Channel Islands. The now magnificent Peninsular and Oriental steamers also open a communication fortnightly with the utmost bounds of Asia and Australia, and weekly with Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malta. The mails for India are packed in wood; for the West Indies, in canvas bags; and for America, in India-rubber cases. An amusing paper in "Household Words" gives a graphic sketch of the motley and animated scene presented in the docks. Every nation lends its representative,—the creole, mulatto, negro, lascar; quadroon and Arab seamen; the island planter and the British colonist, East Indian, Australian, Canadian, sallow American, and olive-hued men from the shores of the Mediterranean; Egyptian princes and jewelled Hindoo rajahs, turbaned merchants from the Levant and grave Turks, foreign swart princes and ambassadors, exiles suspicious or illustrious, couriers and ayahs—visitors and travellers from all lands are mingled among bales and cargoes, sacks, boxes, hogsheads, luggage, cages of birds and wild beasts, the ringing of bells, the song of the sailors manning the capstan-bars, the grating of the mooring-chains, the babble of many languages, the cries of porters, the shriek of the railway-engine, and the dull roll of the iron wheels, confuse the ear. Yet, hour after hour throughout the day, on the arrival or departure of a packet, the listless crowd of loungers gathers about the quays; but, amid the din and stir, occur heartrending scenes of sorrowful partings, or wild bursts of joy and welcome, when friends long sundered meet and clasp each other in embrace once more.

The *South-Western Railway* runs its line to the edge of the quays, and communicates not only with London, but with the whole tract of the New Forest beyond, to Weymouth,

on the west ; and with Portsmouth, Brighton, and Dover, to beyond the North Foreland, eastward. The Gosport branch was opened Feb. 7, 1842 ; the line to Winchester, June 10, 1839 ; and to Salisbury, March, 1847.

The rarer plants found near Southampton are Rye Brome grass, *Bromus erectus arvensis* (corn-fields) ; Marsh St. Peter's wort, *ascyrum supinum*, *A. villosum*, *A. palustre* (moorlands) ; Lancashire asphodel, *onopordum acanthium*, *salicornia herbacea*, *narthecum ossifragum* (boggy heaths) ; and common splachnum, *splachnum ampulleucum* (Itchen ferry) ; *melampyrum cristatum*, *sedum telephium*, and *silene noctiflora* (Netley). In the New-Forest, *osmunda regalis*, *satyrium viride*, and *hypericum androsæmum* ; and on the Romsey road, *nymphæa alba*.

Southampton gave the title of earl to the Fitzwilliam family, Oct. 18, 1537-43, to the Wriothesleys, 1547-1667 ; of countess to Barbara Villiers, Aug. 3, 1670-1709 ; duke to C. Fitzroy, Sept. 10, 1675-1774 ; and baron, Oct. 17, 1780. The arms of the town are, Party per fess, arg. and gules ; three roses, two and one counterchanged. The statistics of the growth of the place in the present century are the following :—Area in statute acres, 2630. Houses in 1841, 4213 inhabited, 89 uninhabited, 56 building ; in 1851, 5514 inhabited, 441 uninhabited, 22 building. The population was—in 1801, 7629 ; in 1811, 9258 ; in 1821, 12,913 ; in 1831, 18,670 ; in 1841, 27,103 ; in 1851, 34,098.

The principal churches are—*St. Michael's*, in the old Fish-market (E. Edmunds, V.), consisting of a nave, chancel (Perpendicular), and aisles, with a low central tower, the arches Norman, and an octagonal spire built 1740, as a sea mark. The Mayor of Southampton, from time immemorial, has taken his oath of office in this church. The monument on the north side of the chancel is that of Sir Richard Lyster, Chief Baron of Exchequer, who died 1553. The Norman font is very fine and richly sculptured, of the middle part of the twelfth century, like that in Winchester Cathedral, of black marble, 3 ft. 4 in. square, and 1 ft. 6 in. deep, supported on a cylinder and four pillars at the angles 1 ft. 6 in. high ; on the sides are a winged angel, and emblematical figures. There is also a brass lectern.

The amiable Bennet Langton, Dr. Johnson's correspondent, is buried in this church. *All Saints* (H. Carey, R.) High-street, built by J. Hookey, 1792-5. In it are buried Captain Carteret, the circumnavigator, and Bryan Edwards, the historian of the West Indies. *St. Peter's*, Blechynden, built 1846 (J. Langley, C.); *St. Paul's*, built 1831; *Zion Chapel*; (S. M. C. Innes). *Holy Rood* (W. Wilson, V.); having a tower, with a spire, on the south-west side, a Decorated nave, chancel (Perpendicular), and aisles; and a Perpendicular font, octagonal and panelled. In it is Rysbrach's monument to Miss Stanley, died 1738, by Thomson celebrated in his poem of Summer, in the "Seasons." Curfew is rung nightly. The church retains its ancient stall-work in the chancel. Here Philip II. attended mass, Friday, July 20, 1554, and the two following days on his arrival in England. *St. Lawrence and John* (G. Lucas, R.), High-street, a modern church; *St. Mary's*, built 1716 (Archdeacon Wigram, R.); *Jesus Church* (J. S. Davies, P.C.); *Holy Trinity* (A. B. Burton, P.C.); *St. Luke's*, Newtown (F. Russell, P. C.); *St. James*, Bernard-street (W. H. White, P.C.); *Christ's Church*, Northam (C. W. Wilson, P.C.).

The cheerfulness of the town, and the facility of taking pleasant country rambles, has long rendered Southampton a favourite watering-place. By railway *Winchester* is 12 miles distant, *Salisbury* 27 miles (see Walcott's CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND AND WALES), *Lymington* 16 miles, *Christchurch* 28 miles, *Ringwood* 20 miles, *Wimborne* 27½ miles, *Portsmouth* 18 miles, *Romsey* 17½ miles or 7½ by road. *Cowes* is 16 miles distant. The village of *Itchen*, upon the east bank of the river, is reached by the steam ferry bridge. Proceeding north, on the left are *Ridgeway Castle* and *Chissel House* (Lord Ashtown), then turning west *Bitterne* is passed on the right, and crossing *Northam Bridge*, near which several men-of-war have been built, the lower Winchester road is followed into Southampton. *Pear-Tree-Green*, an eminence commanding some fine views, may be included in this route. By *Itchen*, *Netley Abbey* (3 miles south-east) is also reached. A ferry-

boat plies to Hythe, on the west shore of the Southampton Water, fronting Netley. A road which crosses Beaulieu Heath, leads direct to *Beaulieu Abbey* (5 miles south-west). Another road, passing by Cadlands (A. Drummond), and Eaglehurst (Lord Craven), formerly known as Luttrell's Folly, ends at *Calshot Castle*. Beyond *Redbridge*, following the course of the upper Salisbury road, *Testwood House*, *Bury Manor House* (Sir T. B. Mill), *Tatchbury Mount*, with an entrenchment, and *Paulton's Park* (W. Stanley, a descendant of Sir Hans Sloane), with a fine collection of pictures, and an enclosure of five miles, may be visited. From the woods at *Bramshaw* the timber was felled for building Salisbury Cathedral. The roads through the Forest are of romantic beauty. At *Freemantle* (Dowager Lady Hewitt), on the Redbridge (Reed-bridge) road, Cowper spent some of his early days. On the road through Shirley to *Romsey*, near Roundham's house, a lane to the west conducts to *Nutshalling*, or Nursling, where St. Boniface was a monk. The church is of the twelfth century; the west tower crowned with a wooden spire. *Grove Place* was a hunting-seat of Queen Elizabeth. To the south of the church is a circular camp; another entrenchment can be visited by taking the lane on the east between *Ashdown* and *Toot-* (the watch) *hill* on the Romsey road.

The road to Winchester passes Bannister Lodge and Bevis Mount on the left, and to the right Bellevue and *Portswood House*, near which (two miles north) is a wall with a water-drain, a fragment of the south transept of the Augustinian Priory of *St. Denys*, founded by Henry II. The next village is *South Stoneham*. About four miles from Southampton, on the east side of the Itchen, is seen *Townhill Park* (E. Gayler). The church of St. Nicholas, containing the monuments of Admiral Lord Hawke (died 1781), and Chief Justice Fleming, stands in *North Stoneham Park* (J. W. Fleming). At Stoneham, Ceadwalla the Saxon, discovered the two sons of Arvandus, the petty prince of the Isle of Wight, and ordered their immediate death: the Benedictine Abbot of Reedford (now Redbridge) in vain besought their lives. As a last request he desired per-

mission to make them Christians; his wish was granted, and having baptized them in the Aire, he triumphantly bade the tyrant do his worst, for it would only speed the young men to inherit a better kingdom.

The road descending *Finer's Hill* skirts, before it reaches *Winchester*, *Cranbury Park* (J. P. Chamberlayne), and traverses the villages of *Otterbourne* (where there is a modern Early English church, by Carter), *Compton* (the Village in the combe or dell), in which church Bishop *Huntingford* is buried—and *St. Cross*. *Shawford House* (Lady Mildmay) adjoins *Compton* to the east. On reaching *Chandlersford*, the road may be taken through *Hursley* (the Wooded Pasture), near which may be seen some ivied ruins of *Merdon Castle*, a former residence of *Henry De Blois*, bishop of *Winchester*. The manor of *Hursley Park* (Sir W. Heathcote, Bart, M.P.) was the estate of *Richard Cromwell*, whose daughters sold it to Sir W. Heathcote in 1718. Immediately afterwards, in rebuilding the old ruinous mansion, he discovered in the walls the seal of Parliament which *Oliver Cromwell* had taken away. The "Protector" *Richard*, who died July 12, 1712, was buried in the church, which has been recently beautifully restored, in grateful acknowledgment of the services rendered to religion by the amiable and gifted vicar, the author of "The Christian Year." The tower (Perpendicular) is the original structure. On *Cranbury* and *Compton Downs*, in the neighbourhood, are remains of entrenchments and several barrows; a raised mount under a conspicuous group of firs bears the name of *Oliver's Battery*, having been occupied by *Cromwell* when he bombarded *Winchester*. The pyramid on *Farley Mount* commemorates the famous leap of *Sir Henry Pawlet* on horseback, in the heat of the chase, into a chalk pit 40 ft. deep. The baronet received no injury, and the horse won the plate at the following *Winchester* races. In the neighbourhood of *Winchester*, to the west are—*Littleton*, with the church of *St. Mary's*, having an old tie-beam roof, a Late Norman font, of *Petworth* marble, and a Transitional Norman water-drain; *Sparshot* (Underwood) on the *Stockbridge* road, where, at *Mere Court* (3 miles



north-west), a Roman tessellated pavement was found; *Week* (Wick) where the church of St. Mary contains some squares of ancient glass, and a remarkable brass to W. and A. Camplyn, with the figure of St. Christopher, dated 1499; *Lainton* (3 miles north-west), with its ruined church, in which Miss Chudleigh was married to Captain Hervey, and afterwards mutilated the register of the marriage. The "Monk's Walk," from Hyde Abbey up the vale of the Itchen, leads to three villages, severally called, *Headbourne* (2 miles), *King's* (2½ miles), and *Martyr's* (3 miles) *Worthy* (a farm). The church of St. Swithin, at *Martyr's-Worthy*, has good north and south Norman doorways, and a rich coped tomb in the garth. At *King's-Worthy*, the chancel and font of St. Mary's church are Perpendicular; St. Martin's, *Headbourne-Worthy*, contains a brass of J. Kent, a Winchester scholar, who died 1432, a bas-relief of the Rood, with figures larger than life on the west wall; a west door, with long and short work, and a chancel arch of the time of Edward the Confessor; some encaustic tiles, and an anchorite's cell. In the garth is the grave of Bingham, the learned author of "*Origines Ecclesiasticæ*," who was rector of the parish. On the north of the city, opposite *Martyr's-Worthy*, is *St. Mary's Easton*; it has a rich Norman south doorway, and apsidal vaulted chancel; the arches are horse-shoed; on the roof are some crest-tiles. Adjoining *Easton* is *Avington Park* (John Shelley): the house was built in the time of Charles II.; but the banqueting room, in which the Countess of Shrewsbury entertained the "merry monarch" and Nell Gwynne, has been converted into a greenhouse.

The water-meads and some magnificent hedges offer ample opportunities for filling the pages of a sketch-book. The trout of the Itchen have been rendered famous by old Izaak Walton, who often fished the neighbouring streams. To the south is *Twyford* (2 miles), where Pope was educated. At *Shipley House*, Franklin commenced his "Autobiography." A bust, by Nollekens, of Bishop Shipley, is in the church of St. Mary, for the most part rebuilt 1660; the east window is good Perpendicular.

The Bishop's-Waltham Road will prove convenient for the following excursions :—*Chilcomb* is two miles south-east, among the Downs, with a small Norman church ; *Owslebury* lies three miles to the south, near an old Roman road ; the church of St. Andrew is cruciform, and of the thirteenth century ; it has a panelled reredos, Perpendicular, and an octagonal font. The chancel was the scene of a horrible murder : the priest, at the period of the Reformation refused conformity, and proceeded to offer the mass ; Sir Edward Seymour, with his servants, dragged him from the altar, and after cruel maltreatment, put him to death. In the neighbourhood is *Twyford Park* (J. T. Waddington), and *Marwell Hall* (W. Long, M.P.). An old massive chest, now in the hall of Upham rectory, was removed about 40 years ago from the former mansion, which had been the seat of the Seymours and Dacres. A sorrowful story of a young girl, connected with this relic, is similar to that of Tony Forster in Kenilworth, and of Rogers' Ginevra :—

“ There then had she found a grave !  
Within that chest had she concealed herself,  
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;  
When a spring lock that lay in ambush there,  
Fastened her down for ever ! ”

At *Upham*, which may also be reached from Bishop's Waltham, Young, the author of the “Night Thoughts,” was born.

For the traveller who really loves the country, no district of the forest can offer greater charms at every season of the year. Towards the sea, little inlets pierce into the heart of the woodland, creeks and bays abound, which afforded, even in recent times, opportunities for the lawless and dissolute, for the forester and seafaring man to become at the same time smuggler and poacher. It was not an uncommon sight to witness the passing of laden waggons, and carts full of kegs and bales, through the streets of the neighbouring town, even during divine service on Sunday. The sea-poppy and mallow clothe the more sterile tracts ; furze and heath blossom outside the verge of dense thickets, through which open out glades of soft turf, and deep avenues grey in distance, intricate paths into secret

dells, among banks of moss, and beside boles of infinite beauty of form. The song of the thrush and the black-bird rises on the skirts ; in the unseen hollows of the wood is heard the clear ringing of the woodman's axe.

Beautiful it is in the early months of promise, with tender green and swelling buds marking the soft outline of beech ; with oaks on whose trunks is the bright moss, and at whose feet spring primrose and violet and hyacinth, and when the brooks flow singing, with the voice of Undine, under mantles of cress and water weed—that lovely time of which the Athenian orator thought, when he likened the eternal departure of the noble dead to the spring taken out of the year. Beautiful it is in the cool dewy summer morn, when the sea-breeze pants through the rustling canopy of leaves ; and in the breathless hush of sultry noon, roofed with emerald and gold, as the sun, with a blaze insupportable in the open day, here intensifies the beauty of the prospect with a milder glory, while all the inhabitants slumber in nooks, or amid the boughs motionless in the heat, or in the refreshing twilight, when the breadths of harmless lightning light up the skies with a soft and momentary gleam. But more beautiful is the scene in the calm decay and serenity of the sunset of the year, when autumn burns with unimaginable mixtures of colour ; each tree then wearing its own peculiar tint, the red of the maple, the orange of the beech, the ash like a dropping well of gold, the pale pink and white of the blackberry, the dark lustre of the evergreen contrasting with the glowing leaves of many hues which form a pavement richer than a tessellated floor in the dying glories of the sunset. Beautiful, too, when the frozen brooks glitter like silver chains, when the rime hangs like gauze on the dark ivy and crimson-berried holly, and icicles sparkle like living gems on every feathery spray and wintry bough. It is grand indeed, when, moved by the breeze that only sways their tops, and is unfelt below, the trees bow as in majestic courtesy, and hold strange unearthly converse, shadowed under the lurid portentous grandeur of the storm-cloud sailing slowly up against the wind, while the forked flashes herald the voice of the terrible thunder. But very awful is it

when the fierce tempest bends the uprooted giants of the wood like reeds, and the red lightning rives them down as with the edge of a fiery sword. And yet there is another language audible in the forest :—

“ ‘Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth

A call to prayer.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,—  
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ, thunder,

Its dome the sky.

There amid solitude and shade I wander  
Through the green aisles, and stretched upon the sod,  
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder

The ways of GOD.”

At Exbury (M. Ricardo, M.P.) resided Colonel Mitford, the historian of Greece. At Leap (so called from the creels of wicker used to catch fish) Louis the Dauphin departed in despair for France, on the death of King John ; and Charles I. embarked for Carisbrooke on his way from Titchfield House, thus setting the seal on his future destinies. Two stakes mark the limits of a leap made here by a noble stag to escape the hounds. The great giant Bevis used to wade from Leap to the island for his afternoon walk.

The granges of Beaulieu Abbey enjoyed a special right of having chapels attached ; one of the 13th century (42 ft. by 14 ft.), divided by a stone screen, remains at Park Grange on the sea-shore ; and more inland are the ruins of another chapel (Decorated) at St. Leonards, long famous for a barn 226 ft. by 72 ft., and 60 ft. in height. The conversi, or lay brothers of the Cistercian order, were always sent to these places. “The place,” says Cobbett, alluding to the beautiful prospect, “is one of the finest that ever was seen in the world.”

At Baddesley was the famous “groaning elm,” mentioned by Gilpin ; a mystery that was never explained, though boring the trunk by an auger put a period to the mournful sound.

## BEAULIEU ABBEY

Lies three miles south from the Beaulieu road station on the Dorchester railway. From it E. Hussey, K. B., derived the title of baron, 1762, and of earl July 8, 1784. He died in 1802. His marriage with the eldest daughter of John Duke of Montague, who possessed the manor, was the origin of the creation and title.

We may well regret that, of the minster, but one stone remains, and that the corner stone of the north transept of the cross. The abbey was built when art was a religion, symbolism a science, and the mysteries of the faith were embodied in the form of the building. There was an instinctive sense of beauty beyond what art could teach, a real though secret sympathy between the eye and the heart of the builder. Illustrations and figures drawn from architecture and the decoration of the churches, now common enough in poetry, are the offspring of the belief of those recluses, who in thought consecrated the world as a temple of the Most High, "its majestic roof fretted with golden fires;" and by the foliage which they profusely employed as the chief ornament of their buildings, seemed to invite all Nature, with garden, forest, and flowering leas, to worship also. Where could the Cistercian have found a nobler model for his pillared aisles, than in the walks of the neighbouring forest? Where could he have discovered more abundant studies for his carved work, than in the oak, the holly, and the ivy of its glades, or the vineyards that grew luxuriantly under its shelter?

" A mild and tender light :

She softens down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and fills up  
As 'twere anew the gaps of centuries,  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not ; till the place  
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old,  
The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns."

The position of this ancient abbey was well described by its name, *Bellus locus*, "the fair place." Before it spreads a lake-like sheet of water crossed by a bridge on the one side; on the other is a tidal river winding to the sea, through banks fringed with trees. On the north side rise gently-swelling hills, among which lay the monastic vineyard.

The remains of the monastery are the south or water-gate; the refectory, now the parish church of St. Bartholomew; the walls of the cloister, the dormitory and guesten hall; the abbat's lodge on the west, and ruins of the sacristy, fraternity, kitchen, and chapter-house; and the stairs to the parlour mounting from the south transept, of which the south and west walls remain. In 1204, King John founded this Cistercian abbey in superstitious fear, and filled it with monks brought from Winchcombe. He had vowed that he would trample all the abbats of the order under his horse's hoofs, when he dreamed at Lincoln that he was cruelly scourged by them, and therefore made this atonement. His mother Queen Eleanor was buried in the church, which was 350 feet long, consecrated in 1250, and it received the privilege of sanctuary, extending over the precinct one mile in length; under which Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, before the battle of Tewkesbury, in 1471, and Perkin Warbeck 1497, were sheltered. Lord D'Aubigni, with 300 horse, surrounded the precinct, but durst not invade it; and the Pretender voluntarily surrendered himself. Among the abbats, Hugh became Bishop of Carlisle, Tideman of Worcester, and Skeffington of Bangor. The refectory, 125 ft. by 30·7, (Late Early English,) is lighted by simple lancets, with a fine eastern triplet. In the west wall is a stone pulpit, with wall-passage and stairs, and a graceful open arcade, Transitional Early English, like that at Chester, used by the Reader during dinner; beautiful foliage covers the lower portion, which is bracketed. The heraldically emblazoned roof is of oak panelled, Perpendicular, of segmental form, and obtusely pointed. The north door has some good metal work—the laboratory and kitchen lie

to the east of it. On the east side of the cloister stand the three arches of the chapter-house, with the sacristy on the north side of them. In the north alley are seven carols, or monks' seats, and the doors into the aisles of the nave. To the north of the minster-site, which has been laid bare by the excellent rector, F. W. Baker, is an ancient gabled barn. The old abbat's house, or palace (Duke of Buccleuch), has a good hall of Decorated character, some curious linen-pattern wainscot in the upper chambers, and chimneys of ornamental brick-work. It was moated by a Duke of Montague, who feared the coming of French privateers. He buried with circumstance a village witch named Mary Do; and, but for the loss of his property by the capture of St. Lucia, designed a new town at Buckler's-Hard, where several men-of-war have been built.

Arms of the abbey, now those of the see of Newcastle, in Australia, of which Mr. Tyrrel, rector of Beaulieu, was the first bishop:—Azure, a pastoral cross piercing a crown, or, within a bordure, sa. bezanty.

## ROMSEY.

“And when he came to St. Mary's aisle,  
Where nuns were wont to pray,  
The vespers were sung, the shrine was gone,  
And the nuns had passed away.”

ROMSEY derives its name, like Romney, from the Saxon Rumes-Eye, the broad island, or, in allusion to its occupation by the Romans, Rome's Eye. St. Mary's Abbey was founded by King Edward the Elder, 900, or by Ethelwold, his thane, Edgar confirming the foundation. The abbey is seated on the river Test, amid pasture lands and corn-fields. In it many ladies of the royal Anglo-Saxon line were professed as nuns. The convent was nearly destroyed by the Danes, but restored by the favour of Saxon kings. The simpler minster, such as Romsey, we regard with emotions akin to the interest with which we look on the source of some grand river, or the picture of a great man in his early

youth: the features and hope are suggested of mightier things to come; the development of art which actually occurred at Salisbury and Winchester. Yet the presence of one of these ancient buildings ennobles, dignifies, and renders the common-place country town an object of interest and regard, from which its remoteness or insignificance does not detract. The impression is rather enhanced when we reflect how pure was the motive of generations, who added to the splendour of the edifice and engraved on the stones their costly testimony to the truth of the invisible world, in places which the praise of men could not be expected to reach. The present church is Norman, and of majestic height: it is composed of a nave and choir, with aisles, an eastern ambulatory, and a transept with apsidal eastern chapels, and a central tower: but the conventual buildings and cloisters have been entirely swept away. The peculiarities of the church are remarkable. As the minster of a nunnery, confined to the service of women recluses, it has no western door; and the level of the aisles is slightly raised above the level of the floor of the nave, which was occupied by the nuns' stalls. It is a perfect specimen of Norman construction in outline and appearance, and very lofty. The Norman work is of the style preceding the middle of the 12th century: this prevails in the sides of the chancel, the transept, the four eastern bays of the nave, and the low massive central tower. The *nave* was built by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, 1129-69. The triforium is original and effective, composed of triplets with shafts, Transitional Norman; the three western bays are Early English. The west window is a triplet of extraordinary height, Early English, the central light being 40 ft. high. On the south side were the cloisters, of which the south-west door remains: there were only two other doors, Early English, one at the west of both the north and south aisles: other entrances were added in the 16th century. The Norman door at the angle of the south transept and nave has two shafts on either side. The vaulted roof of the tower and nave is Early Perpendicular. The *tower* contains eight bells, cast



by Mears 1792. The summit is reached by 151 steps: upon the leads was formerly growing an apple-tree, of large girth and extreme age, bearing red-shanked and golden pippins. The compartmented roof of the tower has ancient colouring. The exterior of the *north transept*, which is of three stories, with two Norman windows in each tier, bears the marks of cannon-balls. On the outer wall of the *south transept* is a bas-relief of the Crucifixion; the effigy being 5 ft. 6 in. high, with a small recess, in which a light was kept burning; the smoke-holes remain. The north-east apsidal chapel is used as a school. The ancient wooden parclose of the north transept was removed twenty-seven years ago. The roof of the *choir*, in compartments, is modern, having been painted by a native of the town. The east end is remarkable: it has two small apses to the aisles, which open into a transverse ambulatory or procession path, while between two east windows, filled with Early Decorated tracery, intervenes a buttress, as at Buildwas, Glasgow, and Dorchester: windows of the same period have been inserted in the choir. There was an apsidal Lady-chapel with Decorated work. The church was restored by Mr. Ferrey during the incumbency of the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel. The *organ* is by Walker, of London, 1858. The ancient *font* was brought from St. Laurence's church.

The principal monuments are the following:—South transept, under an arch, the effigy of a lady in Purbeck marble, canopied, of the 13th century, called that of the Princess *Mary*. Nave,—broken grey tombstone, *Joanna Gervus*, abbess, d. 1349. Choir, north side,—Perpendicular altar tomb. South aisle,—*Sir William Petty*, ancestor of Lord Lansdowne: statue by Westmacott.

In the vestry is an altar cloth, of the early part of the 15th century, of damask velvet, embroidered with stars, and edged with a border of brown velvet ornamented with lilies and stars.

The nave is of seven bays, the choir of three bays, each with isles; the transept is of one bay.

The dimensions of the church in feet :—

	Length.	Breadth.	Height.
Nave . . .	134 . .	72·6 . .	80
Choir . . .	52·5 . .	— . .	—
Transept . .	121·8 . .	— . .	61·4
Tower . . .	Square . .	26·4 . .	92·6
Extreme length .	240·6 . .	— . .	—
Lady-chapel was .	60 . .	— . .	—
Ambulatory . .	71·3 . .	— . .	—

Among the abbesses occur Morwenna, who appeared to the nuns, and foretold that death would be the penalty of their worldliness ; Elwina, warned by a voice, as she knelt before the altar, of the approach of Sweyn and his Danes, and of her flight to Winchester ; Mary, whose sad tale was over-true—Countess of Boulogne, yet driven by papal censures and Becket's anger from husband and children to die broken-hearted at Montreuil ; and Alice, poisoned in her cups. In the abbey were educated Christina, cousin of the Confessor, and the good Queen Maud.

The archway of the precinct gatehouse remains.

*Broadlands* (Viscount Palmerston) is close to the town, and seated on the Test. The mansion, which was designed by Brown, contains some fine pictures :—the Last Communion of St. Francis, Duke of Alva, Prince of Orange and Count Horn (Rubens), Vandyke (Vandyke), Arsenal of Venice (Canaletti), Man's Head and a Monk (Rembrandt), Descent of the Cross (Domenichino), a Young Man (Caracci), Jordaens' Wife (Jordaens), Holy Family (Angelica), an Old Man (Gerard Dow), Madonna (Sassa Ferrata), Hagar (Guercino), Prodigal Son (Guercino), and another by De Vos ; St. Peter (Guido), Christ at Supper (P. Veronese), Light (Heusman), Figures (Gior-gione), Frost (Van Goen), Fluteplayer (Vanderhelst), Concert (Valentino), Boy and Dog (Weenix), Briseis (G. Hamilton). Sea-pieces by De Vlieger, Marlow, Loutherbouurg, Vandervelde, B. Peters, and Bachuysen ; and landscapes by Claude Lorraine, Berghem, Bottani, Baroccio, Castiglione, Elsheimer, Wright, Le Moine, Ruysdael, N. Poussin,

Michou, Salvator Rosa, Zuccarelli, Vangoen, Teniers, Wouvermans, De Heutch, P. Brille, Decker, and Wynants.

At a distance of three miles, to the west of Romsey, is Embley Park (W. E. Nightingale), the home of Florence Nightingale.

### NETLEY ABBEY.

The poets, Keate, Sotheby, and Bowles, have duly celebrated "the glorious wreck, in ruinous perfection," of the Cistercian minster of Edwardstow or Letley ("happy spot"); dedicated to St. Mary and the Royal Confessor, and founded by Henry III. and De Roche, bishop of Winchester, in 1239. There was a British district of Natanleod, of which Netley may have been an abbreviation. The monks came from Beaulieu Abbey. Beautiful in architecture and natural scenery, no abbey is more wanting in historic interest: register or documents there are none. The Lincolnshire lands of the monastery, granted by Walter de Burgh, were held by him from the crown, by the service of presenting a head-piece lined with linen and a pair of gilt spurs. After the dissolution, an earl of Huntingdon converted the nave into offices, reserving the choir for a domestic chapel. In the year 1700, Mr. W. Taylor, a builder of Southampton, unroofed the church. In despite of the warnings of his friends, and an ominous dream foretelling the consequence of his sacrilege, he persevered: a stone fell and fractured his skull; the wound was not mortal, but the instrument of the surgeon, while removing a splinter, touched his brain, and he died upon the spot. The ruins have been left unmolested since that time, although nothing can exceed the disgraceful neglect of the interior; mounds of stones, rugged heaps, long tangled grass, exhibit a strong contrast to the admirable care of Beaulieu taken by the Duke of Buccleuch. With the dyes and softening touch of time upon it, and the foliage of the trees, and the grey lichen-like mosaic work, concealing rents, the Decorated building still possesses dignity.

“The wreck a glory, and the ruin graced  
With an immaculate charm that cannot be defaced.”

Like everything really grand, for it had to do with the three only greatnesses—the soul, eternity, and GOD—though the moss is on the wall, the monuments shattered, and itself a waste, the abbey presents a great and touching spectacle, and it must be long ere fancy and imagination will sink to rest in the beholder. Never can the great and beautiful be forgotten, they live in the regrets of posterity, and in the traditions of the past, when

“Architecture, like Niobe all mute,  
Sits on the stones whose ruins she laments.”

The mind almost unconsciously endeavours to reproduce to itself the aspect of the Cistercian convent. We fancy the white-robed brothers passing in solemn procession with banner and chant. The glass-painter is toiling at the furnace, or dyeing with a pencil dipped in rainbow hues, work to which the sun of heaven should give life and glory, flowers of Paradise unfading, transfigured saints and martyrs by the Crystal Sea, radiant in bliss. The designer and goldsmith are gravng shrine and chalice, and setting them with bossy gems and glowing enamel. The worker in brass and iron is forging metal-work of tomb and screen, The painter covers the walls with frescoes and patterns of glowing colours. The illuminator in the library pores over the missal, the chronicle, or the legend. The sculptor draws features of angelic sweetness from the gnarled oak, and carves images of repose out of the rocky stone. The broiderer enriches cope and vestment. The almoner sits at the gate; snatches of divine music and unearthly harmony come floating from the song-school, swellings of heavenly chanting from the chapels; or the elders go thronging to the chapter-house, the chorister makes merry in the orchard, and the gardener gathers flowers to deck the altar. Still, as we think of these voluntary prisoners growing old, one day so like the other, to-morrow as yesterday, to-day the same, the echoes in the

old cloister seem to prolong and repeat the craving, mournful cry stifled in their breast, rest—peace—the great change!

Obedience was their freedom, poverty their honour; their toil—work for all time and the great world that lay beyond the walls. Known only to God are the causes that led men hither, the men whose footsteps wore the stones we tread, whose hands poised the vault above us. There were the toilworn and jaded by an evil youth, the penitent broken down by some haunting recollection; the widowed in heart, the strong and stern scarce scarred to the eye, but his green leaves withered and dry for ever; and the enthusiast or the despairing, who, in a transport of passion, rapture, or disappointment, vowed the vow indissoluble till the great release. What wonder if a tear fell on the coarse robe, as the sounds of the outer world cried to him with their familiar voice, or palmer and guest stirred the unresigned heart to its depth, and the monk felt all his loneliness? What wonder if his thoughts went with the sailing clouds overhead to distant places, and to old day dreams—and it was something more than discipline, fast, or vigil, which printed the wan cheek with the furrows of a premature age? But there were others who never knew the world which they had renounced; their horizon was limited to that narrow home valley—Samuels dedicated in childhood. Their simple pleasures were found here, and as the green mounds multiplied in the earth, and the shadows flew swifter across the dial, the last sound which fell on their ear was the chant which they had heard oft sung by those whom they were going to rejoin; even the tone of the passing bell was but a voice inexpressibly soft, bidding home the recluse to the great brotherhood in a better country. Far better to die than be among the last of the race, to bid sorrowful farewell, amid the sacrilegious spoiling of their house; to see breaking up and plucking down; to depart in silence one by one, and turn to gaze for the last time on the grey passionless walls, that never till then wore a look so fair, or were deemed by them so dear—the old home which they must henceforth visit, all

changed itself, themselves as wayfarers and strangers ; and then to wander on again destitute and forgotten, until the long silence and the peaceful sleep.

The great gate opens into the *Fountain Court*, 114 feet 6 inches square, which was once surrounded by three cloister walks, an eastern alley being wanting. On the east side are two *Sacristies* and the *Chapter-house*—the passage to the inner or *Garden Court* intervenes ; and southward succeed the *parlour*, the *refectory*, the *buttery*, and *kitchen*. To the south-east is the detached *Abbat's lodge*. There is a tradition that a central tower with lofty pinnacles once formed a landmark to seamen on their voyage up the Southampton Water. The church is cruciform, 211 feet 3 inches long by 55 feet 6 inches, the breadth at the transept, which had east aisles, being 120 feet ; the north wing is now but a heap. The *east window* forms two trifoliated lights, with a foliated circle in the head.

“ A mighty window hollow in the centre,  
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,  
Through which the deepened glories once could enter  
Streaming from off the sunlike seraph's wings,  
Now yawns all desolate.”

It is a remarkable incident that, almost invariably, the east window of the church has been spared, although the other portions are in ruins. Maundrel mentions a similar circumstance in the case of churches in the East. There was no triforium. The clerestory, deeply recessed, consists of triplets included by a common arch in each bay. The nave is of eight, the choir of four bays. In the south nave aisle, the windows are triplets, a broad foliated light between two lancets, on the north side they form foliated triplets. In the choir aisles there were couplets. The blank wall of the *south transept* has a steep gable with a three-light window over two trifoliated arches, and a foliated circle above them, while below are two pointed arches. The east aisle, like that of the sacristy, retains its Early English groining. The *Chapter-house*, 36 ft. by 36 ft., is divided by four pillars into a nave and aisles

The *refectory* (which was beneath the dormitory), 45 ft. by 24 ft., is divided into two alleys by four pillars, Early English, with windows of two lancet lights and foliated circles in the head. The *kitchen*, 48 ft. by 18 ft., retains its groining, but the ribs are gone. It contains a remarkable fire-place of the 13th century. Some of the buildings are of brick, the earliest example of its use after the time of the Romans. In one of the rooms will be observed a chimney formed in the thickness of the wall, but not reaching above the top.

The abbey stands in a dell at the foot of a gentle declivity sloping down to the east shore of the estuary, on which stands one of King Henry VIIIth's castles, and almost hidden by the rich foliage of oaks. Hill and dale, field and lawn, succeed each other on the land side, with little valleys thick with underwood, and murmuring with brooks, which abound. Here Queen Elizabeth was entertained, in 1560, by the Earl of Hertford. A body of French royalists quartered on the adjacent common, before the expedition to Quiberon, pulled down a great portion of the ivy on the ruins, and Lady Holland followed their example till the Dilettanti Club remonstrated, urging the authority of Pausanias, who records the destruction of a Bœotian temple, owing to a similar act of Vandalism.

Horace Walpole was warmed into raptures here. It was "not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. Oh, the purpled abbots, what a spot they had chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have retired into the world." Gray in 1770 playfully and poetically thus describes his visit. "See there at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shadow of those old trees, that bend into a half circle about it. The abbot is walking slowly, good man! and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white

sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him, who had thrown that distraction in his way?" The ferryman told the poet that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey, there were such things seen near it, though there was a power of money hid there. A story is current that a peasant did discover a large number of old coins, but was compelled to refund them to the lord of the manor, a decision which has been a sore blow and heavy discouragement to all subsequent itching fingers.

" Now sunk, deserted, and with weeds o'ergrown,  
Yon prostrate walls their awful fate bewail,  
Low on the ground their topmost spires are thrown,  
Once friendly marks to guide the wandering sail.  
The ivy now with rude luxuriance bends  
Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space,  
O'er the green windows' mouldering height ascends,  
And fondly clasps it with a last embrace."

## LYNDHURST.

The railroad to Dorchester was opened in June, 1847, and sweeping across the estuary of the Test on a wooden causeway in front of Millbrook church, where sleeps Pollok the author of the "Course of Time," who died at Shirley, 1827,—and skirting for miles the rich woodland scenery of the New Forest, reaches LYNDHURST (Lyn's wood), once the capital of a district of royal oaks, and harts of grease, but now instead of deer are found only stout, wiry, long-tailed ponies, bristly-maned swine, with dark hides, introduced by Charles I., and wandering herds of cattle. The forest presents an ever-changing surface of broad silent deeps, purple heath with its rich perfume, and bright belts of golden gorse, treacherous marsh and glittering bourne, deep blue depths and mysterious avenues of russet beech, silver birch, dark steadfast foliage of Scotch fir and glossy holly, and broad spaces of sward, with lordly oak trees, tangled mazes of underwood and



wild waste moors. Occasionally flat, more commonly undulating, tracts of brushwood and masses of ancient oak alternate with patches of reclaimed land under cultivation, and close valleys, through which a stream flows. Many, too, are the sounds and sights of life, the song of the bird in the glade, the tap of the woodpecker, the ruddy squirrel leaping among the boughs, the breeze rustling like mysterious voices whispering through the leaves, the light wreath of the gipsy fire curling up before the swarthy tents, the sunlight and shade shifting as the day wanes—who could desire a fairer or more romantic scene, of every hue from pale green to dusky umber—a pleasanter haunt for a midsummer, a spring, or autumn holiday? The traveller can here find solitude and seclusion, and in the scenery of the wildest character, observe one of those exquisite compositions of nature, where the simple and peculiar sounds, and the life of the landscape, breaking but not obtruding on the calmness of the picture, combine in the general harmony of the whole scene.

The forest was governed until a recent date by a goodly list of officers—the lord warden, the riding forester before the king, the bow-bearer who presented the king with a bow and arrow and received a purse of gold as his fee, the surveyor-general, the high and under steward, the purveyor of wood and the woodward for the royal navy; verderers and judges of swanimote and attachment, and regarders to value the timber before it is felled. Before the invention of artificial bending of timber by machinery, the peculiar gnarled timber of the New Forest oak, was especially valuable in forming knees for ships.

A few traditions still linger about this tract. The rings on the grass are the prints of the feet of fairy dancers, though science hints that electric sparks moving from the north really formed them. At Christmas the mummers meet and act the play of St. George in the villages on its western border; the folks yet tell the bees in the hive when there is death in the house, and believe that the death's-head moth only came after Charles's head

fell at Whitehall. When the horses stray, they will tell you it is from the calling of a wood-spirit, the colt-Pixy, as Puck (the Irish Pooka, the horse), when he would make Oberon smile, says—

“ I am that merry wanderer of the night,  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.”

The “squatters” still build their wretched huts on the outskirts of the Forest, but the poachers are nearly extinct. No longer is the doe’s hoof pared round to prevent it from escaping, or the growing fawn emparked in an inclosure to attract by its cries the stag to its fate; nor the crook baited with apples hung from the branches to ensnare the deer.

“There are those alive,” writes the author of *Glaucus*, “who can recollect an amiable man being literally bullied out of the New Forest, because he dared to make a collection of fossil shells from Hordle Cliffs. They can remember too, when, on the first appearance of Bewick’s ‘British Birds,’ the excellent sportsman who brought it down to the forest, was asked why on earth he had bought a book about ‘cock-sparrows?’ and had to justify himself again and again, simply by lending the book to his brother sportsmen, to convince them that there were rather more than a dozen sorts of birds (as they then held), indigenous to Hampshire.”

The sound of the swineherd’s horn among the beech-trees in Boldre-wood walk, as he collects his herd of six or seven hundred hogs, is the last relic of many an ancient custom. Rabbits were never numerous; and the last of the red-deer have been removed, but the climate and limited range of the forest were not favourable to their full development of size and beauty. The Act of Disafforesting, 14 and 15 Vict., c. 76, was passed in 1851; permission being given to add 10,000 acres to the 6,000 already enclosed.

The *King’s House*, built in the reign of Charles II., has received royal visits from King George III., 1789, and June 29, 1801; the Prince of Wales 1794, and the Duke

of Cumberland, 1802. It contains a rusted stirrup, said to have held the foot of the Red King. The *stables* were occupied during the French war as barracks. The church of *St. Michael* was erected 1740. In the yard are three mounds, to which is attached a melancholy tradition. Jane, a keeper's daughter living at Ocknell plain, used to keep tryst with a young forester by Bradley water. Her father one dark evening surprised her lover as he leaped up from among the fern, where he had been watching for some game; the two men grappled, not a word was spoken, and their features were concealed from each other by the shadows and gloom; at length the younger drove his knife into his antagonist's breast, while at the same moment he was felled lifeless to the earth by a blow of the old yeoman's gunstock. And so runs the ballad,—

“ They dug three graves in Lyndhurst yard,  
They dug them side by side;  
Two yeomen lie there and a maiden fair,  
A widow and never a bride.”

The town gives title to a late Lord Chancellor (John Copley), created Baron Lyndhurst, April, 25, 1827. Here June 25, 1789, Sir Charles Mill presented to George III. a pair of milkwhite greyhounds, with silver collars, the service by which he held his farm of Bury near Dibden. At *Cuffnells* (Sir E. Poore, Bart.) lived the Right Hon. George Rose, who became possessor of the well-known Marchmont papers, which were edited by his son. At *Caddenham*, 3 miles on the Salisbury road, is a famous oak-tree, which Gilpin said broke into leaf on old Christmas-day, like the famous Glastonbury thorn.

At the 82nd milestone on the great-western road, about a quarter of a mile down the slope on the right, is *Stony Cross*, where, pierced by an arrow, Aug. 2, 1100, King Rufus fell; the shaft glanced from a tree which Charles II. enclosed with a paling, and Lord Delawarr commemorated by a triangular stone 5 ft. high, 1745, with an inscription; the stone was cased with iron by Right Hon. Sturges Bourne, Warden 1841. King Rufus, despising the warnings

of Abbot Serlo and a monk of Gloucester, set out with horn and hound from Malwood Castle (the mound of the keep still remains); after a long chase he dismounted, when suddenly, a deer confronted him. Shading his eyes from the setting sun, he shouted, "Shoot, shoot in the devil's name!" the next moment he fell pierced through the heart. In the preceding May only, his brother Richard was found dead in the New Forest. The king's nephew Henry was entangled by his flowing hair in the branches of a tree, and lost his life by "a pestilential blast," says Camden.

Sights of dread, phantom shapes and horrible gibbering spectres, were said to haunt the accursed woods: the borderers declared that a fearful form, more terrible than the rest, had prophesied the doom of the guilty monarch there. The king saw in a dream a cloud of blood, which flowed from his own body, drawn across the sky, blot the light and shroud the sunshine; he started up in horror and spent the night in watching. On the morrow a foreign monk informed Robert Fitz-Hamon, the king's favourite, that he too had dreamed a dream, and in it he saw the king, with proud and insolent step enter a church, and with his teeth tear the crucifix; but at length he fell headlong on the pavement, and from his mouth went up a flame and smoke like a great pall, which filled the heavens. The king listened, and then with a loud laugh said, "He is a monk, and has a monkish dream to gain a piece of money. Give him a hundred shillings that he seem not to have dreamed in vain." Odo also, his uncle and bishop of Bayeux, had admonished Rufus to amend his sinful life, and assured him these dreams and nightly terrors were not sent in vain.

Purkess, a charcoal-burner of Minstead, carried the body of Rufus away to Winchester in his cart. Sir Walter Tyrrell, with red spurs, crossed the ford of the Avon between Ringwood and Sopley, but he swore before Suger, Abbot of St. Denis, that he was not near the king that day. The knight afterwards founded the Abbey of St. Denis, at

Poix, and died a pilgrim in the Holy Land. No inquisition was ever held, though when Rufus was carried to his grave in the cathedral of Winchester, Henry I. was in the castle seizing the royal treasures. The truth lies between a dark and hideous suspicion, and the idea of vengeance of some Saxon against the son of "the Father of the red deer," as William I. was called in the Saxon Chronicle. Lord Palmerston, on the occasion of a debate in 1859, on the law of inheritance, said in the House of Commons: "There is still a Purkess in the Forest who regards his patrimonial piece of ground, handed down from father to son for some centuries, with as much pride as the peer of the longest pedigree and the squire of a thousand acres."

The New Forest, so fatal to the Norman race of princes, measures 15 by 20 miles, and contains 66,290 acres of wood; and to the thinly-peopled woodland which formed the original chase the Normans added a district reaching from Gods-hill to the sea, and from Ringwood to Hardley water, 92,365 acres. All the land between Southampton water and the Avon—heath, bog, and pasture—added in the reign of Henry III.—was disafforested by Edward I., and the old bounds were restored until the time of Charles II. Cobbett estimated the entire area at 224 square miles, containing 143,360 acres. He remarks on the mode of growing oaks here. Scotch firs, twelve years old, were planted in rows 6 feet apart, every third row was left, and oaks were planted in the stead of the pines which had been felled; and then sixty years must elapse before they became timber. The story of the destruction of churches and fertile lands for the afforesting of the district is authenticated by writers of credit, nearly cotemporary, such as Henry of Huntingdon and Florence of Worcester. Voltaire, who was the first author who ridiculed this early tradition of the New Forest, has found followers in Warton, Cobbett, and Warner, but vigorous opponents in Gilpin, Hume, and Lingard. Domesday proves that of 108 places, manors or hamlets, the aggregate of the partial or entire loss was more than two-thirds of their original value. With as little foundation

it has been asserted that there were no ruins or traces of that demolition of ancient buildings which has been attributed to William I. The sites and ground plans of many still exist, the names of more still linger: the Castle Hill near the Avon, Lucas Castle in Broomey Walk, Peel (a square castle), Thomson's Castle, and Church Place in Ashley Walk, Burley Castle, near which were found the foundations of a church, Queen's Bower in Rheinfeild Walk, and the ridge on which a church stood in Denny Walk. The affix of *ham* and *ton* still adhere to certain woodlands; and it must be borne in mind that the churches of the Saxons were, like that of Grinstead in Essex still standing, usually constructed of timber, and that, of all situations a forest, with many remote and secluded spots, is most unfavourable to the preservation of ancient remains, as its growth conceals their sites.

At BROCKENHURST (the Yew-wood, one in the garth measuring 27 feet round and 66 feet high), the church has a Norman nave and a font of Purbeck-marble, with an Early English chancel; near it is an oak-tree 24 feet in circumference. By Act of 13 Edward I. trees were ordered to be planted in churchyards to fend off the wind: James I., in his desire to promote the manufacture of silk, directed mulberry-trees to be planted. Yew for bows was (by Act 12 Edward IV., confirmed by 12 Elizabeth) required to be imported by ships trading from Venice or the Hanseatic towns; Richard III. ordered ten bowstaves to be landed with every tun of malmsey. It has been assumed that yews were planted in churchyards to furnish bowstaves: but in fact it was to supply boughs for Palm Sunday. Sallows are still called palms in East Kent, and were sold in London till a recent date during the week before Palm Sunday. Brockenhurst Park is the seat of J. Morant. At Watcombe House lived Howard the philanthropist.

## LYMINGTON

(the Lentune of Domesday) is a neat town, sloping gently down to the river, with its bold beautiful curves, fronting the Isle of Wight. On the cliff opposite, in Walhampton Park (Rev. Sir G. Burrard, Bart.), appears an obelisk to the memory of Admiral Sir Harry B. Neale. The town was incorporated in the reign of James I. ; sent members to Parliament 1585 ; and still returns two representatives. It gives the title of Viscount (June 11, 1720) to the Fellowes family. The population, in 1801, 4,803, now numbers 8,170. The church of St. Thomas à Becket (C. Shrubb, Vicar of Boldre) contains a bust of Charles Colborne, by Rysbrack, and a monument to Captain Rogers of H.M.S. Quebec, by Bacon. This extraordinary entry occurs in the register, 1736—"Sam Baldwin, a sojourner in this parish, was immersed without the Needles in Scrapher's Bay sans ceremonie, May 20th." This gentleman chose burial at sea to prevent the fulfilment of his wife's amiable wish to dance over his grave. Modern as the church and houses appear, here the Phœnician galley traded for salt, and here the Roman legionary pitched his camp. Along the whole south coast, from Bittern and Thatchbury Mount to Dorchester, are seen the mounds and entrenchments of the mail-clad garrisons from Italy. Tumuli within a hill-camp appear on Sway Common on the east side of the river ; and a rude earthwork adjoins the shore. *Ambrose Hole*, like the neighbouring Ampress Farm, recalls the name of the British General Ambrosius. Half-a-mile south are some British barrows. Three-quarters of a mile from Lymington, on the north, is the castle-field (*Buckland rings*), an oblong Roman camp, probably formed by Vespasian, 2,400 feet in circuit, 630 feet east to west by 375 feet north to south, with triple ramparts and fosse on each side but the west, where they are double ; the galleys once could land troops below the hill. Near it is the cottage in which lived Caroline Bowles. Two miles southward, on the opposite

side of the river, is the mound of a watch-tower, *Mount Pleasant*. On the Southampton road may be found the rare plants *narthecium ossifragum* and the *drosera*, sundew. Near Lymington, Hook places the Chittagong Lodge of the inimitable Mr. Nubley, and the parsonage of the Wells family.

As a sub-port of Southampton, at one time the quay of Lymington, the little Liverpool of the New Forest, in the time of Henry I., had its share of the wines of France, and exported salt. Marauders from Normandy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, landed and three times plundered the town, then enriched by its Salterns, and possessing more ships than Portsmouth. On the fourth occasion they entered the house of one Madame Dore, who was making merry with her friends, and so charmed the light-hearted intruders that they joined the feast, footed it bravely after, and left her without harm, but with a thousand pretty compliments. The men of Lymington proved loyal and true to their king when a prisoner at Carisbrooke: Prince Charles, with a few men-of-war, lay in Yarmouth roads, hoping to effect his father's rescue, and all the time the prince was freely supplied with provisions by the town. When the Duke of Monmouth landed at Lyme Regis, the mayor of Lymington, Dore, declared in his favour, and mustered one hundred men. A party of royal dragoons entered the town, to surprise the conspirators, who sat, pipe in hand, with tankards of Ringwood ale before them, in Mrs. Knapton's house. The sight of the troopers made the politicians disperse ignobly through the back windows, pipes and cups hastily following; and when the soldiers entered, secure of their prisoners, they found no suspicious odour, for there sat alone the hostess—an old woman, with a rueful face, suffering tortures from the tooth-ache—her head wrapped in flannel, and inhaling vigorously the strong fumes of Virginian tobacco.

Steamers during the summer ply daily to Cowes and Yarmouth, and twice in the week to Portsmouth.

At BOLDRE (the Ox-ford), on the road to Brockenhurst,



is the lonely church of St. John (Norman and Early English), in which Southey married Caroline Bowles, and Gilpin, the author of "Forest Sketches," taught. In the north aisle, of the time of King John, are the arms of the Dauphin of France. In Dec., 1830, Southey was a visitor at Buckland. *Hurst Castle*, to the south-west, stands on a remarkable natural causeway of alluvial formation, consisting of pebbles, chalk, flint, and gravel, the waste from Hordwell, deposited on a submarine argillaceous base; it is two miles in length, 12 feet high, and 200 feet in breadth. This breakwater of shingle, washed on the west side by a rapid current, with water 33 fathoms deep, on the east forms a shore, marshy like a land-locked bay—a flat bar in strange contrast to the tall broken cliffs of the Isle of Wight, dreary, vast, and grand, not a mile distant. In Nov., 1824, the bank moved bodily forty yards to the north-west, but shortly resumed its old position. To the west is a shifting island, the *Shingles*, which sometimes rises twenty feet high. The *Castle*, built 1535, consists of a two-storied round tower, having three semi-circular bastions, mounted with formidable guns. From Dec. 1st to 27th, 1648, King Charles I. was a prisoner here; on his chamber wall long were seen his "Golden Rules."

It is observable how each shore has its own peculiar growth of plants of special interest. In one place are found the sea-reed, the sea-catchfly, the coarse leaf of yellow and brown and trailing stem of the poppy, the pink bloom of the glaux, and the blue flower and branching holly-like leaves of the eryngo; the bright pink starry centaury; the purplish sea-stock; the bind-weed and sea-kale on the sand, the samphire on the chalk cliff, the scurvy grass in the morass; sedge, glasswort, plantain, and rush in the salt marsh; sea-pink and sea-lavender on the mud-bank; the thorny rose, and the rock rose with its yellow-white blossoms, on the stony ground; and the tree mallow on the steep. Here, on this shingle, as among loose boulders, there are few sea-weeds, and yet each, whether riband-like, with broad satiny frond of lustrous green or dull crimson, has been cast up by the minute mollusc, gnawing at the root

of the sea-forest, which forms the hunting-grounds and the pastures of millions of creatures. There are no flowers: the traveller must find the interest of his walk in the consideration of the gradual formation of the gravel; in the suggestive rocks of Purbeck, pale on the horizon, in which the fragments of sea-shell, indurated, have become the building stone; and in the fossil beds of Hordwell, which are filled with creatures of a different race to those still extant. Their story now written in the crumbling earth, or literally graven in marble, will summon up in fancy the country as a desolate island in a northern sea, when the waves beat upon the shore, and no ear hearkened to their music. A French author has rendered the formation of dull shingle into a graceful illustration: he compares the elaboration and polish of the original thought in an author's mind, which is destined to become a household word, to one of these pebbles rolled by the sea till it becomes enamelled with hues like the waves, and rounded with a delicate smoothness which fits it to be the costliest jewel in a monarch's ring. The naturalist will here find ample opportunity to study the habits of the

" Shoals

Of fish that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid sea;  
Or, sporting with quick glance,  
Show to the sun their waved coats dropped with gold,  
Or in the pearly shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
In painted armour watch."

Owing to the dangerous nature and intricacy of the channel by the Needles, the lighthouse at this point is of the utmost importance to the seaman—

" Steadfast, serene, immoveable, the same  
Year after year through all the silent night,  
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light.

“ Even at this distance I can see the tides  
 Upheaving break, unheard along its base,  
 A speechless wrath that rises and subsides  
 In the white lip and tremor of the face.

“ And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,  
 Through the deep purple of the twilight air,  
 Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light  
 With strange unearthly splendour in its glare.”

The rarer plants found in the neighbourhood are *Inula crithmoides*, golden samphire (marsh), *lavatera arborea*, sea-tree mallow (shore), *malva arborea*, *marina nostras*, English sea-tree mallow, and *tamarix gallica*.

MILFORD, fronting Alum Bay, has a cruciform church, with a central tower, Early English, a nave partly Norman, and a chancel, Decorated. The church of Milton, the next village on the road to Christchurch, is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. HORDWELL is noted for its fine lawny down, which reaches to a cliff 180 feet high, of tertiary formation, capped with broken chalk flints 5 to 50 feet thick, rendered spongy by land-springs, and occasionally falling in huge masses. The church of All Saints was once in the middle of the parish. In the blue clay of Barton Cliffs, 14 or 15 feet below the surface, are found 120 different species of shells. The bay of Christchurch reaches, in a grand sweep, eleven miles long, from Hurst Castle to Hengistbury Head. A river, centuries ago, here entered another sea ; and a bed, 20 to 50 feet thick, of fresh-water deposits, marl, sand, and clay, rich in fossils, bituminous wood, lizards, land-snakes, crocodiles, bony pikes, alligators, birds, chelonians, mammalia, and extinct monsters, marks its former course. At *Barton Cliff* the London clay—dark, green, and sandy—shows where it met the sea. Here are found 209 different marine shells : *nummulites variolaria*, *corbula pisum*, *Mitra scabra*, *Voluta ambigua*, *athleta*, *typhis pungens*, *terebellum fusiforme*, *t. convolutum*, *cardita globosa*, *crasatella sulcata*, &c. ; and *chama squamosa* in the upper beds of Headen Sand. At Hordwell, in fresh-water beds, are found *planorbis enom-*

phalos ; brackish water beds, *Potomomya plana*, *Cerithium mutabile*, *C. concavum*, *C. cinctum* ; marine beds, *Venus incrassata*, *neritina concava*, *lymnea caudata*, *helix labyrinthica*, *paludina lenta*, *melania*, *cylas*, *lymneus*, *unio*, *drussena*, &c. ; besides fossil *paloplotheria*, *hyænodon*, *dichobune*, *spalacodon*, *Dichodon anoplotherium* (a sort of pig), *anthracothærium*, &c. At *Beacon Bunny* (brooklet) marine fossils are found in great abundance.

Here, and at Deal, the sea gains, while it is receding from Winchelsea and Hythe ; the cliffs along the bay, being sapped by the land-springs, lose about three feet a year. To this cause it is owing that the site of Belvedere, the low and massive mansion of the late Marquis of Bute, which was previously pulled down, is now far in the sea. Hither the Marquis escaped from the glories of Luton Hoo, to gain, as he said, his only good sound sleep : over the door was this motto, slightly altered by him from Lucretius,—

“Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,  
Impavidis oculis pelagi spectare pericla.”

“Tis sweet, when storms enchain the billowy main,  
Fearless to view the perils of the deep.”

It is to be regretted that the late Lord Stuart-de-Rothsay built *High Cliff Castle* (Lady Stuart-de-Rothsay) on the same treacherous soil ; a quaint structure consisting of a south front towards the channel, and a hall at right angles facing inland, with turret and pinnacle, and adorned within with flamboyant wainscot, richly carved, from Normandy, hung with well-wrought tapestries, and glazed with stained cinque-cento panes of France and Flanders. Of one suit of tapestries of the last century the subject is the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day.

The longevity and health enjoyed by the inhabitants are the best proofs of the invigorating nature of the climate. The day is probably not far distant when the adjoining hamlet of Mudeford will rise rapidly in estimation and become as favourite a resort as Bournemouth. The projected railway from Ringwood to Christchurch is calculated to contribute materially to this event. The sands of the bay at low

water are elastic and firm ; while, when the tide is in, the range of low cliffs, which shelter it from the north and easterly winds, afford an agreeable walk. At High Cliff they form a bold curve, and, from Hordwell, gradually slope down to a long narrow spit, on the extremity of which stands Hurst Castle, in bold relief against the grand background of the Isle of Wight. When the sea is heard breaking on this shore it is a sign of fine weather—

“ Silent and steadfast as the vaulted sky  
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie :  
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o’er  
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore ?  
No, ’tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
Whispering how meek and gentle he can be.”

If the sound of the waves proceeds from the West Bay upon the other side of Hengistbury Head, it is the precursor of a storm. At such times the prospect from the Coast-guard house, upon the heights, is unspeakably grand. The keen wind, or the fierce equinoctial gale, sweeps by, driving the clouds like smoke before the blast ; then heavy, dusky masses sailing up majestically, pile upon pile, gradually darken the sky, with others on the horizon, their edges pale-white and jagged, long drawn as if set in battle array, with the scream of the hoarse seabird like a trumpet-call before their advance. The rush of the sudden gusts grows louder and louder, and rises into the terrible grandeur of the mighty tempest ; the roar of the tide and the foaming breakers—the fishermen’s “white horses,” and the peasants’ “mermaiden’s sheep”—the waves, like infuriated monsters, leaping higher and higher for their prey, complete the wild turmoil of wind and sea, as they burst against the cliffs like the explosion of tremendous bombs. As the pall of clouds settles upon the waters, dense and pitchy, the blackness deepens, except when a momentary glare kindles it with a flash that bathes the whole heaven in flame, and the blinding radiance is followed by intenser darkness, and the terrific crash of thunder, no longer in muttering distant volleys, but in a peal deafening all other sounds, and shaking

the very earth. Not unfrequently vessels, carried in over the shallows upon the crest of a huge wave, have been stranded on these shores ; but in every instance on record the inhabitants have displayed the utmost humanity, rendering all the aid in their power to save the lives of the crew, and preserve any portions of the cargo which could be rescued for the owners. The wrecker has been ever a name unknown here.

Scarcely a mile distant is

### MUDEFORD,

(from the brook Mudey,) otherwise called *Sandford*, one of the quietest and the prettiest of sea-side hamlets. It contains *Bure Homage* (M. Ricardo), once the residence of the notorious Madame de Feucheres, and *Gundimore*, built by W. S. Rose, in the form of an Indian tent, and named after a heroine of one of his poems, a translation of *Parthenopex de Blois*. Here Sir Walter Scott, in 1807, talked of "Marmion," and Morier has been a guest. Sir Walter Scott employed his visit in rides to Stony Cross, boating to Hurst Castle, and exploring the Celtic barrows ; and he spent a day in the dockyard of Portsmouth, all duly commemorated by Mr. Rose. In November, 1816, Coleridge was in the neighbourhood, on a visit to Southey.

" Here, witched from summer sea and softer reign,  
Foscology courted muse of milder strain.  
On these ribbed sands was Coleridge pleased to pace,  
While ebbing seas have hummed a rolling base  
To his wrapt talk."

At *Sandhills*, on June 29, 1789, George III. was entertained by the Right Hon. George Rose ; and again, in 1801, on July 3, at breakfast, when, on his journey to Weymouth, owing to the shallowness of the water, the king was compelled to cross three bathing-machines, laid in a row, in order to reach the barge which conveyed him to the Royal Charlotte yacht (Captain Sir H. Neale). On the beach were drawn up the Scots Greys, the Yeomanry, and

the Loyal Christchurch Volunteer Artillery, under the command of Col. Walcott, who fired three volleys, while the cannon on the Isle of Wight thundered a salute. On the shore are found *ulva capillaris*, *filiformis*, *purpurescens*, *rubra*, *capillaris*, and red laver. As at Poole, there is a double high water here, owing to the detention of the sea at Hurst Castle; the second tide rising three feet. Christchurch Head consists of five layers of large ferruginous concretions, and is the only point with hard stony masses between Lymington and Poole. From it to Old Harry Rock, near Swanage, the cliffs are of tertiary formation, capped with dense coverings of gravel formed of flint. The traveller will remark the bold bluff of Saint Christopher's Cliff, above the opposite shore of the Isle of Wight, which looks as if had been rent apart from Hengistbury Head. Tradition records the sunderance as a fact, and it is observable that, at a depth of five and a half fathoms, a "bridge" of chalk, two hundred yards broad, with a bed of hard sand on either side, actually connects Hampshire with the island, at this point.

Hengistbury Head bears the symbolical name of Hengist, Horsa's brother, the "horse" of the Saxons. They probably marched from this place to Stonehenge, when they massacred Vortimer and the too-confiding Britons. The Saxon name was Yttinga-ford; but Baldwin de Redvers, in his charter to the monks, calls it Hedenesbury. The Danes are also said to have landed here on their way to Old Sarum; and in 907 to have contracted peace with the inhabitants, perhaps after a rout near Sopley. Norden says there was an ancient fort on the extreme spire of the hill. On Hengistbury Head, a mound of iron-stone, is a fosse, fencing it from the stone, and a double rampart, the inner mound being 24 feet high, 630 yards in circuit; there are three entrances, and on the north side are four barrows. The rapid Avon (which abounds with pike and salmon, and, like Norwegian rivers, forms ground-ice) here makes an estuary with the Stour, and in winter-time is covered with flocks of water-fowl, affording marvellous opportunities to the keen sportsman.

The road from Osmondleigh (Christchurch-road Station) to Christchurch passes by East Close (Sir G. Gervis, Bart.), Hinton-Admiral (T. Entwistle), a fine mansion of the time of Queen Anne, deriving its name from the rights of admiralty on the coast attached to the lord of the manor;—and Somerford. Another, but a longer road through Winkton, passes by Heathfield (Lady Bingham), Beech House (T. Castleman), and Harrow Lodge (W. Jesson). The views by either route, on commencing the descent from the heath, are of the most beautiful and striking character. Tradition represents Sir Walter Tyrrel riding o'er Fritham plain—

“ By Rhinefield, and by Osmondsleigh,  
Through glade and furze-brake fast drove he,  
Until he heard the roaring sea,  
Quoth he, ‘ Those gay waves they call me.’  
By Mary’s grace a seely boat,  
On Christchurch bar did lie afloat.”

A well-appointed omnibus runs from Christchurch-road station several times in the day to Bournemouth; and follows a route far preferable to the road from Poole.

### CHRISTCHURCH, (Twynham-bourne.)

“ A little while, O traveller, linger here,  
And at thy leisure eye behold and feel  
The beauties of the place; yon heathy hill  
That rises sudden from the vale of green;  
The vale far stretching as the view can reach  
Under its long dark ridge; the river here  
That, like a serpent, through the grassy meads  
Winds on, now hidden, glittering now in sight.”

Thus prettily and truly did Southey, sometime a resident, describe the charming valley of the Avon. Its chief feature he has omitted—the long grey line and western tower of the Priory Church of Christchurch. From the water-meads of Winkton, the hills above Iford, and the heights



of Hinton, the steeple is seen standing out prominent in the landscape, extensive as the view is, when the sun, like Ithuriel's spear, renders the whole building distinct. The finest prospect is, however, from the lane towards the west bay, whence the whole building appears grandly grouped, and trees shut out the town ; while those who ascend the worn and broken stair to the roof will find an ample reward in the noble view of the channel, melting away and mingling with the sky, with a majestic feature, the tall white headlands of the Isle of Wight, the grand semicircle under High Cliff Castle, paler from the contrast with the dark blue tints of the New Forest, on the east, the line of Purbeck Island to the west, and the dim, shadowy, and indistinct ridge of St. Catherine's hill to the north. Between the sea and the town, sheltered by a high range of hills to the south, intervenes the estuary of the two rivers, terminating in a narrow strait by the Haven House and the tidal inlet that curves in under the hamlet of Sandford. On the heights of St. Catherine, so said the wild legend, the first builders laid the foundations of the church, but every night the walls were thrown down and the stones removed to the little promontory at the meeting of the waters of the Avon and Stour, which gave name to the town Twyneham-bourne, the dwelling by the two streams. Unable to disobey the command implied, the builders commenced their work anew on the present site, and daily a Stranger came and toiled ; never was he seen to eat, and never did he appear at the payment of the wages. When one of the rafters was too short he lengthened it by simply drawing out its end, as if the timber was an elastic material, and the "miraculous beam" was long shown to visitors ; and when the church was to be consecrated he was nowhere seen, but the monks significantly dedicated it to the name of Christ.

The foundation of the earliest monastery has been attributed to King Athelstan ; the site was laid on a mass of bones. In the time of the Confessor there was a dean and college of secular canons here, with a church dedicated to the Holy Trinity. Flambard, the architect of Durham Cathedral, rebuilt the church : and on his disgrace,

Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon, in the reign of Henry I. converted it into a Priory of Austin Canons, 1150. The last prior was John Draper, Suffragan Bishop of Naples. Heron Court, the present seat of the Earl of Malmesbury, was the prior's country-house, and Somerford, where a Perpendicular chapel and some buildings remain, was his grange and lodge. St. Austin's, near Lymington, was another grange of the Priory. The church is composed of a nave and choir with aisles; a transept without aisles but having two eastern chapels in each wing, a Lady Chapel, western tower, and north porch. The stone of the latter, and of the north side of the nave is from Binstead; the limestone columns are from Hendon Hill; in the Norman round tower, and in the choir eastward of the transept, Portland oolite is employed. There are shafts of Purbeck marble in the north porch; and Caen stone is used in Draper's and the Salisbury chapels. W. Bingley, the naturalist, was curate here, and Warner, the topographer, and Admiral Sir Harry Neale were educated in the school in St. Michael's Loft.

The dimensions of the church in feet are as follows:—Nave, 118 ft. 9 in. long, 58 ft. 5 in. broad, 58 ft. high. Choir, 70 ft. long (with aisles, 60 ft. 6 in.), 21 ft. 3 in. broad, 63 ft. high. Transept, 101 ft. 2 in. long, 24 ft. 4 in. broad. West tower (east to west), 27 ft. 9 in. long (north to south), 22 ft. 4 in. broad, 120 ft. high. St. Michael's loft, 58 ft. 3 in. long, 19 ft. 7 in. broad. East ambulatory, 21 ft. 2 in. long. Lady Chapel, 36 ft. 4 in. long, 21 ft. 1 in. broad. Extreme length, 311 ft. 4 in.

There was formerly a central tower, and the huge east gable of the nave still has the ancient weather-moulding of the choir; the roof and gable of the south transept are detached; and in the south-west angle of the north transept still remains the newel staircase of the tower. The three eastern bays of the fine timber roof are evidently of late insertion; the gable has formed one side of the tower, and the eastern wall is 6 feet broad. On the tiles in the Salisbury Chapel, on the chapter-seal and on the frieze of Draper's Chapel, the church is represented with a noble

Norman tower of two stories and a broach spire. The oaken Perpendicular parclose of the south transept, at the beginning of the present century was converted into altar-rails and gates to the choir aisles. The gate posts of the north side are formed out of timbers of the Royal William, 100 guns. The *west front* is formed by the tower ; above the great door is a window of six lights with three transoms, 34 by 15 feet ; the tracery was badly restored in 1828. In the next story is a canopied niche with an image of the Redeemer : in the upper story are two windows of two lights in every face, set between pinnacles. A parapet with quatrefoils, battlements, angular pinnacles, and a north-west turret engaged, complete the structure, which contains eight bells ; the fifth and sixth are of the 14th century ; 189 steps lead to the summit. The *nave* was ceiled by Garbett in 1818, but the roof remains of a very high pitch and in perfect preservation : it is covered externally with stone shingles. The west tower ceiling was added in 1820, the date of that in the south transept, which once possessed a stone vaulting. Some of the sculptured bosses may be seen in the north-choir aisle.

An avenue of elm-trees leads up to the Early English *north porch*, which is entered by a deeply recessed portal. Within the side-walls, 40 feet in length, are inserted two compartments, each of which is composed of two pointed arches beneath a large pointed arch, with a quatrefoil in the head. On the west side is a cinquefoiled Benatura. The interior is open to the wooden rafters of the parvise roof, but the vaulting shafts and springers of a stone groin-ing remain. The upper story is traditionally said to have served as a belfry : it is lighted by two sets of couplets on either side, and was probably used at a later period as the muniment chamber. A large doorway of six arches, with two cinque-foiled arches below a quatrefoiled niche pedimented and inscribed in a circle, admits into the church. On the south side of the nave, in a corresponding position, are the marks of a roof, and the remains of a staircase which probably led to the dormitory. The arcade of the cloister, like a corbel table, is perfect. On the side

of the south transept are clear traces of two roofs, probably those of an ancient chapter-house and a chamber above it. On the site of the modern priory house (the residence of Gustavus Brander, and in 1807 of Louis Philippe) were found the foundations of a refectory, 36 ft. by 20 ft., and an adjoining kitchen, 20 ft. by 18 ft. There is a south-east Norman turret to the south transept. At the junction of the north aisle of the nave and *north transept* was a stone building of two stories called the Governor's rooms, appropriated to the Castellans of Christchurch; the staircase still exists, with traces of semicircular arches and groups of columns. Along the north front is a noble Norman arcade, the spandrels being ornamented with a fish-scale moulding. On the north-east side is a circular Norman turret of four stories; three of them arcaded and the fourth richly reticulated. On the east side was a large apsidal chapel, since divided into two Decorated chapels. Against these in 1783 was built a mortuary chapel for Elizabeth, wife of General Perkins, who, fearful of being buried whilst in a trance, ordered that her coffin-lid should turn on hinges, had food provided, and an open door that the boys passing to school might hear her cries if she was resuscitated. In 1802 she was laid beside her husband, and the front of this chapel was removed to the adjoining garden. The clerestory of the *choir* has three flying buttresses; the aisles have four bays, with an open quatrefoil parapet and graduated buttresses; the windows are obtusely pointed, and at the east end of each aisle is a turret staircase to the *St. Michael's Loft*. The windows of the *Lady Chapel* beneath it are of good proportions.

The intellectual man will see, not in the mightiest cataract or the cloudcapped mountain-range, but in the minster, the most signal evidence of the power of the Almighty, who breathed into a form of clay the inventive daring spirit, defiant of time and fate, to plan and accomplish undertakings so passing wonderful. The one creation is immediately formed by the hand of GOD, the other is His work, as by Hiram of Tyre or Bezaleel, through the intervention of man. Proportion and simplicity are the great features

of Christchurch ; principles here carried out to sublimity. The lines of the general design appear sacred, always grand, the result of the profound thought, deep science, long foresight, and complicated calculation required to conceive, execute, and enrich such a structure. Like Belzoni in the halls of Karnac, raised by his dreamy enthusiasm above the cares of mortality, the visitor may well exclaim—"I have at least lived a day!"

The interior of this church is full of majesty. The loftiness of the Norman nave of seven bays ; its grandeur, its massive huge piers, designed for long duration, far stretching, symbolize the imperishable nature of religion. Its vastness fills the mind with awe, and lifts it from the consciousness of the insignificance of this world and its inhabitants to the greatness, immensity, and solemnities of eternity, as the aisles, with their soft gloom, and the bars of broad shadows thrown across the dappled floor, prolong the space indefinitely ; devotion catches an enthusiasm, admiration heightened by wonder that man could effect so much of a permanent work. Wanting in the effect produced by the mingling of the "seven daughters of the sky," in rich glazing, "bright radiance, and collateral light," the building appears to the greatest advantage in the late afternoon ; each higher portion of the structure seems to grow out of that beneath, the tapering perspective, less and less at each interval, has no actual termination, but closes before the unfinished view ; invisible things appear to become plastic, and embody themselves to the eye clothed upon with a material form ; a seeming life and motion fills the grey depths, which thrills the heart and bids us, instinctively,

"Approach with reverence : there are those within  
Whose dwelling place is heaven."

The square piers are relieved with columns : the arches have chevron mouldings ; an indented moulding intervenes between them and the upper string course ; the triforium is large and imposing, two round arches beneath a large arch meeting in a central pier. The clerestory, recessed

behind a wall passage, is composed of Early English couplets. The south aisle is of the same date as the nave, with Decorated windows, and retains its Norman arcade and the entrance to the cloisters. The north aisle is a century later, and contains the entrance to the castellan's rooms: in the former is the Norman *Font*. The ritual choir formerly extended, as at St. Mary's, Tewkesbury, to the first bay westward from the tower: the surface of the wall is blank, the shafts being cut off above. On the south pier is a piscina; and the spandril of the triforium is enriched with a scale ornament. After the fall of the central tower the ritual and new architectural choirs were made to correspond, and the present gorgeous rood-screen was erected, leaving the transepts open to the nave. As the Austin canons (a fraternity of preachers) preferred towns, and had to do with daily life, the naves of their churches were always of a disproportionate size to their choirs; and this parochial character saved many of their churches from destruction. The *organ*, in the south transept, is by Cummins, 1788; the ceiling of the central tower was set up in the same year; the nave was repewed in 1840. In the *south transept* is an apsidal Norman chapel, with a circular staircase turret; a Pointed chapel, with two good sedilia, opens into the south choir-aisle. The vaulting, simple and effective, is of the date of Henry III. In the *north transept* are two Early Decorated chapels, built by the Montacutes, Earls of Salisbury.

At the entrance of the choir is the superb *rood-screen*, admirably restored, in 1848, by Mr. Ferrey, a native of Christchurch, 16 ft. 6 inches high by 33 ft. in length, and 9 feet in thickness, of the age of Edward III. It is composed of a plain base, surmounted with a row of thirteen panelled quatrefoils; over them is a string course with a double tier of canopied niches, of the richest and most elaborate workmanship; five large niches, with pedestals and floriated capitals, flank either side of the square-headed choir-door; with a line of twelve smaller niches above, separated by graduated buttresses which terminate in pinnacles. Its extension across the lower part of the

lantern piers was admirably designed, for it masks the narrowness of the choir, which is built on the old Norman foundations, and is 7 feet less in width than the nave. It covers also the rude corbelling of the choir-wall, which projects 2 feet 6 inches on either side to admit the coved canopy of the stalls. By the side of the inner staircase is the hole through which the rope of the sanctus-bell, hung in the tower, passed.

The *choir*, Perpendicular, stands on a crypt, in which is the chantry-altar of De Redvers. This is now walled up. Four lofty windows light the choir on either side; panelling supplies the place of a triforium; the arches are low, depressed, and obtusely pointed; in front of them are fifteen stalls on either hand, and six range against the rood-screen; three—the prior's, sub-prior's, and reader's—seats are canopied: the latter is on the south-east side; they have misereres, restored by William Eyre, in the reign of Henry VII., with quaint sculptures, and a vignette pattern on the cornice. The style of the wainscot, which is later, verges on cinque-cento. The stalls were repaired in 1820. The vaulting is simple fan-tracery, with pendants and bosses. The enclosed walls naturally direct the eye eastward. A grand high pace, with a broad flight of four stairs, flanked by the Salisbury chapel on the north, spreads before a matchless *reredos*, which the screens of Winchester, St. Mary Overy, and St. Albans, cannot rival. It is of three stories, with five compartments in each tier, and represents the tree of the genealogy of our Lord. On one hand is David with his harp, on the other Solomon in meditation; between them sleeps Jesse; above are the Epiphany and Nativity; while the shepherds gaze towards a heavenly host gathered about the Holy Spirit. Thirty-two smaller niched figures cover the six buttresses, and nine larger niches once held effigies of saints. The oak altar was the gift of A. W. Pugin, 1851; the Glastonbury chairs were presented by Mrs. Walcott, of Winkton, 1858. In the south aisle are mutilated sculptures of the death, assumption, and coronation of the Virgin. The *Lady Chapel*, of the time of Henry IV., and

contemporaneous with the choir, has a rich fan-traceried roof, sedilia, a superb screen, of the date of Henry VI., and its original altar, with a slab of Purbeck marble, 11 ft. by 3 ft. 10 inches. Over the entrance hang the flags of the Christchurch Volunteer Artillery, renewed by Admiral Walcott, of Winkton, M.P. The *Chapter House*, or St. Michael's Loft, built between the Reformation and the Rebellion, with a quatrefoiled parapet in the story above, has been used as a school since 1662. There is a Norman crypt under each transept.

The principal monuments are the following:—Choir, south side: Harriet *Viscountess Fitzharris* (died Sept., 1815), statue by Flaxman. North side: Margaret *Countess of Salisbury*, mother of Cardinal Pole (beheaded May 27, 1541), a beautiful chantry of Caen stone, with stripes of arabesque moulding, the gem of the church—mutilated by order of King Henry VIII.; *Baldwin de Redvers* (died 1216), a slab. South side: *John Draper*, prior and bishop (died 1552), a chantry and screen of Caen stone; *Robert Harys* (died 1525), a chantry and open stone screen. North aisle: *John Barnes*, Perpendicular chantry and stone screen, with the red and white roses; *Robert White* (died 1619), table-tomb and panelled arch; *Sir John Chidioke* and *Dame* (the knight was slain, 1449, in the wars of the Roses; his helmet is preserved in the vestry), altar-tomb and effigies of alabaster, removed from the north transept: there is a Decorated water-drain in the south wall;—Tower, *Percy Bysshe Shelley*, the poet, by Weeks; Lady Chapel, north side: *Sir Thomas West* (died 1405), an altar-tomb, recessed, behind a screen: South side; *Lady Alice*, his mother (died 1386), a similar monument; Nave, south aisle: a memorial window to Mr. Ferrey, 1847. In the churchyard are tombstones of passengers lost in the *Halsewell*, Indiaman, off Durlston Head, Jan. 6, 1786. The register, in 1604, mentions that C. Steevens, being “a papish,” was buried by women.

A subscription list has been opened for the restoration of this noble structure, and we heartily commend it to the notice of the county, and, indeed, to all archæologists.



Some walls of the conventual buildings remain. On the south-east is the convent garden. In an adjoining field are vestiges of the stew-ponds ; and the Paradise—a shaded walk along the stream—retains its name. The miller of the priory mill lives in the ancient lodge. A stone bridge, with strong and stately arches, and one more modern, called “ Waterloo Bridge,” span the Avon at the entrance of the main street. The town is cheerful, remarkably clean, and, though irregularly built, contains many excellent houses and good shops. It consists of two long lines of streets in the form of the letter T ; that which runs east and west is nearly a mile in length, and affords at intervals fine views seaward and up the valley of the Avon, a verdant reach of soft lowland landscape, relieved by silver flashes of the river. The High Street is broad and spacious. A large Town Hall, from designs by Mr. Holloway, is in course of erection. The churches in the neighbourhood are Bransgore (T. M. Macdonogh), built 1823, Highcliffe and Burton (J. Dobson), Hinton (T. Wyndham). The Rev. Z. Nash is officiating minister of the priory church.

In 901, Ethelwold reduced the Saxon castle : the Norman keep of a later building—a mound, with the massive ruins of a square tower—looks over the remains of the baronial hall of De Redvers, 71 ft. by 24 ft. ; the south gable, with a circular window, a round chimney remarkable as a very early specimen of such an addition, and the walls, are all covered with rich masses of ivy. On the south-east side is a tower, under which the stream flows. Edward VI. was here Aug. 22, 1522.

But for his fall, Lord Clarendon would have made the Avon navigable to Salisbury. The only manufactories in the town are of watch-chains and fuses. From the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the passing of the Reform Bill, the borough returned two members to Parliament ; but now it elects only one representative. The population, which in 1801 was 5102, was 8482 by the census of 1851. Christchurch, his birthplace, gave title to Adm. Lord Lyons, who was publicly received here Jan. 28, 1856.—*White Hayes* (H. Nicholson), is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile distant ; it was more recently

the residence of Lord Keane, the hero of Cabul, who was buried at Sopley.

On Burton Green Southey spent the summer of 1791, with his mother, his brother Thomas, a midddy, Charles Lloyd, the lake poet, and Rickman, the architect. He often described the place as situated near "a congregation of rivers, the clearest one ever saw." In the garden of *Winkton* ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles), (Admiral Walcott, M.P.), is a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, of very large girth, one of the earliest planted in England. A short half-mile of road—winding, within view of the river, foaming over the weirs, flushed with the broad sunlight and belted with meadow-sweet, or broad-leaved, star-like water-lilies, among which the kine from the level pastures that stretch up to St. Catherine's Hill browse knee-deep,—leads to the village of *Sopley* (three miles). Here is the interesting church of St. Michael, Early English and Decorated, cruciform, with a western tower and spire, and a south porch with the image of the Archangel. It stands on a little peninsula above the river, the site generally chosen for this dedication, in allusion to the legend of St. Michael's Mount. The nave has a fine oak roof, hidden by the ceiling: the corbels represent the heavenly choir. In the north aisle of the nave are corbels representing Edward II. and his queen. On the east wall of the north transept is a triplet, with projecting corbels as taper-stands, and frescoes under the whitewash. In the south-east angle are the stone stairs to the rood loft. The east window of the chancel, Perpendicular, displays the flaming beacon of the Comptons, and on the floor are two Early Decorated effigies. A ford here still bears the name of Sir W. Tyrrel, who in his flight after the fall of Rufus, is said to have crossed the Avon at this place. In Darrat (Danes' rout) Lane are two barrows, supposed to cover the slain who fell in a battle between Saxon and Dane here.

On *St. Catherine's Hill* ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile) is a camp 165 feet square, with three entrances, and double entrenchments, except on the south; on the north-east is a small rampart, and adjoining are six mounds for watch towers; two

barrows, and an elliptic earthwork on the north, 105 ft. by 75 ft., are observable. On the south-west side can be traced the foundations of an ancient chapel of St. Catherine. The landscape from the hill (called, as isolated heights generally were, after the name of St. Catherine, who is said to have been carried by angels to her rest on Sinai) is most imposing. It ranges from Ringwood, whose church-tower rises over the woods of Bisterne (J. Mills), by the water-meads of Sopley, along the winding course of the calm-gleaming Avon, under the dark trees of Winton (Weringetone, the Town on the Weirs, now famous for its glove manufactories) down to Christchurch, with its minster, ruddy houses, and lines of poplars like leafy spires, on to the broad blue channel and the cliffs of the Island; and westward, whither we are going, over the bays of Bournemouth, Poole, and Swanage, across Purbeck Island to St. Alban's Head.

The general employment of the women and children in the valley of the Avon, till the commencement of the present century, was carding and spinning wool for making broadcloth. About half a mile from Christchurch, on the left, are the barracks of the Royal Artillery, built 1792. It had been previously a station for troops. In 1779, the South Lincoln Militia were quartered here, at Lymington and Ringwood. The road crosses a long bridge over the Stour at Iford, the scene of a battle between the Saxons and Danes, passes *Iford House* (W. Farr), and within half a mile of *Stourcliffe House* (Admiral Popham). The Countess of Strathmore, the victim of Bates, the editor of the *Morning Post*, died in it, 1800. Adjoining the high road is *Pokesdown*, like Puckaster, in the Isle of Wight, and Puckwell and Pokestone in Dorset, a corruption of the name of the airy spirit Puck, who is still remembered in Puck Church Cliff, Sussex. The church of St. James (W. Wanklin, P. C.) was built by Street in 1858 on the crest of a hill, which commands a magnificent panorama of the valley, sea, and hills, to the east; on the left, is *Boscombe Lodge* (Sir P. Shelley, Bart.).

Fir and pine plantations, belts of dark green against the

deep blue sea, reach inland of the yellow sandy cliffs, with scanty herbage, from Boscombe, famous for its chine—a narrow ravine with vertical sides worn away by landslips and springs—to BOURNEMOUTH, 8 miles, known in 1586 as the “Fall of the Bourne,” and within less than 40 years, still a poor solitary place, as Bourne-Cliff or Tregonwell’s Bourne. The sands here are ten miles in extent, without pebble or mud. Bournemouth owed its rise to the enterprise of the late Sir George Gervis, 1836-40, Lord of the Manor, and was laid out by Mr. Ferrey. The church of St. Peter (A. M. Bennett, P. C.), erected 1845, is in process of being gradually rebuilt by Street. In the yard are buried Godwin the novelist with his relict; and also the wife of the poet Shelley. The Sanatorium for the reception of consumptive patients from all parts of the United Kingdom, under the care of Dr. Burslem, was designed by E. B. Lamb. In the valley is a peat-bog, with the remains of an ancient forest burned down in the reign of one of the later Norman kings.

In 1831, the stems and roots of fir-trees and peat, with pieces of alder and birch, some turned to pyrites, resting on pebbly strata, were discovered between the beach and a bar of sand, 200 yards in length, and extending 50 yards along the shore, at low spring tide: 200 yards breadth of shingle and drift-sand divide this layer from the end of the Bourne valley. The brook at its mouth traverses boggy heath-ground, which produces birch and myrica gale. The arbutus and rhododendron grow freely among the pine-trees. In 1854 two axe-heads of flint were found here. Dr. Granville gives this sequestered village of villas, without a street, the preference over all the bathing-places of the south and west coasts. To this spot the Duke of Monmouth was hastening when seized under an ash-tree near Woodgate’s Inn, July, 1685.

The next station to Christchurch Road is RINGWOOD. The church of St. Peter here has been recently restored: the chancel is Early English, and has a fine arcade shafted with Purbeck marble. It contains the brass of J. Prophete, vicar, 1416. In the grammar-school, the learned Bishop

Stillingfleet received his early education. The only royal visit on record is that of George III., Oct. 29, 1805, when he was received by the Christchurch Volunteers. Somerley Park (Earl of Normanton) contains a fine collection of pictures by C. Maratti, Murillo, Rysdael, C. Lorraine, Guardi, Canaletti, Parmenichino, Parmegiano, Vandervelde, Rubens, Vandyke, Holbein, Cuyp, Teniers, Le Sueur, Romney, Hogarth, and Gainsborough. The Avon coach runs daily to Salisbury. Two miles north of Ringwood is Ellingham (Adeling's hamlet). The church of St. Mary has an altar-piece representing the Doom, which was plundered by Brigadier Windsor out of a Spanish church in the Bay of Cadiz, in 1702. In the garth is a monument to dame Alice Lisle, who was barbarously executed at Winchester, Sept. 3, 1685, for having sheltered two of the Duke of Monmouth's followers. At Moyle's Court, once her residence, is shown a priest's hiding-place. The church of St. Mary, Fordingbridge, is a large building. The nave is Decorated, the chancel Early English, the clerestory and roofs are Perpendicular. At Godshill, two miles east, there is a camp with a rampart and double trench. In Rockbourne church, Early Decorated, is a monument to Sir Eyre Coote, by Gibson. Rockbourne Manor House, now a farm, was the birthplace of the first Lord Shaftesbury, and retains its ancient hall and chapel. Charlford (Cerdics-ford) was the scene of Cerdic's victory over the Britons. The next station to Ringwood is at POOLE, in the county of Dorset.

## DORSETSHIRE.

THE county of the "Dwellers by the Water" (the British Durotriges), is remarkable for its geological interest. From Lymington to High Cliff, from Hengistbury Head to Bournemouth in Hants—onwards in an arc round Poole Harbour and Wareham, to a line drawn westward from Standfast Point—occurs a bed of pottery and fire-brick clay, above a seam of earthy-brown coal, and overlaid by alum and copperas shale, fire-brick, and glass sand. To the

north of this district, as to the north-east of Christchurch, extends a bed of strong clay and sand ; but both these deposits for miles on either side of the Stour, as also about Boscombe, are mingled with ironstone and cement-stone. Southward of the Trough of Poole is a stratum of chalk traversing Corfe Castle, with a line of firestone and rag more southward. At Handfast Point the loose sand passes into sandstone. From Swanage, westward, succeed Purbeck marble, coarse gypsum, and paving-stone, the latter in beds 300 feet thick. Closer to the sea, southward, we find the Portland oolite ; while between St. Aldhelm's Head and Kimmiredge a belt of bituminous shale lies along the shore. The Purbeck stratum is of the upper oolite formation—argillaceous limestone, alternating with schistose marl—while between it and the chalk of the North Downs, are interposed chalk, marl, green sand, iron-sand, and weald clay.

Alfieri thought Italy and England were the two most remarkable countries in Europe, because, in the former, nature triumphs over the evils inflicted by bad government ; and in the latter, art conquers nature, and transforms a rude ungenial land into a paradise of comfort and plenty. The poet fortunately did not traverse the bleak downs of Dorset. The coast-scenes, however, are of striking beauty, and often have a rude sublimity, such as Salvator Rosa would have made his study. "I pity the man," said Sterne, "who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry 'tis all barren ; and so it is, and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers." On the Dorsetshire coast massive barriers oppose the continual beating of the waves—black, barren, desolate, indeed, against the sky when in shadow ; but, where a flood of gorgeous splendour is poured over the landscape, the peaks look like giants helmed in gold. Here lofty colonnades jut out into the waves, there yawning chasms sunder the gigantic rocks ; in one place the sharp outlines of chalk catch the sunlight, in another the rugged face of the limestone cliffs looms like the walls of a castle, whose towers and battlements were carved out by the hand of

Nature ; while, beyond, the overhanging steeps assume the form of broken ruin and crumbling bastion.

Several remarkable birds have been observed in this county ; the blue-throated redstart ; the black stork, at Poole, in Nov. 1839 ; the American bittern ; and the grey scallop-toed sandpiper, Oct. 1777, at Blandford. One curious old custom was observed at Shaftesbury. The mayors went yearly, at Rogation, in procession to Enmore Green, and there offered a prize besom, decked like a May garland with gold and peacocks' feathers, and a pair of gloves, two loaves, and a gallon of beer, in acknowledgment of the grant of the water of Motcombe-well to the town. The county gave the title to Earl Osmond, Count of Sééz in Normandy, and Bishop of Salisbury ; to William de Mohun in the time of Queen Maud ; and to King John. John Beaufort was created Marquis of Dorset, 1397, and Edmund Beaufort received the same rank, 24th June, 1442. The marquissate was again created in the family of Grey, 18th April, 1475 ; and an earldom in that of Sackville, March 13, 1603 : on 17th June, 1720, Lionel Sackville, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was advanced to the title of Duke of Dorset ; but it became extinct in 1843.

On leaving Bournemouth, the road to Poole passes within a short distance of Branksome Tower (C. Packe, M. P.) and through the hamlet of Parkstone, which has a pretty church, built 1833. The next station to the west of Ringwood is

## WIMBORNE.

Dorsetshire presents two of the most successful recent church restorations in the kingdom—SHERBORNE and WIMBORNE. The name of the latter has been derived from wind (the head of a river), or twin (two) bourne, in allusion to its situation on the Stour and a smaller stream. Matthew Prior was a native of the town. The Hospital of St. Margaret is interesting. The minster of St. Cuthberga, for secular canons, was built by Edward the Confessor, in place

of a nunnery founded by Ina in 718 ; it was suppressed in 1547, but restored through the influence of Laud. The church is cruciform, with a central Norman tower of red sandstone from Ringwood, a west Perpendicular tower, a nave of 7 bays, and a choir of 8 bays, with aisles ; a transept and three porches ; it is 186 feet in length. The *central tower*, which is of two stories, was built in the reign of Henry I., and has two tiers of arcades, pinnacles at the angles, and a battlemented parapet. In 1610, the central spire fell. The *nave* is mainly very Early English, with a Perpendicular clerestory : the roof was restored by Sir Stephen Glynne. Three arches on either side are Late Norman, with chevron mouldings under a string course, the westernmost being very narrow : the rest have octagonal piers. The *font* is octagonal. The *west tower*, containing 6 bells, was built 1448-64 : the St. Cuthberga's bell cast 1629 ; the fire-bell in 1534. On the inside, the church contains a west gallery of carved oak, of Italian workmanship, erected 1825, and a lunar orrery of the 16th century. The *north porch* has a parvise. The *south transept* was called the Death Aisle, from a curious fresco on the east wall. The *organ* was first used in the choral service in 1406 ; the present instrument bears the date of 1764. A flight of 12 steps leads up, 6 to the choir, and 6 to the presbytery. There are 16 Jacobean *stalls* of oak, the gift of the Bankes' family, with canopies of oak, seven on the north and south sides, and two on the west. The choir is lighted by five windows on the north side, and three on the south. The altar and rails are, by a local custom, always clothed in white. On the south side are three *sedilia* and a piscina, with rich decorated cinquefoiled niches, finials, and canopies. The *choir* and *presbytery* measure 20 feet 4 inches, by 20 feet 6 inches. The north-east *porch* was built 1714. The east triplet was filled with Italian glass by the Bankes' family ; on the south side is a window given by the Earl of Devon ; another was presented by the Duke of Somerset ; a third by the Earl of Malmesbury. The *crypt* was St. Mary's Chapel, and its roof is supported by 4 strong pillars and 12 responds ; flights of stairs lead to it from



each choir-aisle. On the south side of the choir is the *sacristy* and a *library* above it, fitted up with books by the Rev. W. Stone, 1686. The injuries which the Puritans wreaked on the minster have happily been removed in the munificent restoration of the fabric.

Whatever may have been the true source of Pointed architecture, whether it was of Eastern origin, the hardly-won trophy of the Red-cross knights, the chivalry of the crusades; whether circumstances of construction engrafted the style of exquisite lightness and heavenward aspiration on the old forms of rest and solidity; or whether the alleged grove and blossoming of nature suggested the idea of clustered pillar and interlacing ribs upon the vault, it is certain that the Teutonic race, by which it was naturalized, have breathed into it their own imaginative temper.

“Harmony results!

From disunited parts; and shapes minute,  
At once distinct and blended, boldly form  
One vast majestic whole.”

The great effect of Gothic architecture is very apparent in the nave of Wimborne; the impression is produced by uncircumscribed height—the dimension of all others the most impressive to the human imagination, and from which every nation has derived the term sublimity, or some kindred expression. For this purpose horizontal mouldings, which would check the eye and fancy in their upward flight, have been as far as possible omitted: the breadth has been narrowed, and every ingenious method practised to lend a greater appearance of altitude and distance, by a marvellous combination of height and obscurity. The light, elastic, vaulting shaft, soaring from the floor into the obscurity of the roof, there seems to continue its upward impulse when lost to the eye, and so is in harmony with the yearning of the soul of the beholder for the Divine vision and the eternal Home. The superiority of English over foreign church architecture is here perceptible in the distinctness of outline, the choice selection of detail, and combination of parts externally: and

within, in the due proportion of height to length and breadth, the extreme equality of finish of the work, and yet an absence of redundant or fantastic ornament. Symmetry, simple forcible lines, and pure ornament satisfy and delight the eye, as the complex decoration of the continental building dazzles and bewilders it, while it degrades the taste.

The principal monuments are the following :—

Choir, north side : *Ethelred*, King of the West Saxons ; a brass, in three pieces : he was slain at Merden, 13th April, 827 ; *Gertrude*, Marchioness of Exeter, died 1558 ; grey marble altar tomb, Purbeck slab. South side : *John Beaufort*, died 1444 ; and *Margaret*, Duke and Duchess of Somerset, parents of the good Margaret, Countess of Salisbury ; a quatrefoiled alabaster tomb, with effigies of alabaster, hand in hand ; the face of the lady is exquisitely wrought. North aisle : St. George's Chapel, and chantry of the wool-combers. East end : *St. Pierre of Fitzherbert*, altar tomb, and effigy of a knight ; the daughters of *Defoe*—the inscription by him. South aisle : *John de Berwick*, dean, died 1312—grey altar tomb ; *Sir Edmund Uvedale*, knight, died 1606—grey altar tomb ; a wooden coffin, clamped with iron, of *Ettrick*, an eccentric gentleman, who charged his heirs to bury him neither in church or garth, 1703. South transept : *Thomas de Brembre*, dean, and founder of a chantry, died 1361 ; Purbeck marble slab and effigy.

The church was once entirely covered with frescoes. In the south choir aisle still remains a mural painting of the Sepulture of the Virgin, of the 14th century ; and, in the crypt, King Edward receiving a model of the church from the architect.

Among the eminent deans of this church occur, the munificent Sir John Mansel ; Bishops Kirkby of Ely ; Medford of Salisbury ; Bryan of Worcester ; Oldham of Exeter ; and Cardinal Pole. Choral service is sung on Saturday evenings and Sundays. The daily service is said at eleven and three. There are three priests, three lay vicars, and four choristers.

Arms—Azure, between four martlets, a cross fleury, or.

Bolingbroke professed himself to be not “insensible to the hallowed emotions elicited by the solemn magnificence of a well-ornamented church.” In this superb building, so honourable a memorial to the town and county of which it is the chief ornament, we can only hope that those who visit it will learn to restore those other minsters of England which are now in miserable decay, whitewashed, pewed-up, and galleried. To use Chillingworth’s words, “It is a duty to adorn and beautify the places where God’s honour dwells, and to make them as heavenly as we can with earthly ornament; for the outward state and glory of the public service, being well disposed and wisely moderated, doth engender, quicken, increase, and nourish the inward reverence, respect, and devotion which is due unto God’s sovereign majesty and power.”

Two miles east of Wimborne is *Canford Hall* (Sir I. Guest, Bart.), built 1826. It contains a kitchen of the Tudor period. In Charlborough Park (W. E. Drax), 6 miles, the Whig leaders concerted the invitation of William of Orange to England in 1686: a mount with an obelisk marks the spot.

Two miles north from Wimborne, on the Blandford road, is *Kingston Lacy*, lately the seat of the Rt. Hon. George Bankes, M.P. The house, built 1663, contains the key of Corfe Castle, and a fine collection of Spanish pictures, by Murillo (S. Rose), Velasquez (Philip IV.), Morales (the Scourging), etc.; besides some of the finest productions of the easel by Vandyke, Rubens (Grimaldis), Raphael (a Madonna), Salvator Rosa, Jansen, Lely, Gainsborough, and Lawrence. In the grounds is an obelisk brought from Philæ. The name of Kingston is but another form of the old appellation of Coneys (or Koenig’s) borough. Sir Godfrey Kneller was indebted to this family for those introductions which led to his successful career. About 3½ miles north-west are *Badbury Rings*, near the Icening road, a circular British camp, with three ramparts and ditches; the circumference of the mound is 1738

yards; the entrances are on the north-east and west sides. The enclosure is now planted with firs. Here King Edward the Elder halted on his march to punish Ethelward at Wimborne, in 901. The view from the summit is magnificent, reaching beyond Corfe and Christchurch to the Channel. The camp forms only one in a line of fortifications; Spettisbury being four miles, and Hod and Hambleton ten miles distant.

BLANDFORD FORUM was the birthplace of Archbishop Wake, Christopher Pitt, and Creech, the translator of Lucretius. The church of St. Mary, 120 ft. long, was built 1731. An old chapel of St. Leonard's is used as a barn. At *Blandford St. Mary*, one mile south, Browne Willis was born. *Bryanstone* (Lord Portman), built by Wyatt, is half a mile distant from the town of Blandford. In the neighbourhood, eight miles west, is *Milton Abbey* (late the seat of Lord Portarlington), built by Sir W. Chambers. The monastery was founded by King Athelstane. The church is of the date of Edward II., and cruciform. Under the organ gallery at the entrance of the choir are two ancient paintings of King Alfred and his queen. The reredos was built by T. Wilken, vicar, in 1492. On the south side of the choir are three sedilia. In the north transept is the monument of Lady C. Damer, by Carlini: there is also a tomb of Purbeck marble, with the brass of Sir J. Tregonwell, 1565. The refectory has a fine roof and screen, dated 1498.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  miles south from Blandford, on the lower road to Wimborne, are *Spettisbury Rings*, a circular British camp, sometimes called Crawford Castle. Between the upper and lower road is *Tarrant Crawford*, the birthplace of Bishop Poore, the architect of the cathedral of Salisbury, and a great benefactor to Durham minster. A grange chapel stands on a hill to the east. Three miles north-west is an ancient camp on *Bullbarrow Hill*, 927 ft. high; the whole neighbourhood abounds in such remains. Weatherbury Castle, a parallelogram, with two ramparts, is one mile south from *Milborne St. Andrew's*. Half a mile east of *Bere Regis*, is *Woolbury*, a circular camp with three ramparts; *Nettlecomb Toot* (that is, Place of Observation) rises  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile

east of Cerne Abbas ; *Hod*, *Hamilton*, and *Buzburyrings* lie near Blandford.

The next station to Wimborne is

## POOLE.

(Population in 1851, 9,255.) The town stands on a peninsula, with a narrow isthmus joining it to the mainland : a wide desolate heath borders it to the north. Unsheltered to the south, it presents, at low water, a waste of dreary black mud, 4 miles long, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles broad, and the whole coast being oozy, a vast swamp. Yet, when the tide is in, the scene is changed : seated on the north of a lagoon, which washes it on three sides, with islets scattered over its water-labyrinth, a large harbour, like a mulberry-leaf in shape, divided into creeks and channels by sandbanks, —with its red-brick houses, it looks like some old Dutch town. At the back of the town is Hole's Bay. Had there been taste in the inhabitants, and the rich materials of Purbeck and Portland quarries been freely used, Poole, with its fine quay, two miles in length, might have been the English Venice. Now it only presents an intricate series of banks and narrow winding channels, rank grass and tall rushes, buoys and beacons set on poles, or even in the more primitive form of furze-bushes piled on end. The oyster-bank forms a breakwater ; fishermen opening oysters in their boats, for pickling, are required to throw the shells on the strand instead of into the sea : these have formed a strong barrier in course of time. Before the mouth of the harbour, which has a circuit of 35 miles, at a distance of 2 miles south-east, lies *Brownsea Island* (Bruno's Isle),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  by  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile broad, which once possessed a castle, built by Queen Elizabeth, and fortified by Charles I ; recently known as *Branksea* (Fern Island), the seat of Colonel Waugh, who turned its fern, heath, and furze-covered hillocks into a promised El Dorado, and built the church of St. Mary. The island was visited by Charles II., 15th Sept. 1665, and by George IV. when Prince Regent.

The Icening road ran from Poole to Wimborne. The Romans had a station here; and the memory of the Roman British chief Cogidunus is said to be preserved in the name of the hundred of Cokedene, Canford being his residence. The Saxon kings, according to tradition, established royal chapelries at Canford, Poole, and Kingston. In 998 the Danes landed here, and in 1015, King Canute, who made Wareham his harbour.

Poole, which had risen into importance by its trade, importing the red wines of France, and exporting bales of wool from the neighbouring South Downs, was able at the siege of Calais to contribute four ships and 94 men to the fleet of King Edward III. In 1433 the king directed the port of Melcombe Regis to be removed to Poole, and allowed the mayor to wall in the town. Henry of Richmond appeared off the harbour Oct. 12, 1483, from St. Malo, but observing the presence of Crouchback's men-at-arms on the ramparts, like a prudent man he sailed back again. In the civil wars the townsfolk were determined Parliamentarians: on Feb. 20, 1643, they decoyed under fire the Royalists, commanded by the Earl of Crawford; they aided, February 18, 1644, in defeating Lord Inchiquin's Irish regiment; and, on March 22, had the annoyance of seeing the Roundheads ignobly driven in by the Cavaliers under Sir T. Aston. Part of the garrison of Poole in vain besieged Corfe Castle, February 23, 1643; but took it under Colonel Bingham, February 26, 1646. In the reign of Henry VII. Baker, the captain of Jersey, determined on the destruction of Sir P. Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen; the bailiff abetted him, and the unfortunate knight, on a charge of treasonable communication with the French, was sent a prisoner to Mount Orgueil Castle. Baker, having given orders that no craft should leave the island in his absence, sailed for England to accuse his prisoner before the king. Margaret, the wife of Carteret, though weak from recent illness, embarked in a small fishing-boat for the same destination, to plead for her brave husband's life. On the quay of Poole they met, the captain and the poor wife. Discovery would have been fatal to her hopes; but

a furious storm drove Baker to seek shelter, while she rode forward towards London. Bishop Fox procured for her an interview with the king; and with the royal order for his release, Margaret reached her husband only in time to preserve him from a horrible death. When King Charles II. succeeded to the throne, he disgraced Poole by demolishing the walls which had been built by Henry VI. and Richard III., leaving only the *Water Gate*, destroyed in 1756, and a *postern* and corbelled wall, still existing in a lane between High Street and the waterside.

On June 21, 1690, a French fleet of 100 sail threw the town into great alarm. On May 30, 1695, W. Thompson, master of a fishing-hoy off Purbeck, with one man and a boy, captured a privateer out of Cherbourg, mounting two patereros, and carrying a crew of 16 men: he received a gold chain and medal for his gallantry. On Nov. 5, 1797, the mate, with a man and boy of the brig General Wolfe, of Poole, rose on their French captors, 12 men from a privateer, and carried the vessel into Cork harbour. In 1795, the Duke of Wellington, then in command of H.M.'s 33rd regiment, marched hence to Southampton, and after six weeks at sea in Commodore Christian's fleet, re-landed at Portsmouth; the regiment, returning to Poole, was quartered here till it embarked for its glorious campaign in India.

The only remaining ancient structure, except the postern, is the King's Hall and Wool House, or *Town Cellar*, Early Perpendicular, which was the storehouse for arms when Pero Nino, afterwards Conde de Buelna, and his Spaniards attacked the town in 1405. The smugglers on this coast, in the last century, had the audacity to drive their cars during Divine Service on Sundays openly through the streets: it was not until barracks were built, and Horse Artillery quartered at Christchurch, that these dauntless men could be restrained. At noon, on Oct. 7, 1747, an armed band of sixty smugglers attacked the Custom House at Poole, and carried off, unopposed, 4200 lb. of tobacco. In 1665, King Charles visited the town, when escaping from the plague in London. On Aug. 23, 1830, Charles X.,

ex-king of France, landed at Poole on his way to Lulworth Castle. Poole was formed into a county in 1567. From the reign of Edward III., and again since 1463, it has been represented in Parliament. The Market-house was built 1761, the old Town-hall, 1572; the Town-house—the 'Change of Poole—in 1822; the School, 1628; in it was educated John Lewis, the historian of Thanet. The principal quay is 192 feet long. *St. James's church* was built of Purbeck stone in 1820; *St. Paul's* in 1833. The arms of the town are—Gules, two bars wavy, or.: suppressed by a dolphin, naiant, embayed, ppr. in chief, 3 escallops arg.

On June 20, 1653, occurred that rare phenomenon, a shower of red rain; in 1773 the shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt. Poole is famous for its oyster-fishery, and carries on a considerable trade in salt fish with Newfoundland; for oil and furs with Canada: it also imports timber, flax, and foreign fruit; exporting its valuable clays and stone.

The next station westward of Poole is WAREHAM (Varia, the Frome-town), seated on the Trent and Frome. It was ravaged by the Danes, 876; but King Alfred compelled them to swear to a truce on the holy ring of their golden armlets. The castle was seized by Robert, Earl of Lincoln, for the Empress Maud, 1138, and burned 1142, by King Stephen. The town was re-taken by Robert, Earl of Gloucester. At this place Henry II. embarked for Anjou, 1156; King John landed from France, 1205; and here, 1213, Peter of Pomfret, who foretold his surrender of the crown, was cruelly hanged. Four churches remain: the Holy Trinity, used as a national school; St. Martin's, as a cemetery chapel; and St. Mary's, in which Hutchins, the county historian, is buried. St. Peter's is converted into a school-house and town-hall. A rampart of earth surrounds the town on every side except the south. Wareham boasts among its children, Chapman, Jacob Bryant, and Horace Walpole. King Edward the Martyr was privately buried here.

In the neighbourhood are clay mines: in one of them, March, 1859, a man and a boy were buried alive, the sides



of a shaft, 170 feet deep, having closed up the entrance. After 86 hours of continuous work, they were released by the gallant exertions of the miners. *Exacum filiforme* is found in the vicinity.

From the entrance of Poole, the low shore, which is continuous for about three miles, becomes steep, and forms **STUDLAND BAY**, bounded on the south by the vertical chalk head of *Handfast Point*, with the rocks "Harry and his wife," off the head. *Southhaven Point*, the boundary of Poole Harbour, is of yellow limestone. The *Foreland Pinnacle* is the next and most westerly point of the Dorset coast. Swanage Bay lies between Handfast and *Peverel Point*: it was the scene of a naval battle, 876, in which the Danes, on their way from Wareham, lost 120 galleys, and, when they landed, were pursued by King Alfred to Exeter. Again, further south, terminated by *Durlstone Head* (four miles), is *Durlstone Bay*. At Peverel Point, in the interstices of the limestone, are found crystals of selenite, formed in fibrous marl, and covered with fine gypsum; this layer becoming indurated, alternates with the limestone, which contains pyrites. In 1785, a Purbeck lighter, with 300 tons of stone, sunk off Poole Harbour, and, forming a bar, has thrown the channel one mile nearer Peverel Point.

## SWANAGE,

(Swan-wich, the Swan Village, corruptly called by Leland Sand-wich,) a town consisting mainly of a street one mile long, built of houses roofed with stone, lines the gentle declivity of the east end of the Isle of Purbeck from the Swan downs, quarried out till they are indented like the burrows of a rabbit-warren. The downs slope towards the sea, elms and tender flowers growing along the edge of the sands. To the north are the tall wavy chalk cliffs of Peveril, with their outstanding peaks and needles in the water below: to the south the dark limestone fronts, from which for centuries have been hewn marbles richer than those of Italy, brown, with veins of the colours of

England — red, white, and blue — which have furnished shafts for her cathedrals and minsters, and the material for the tombs and effigies of her princes, warriors, lords, and prelates, for the old Westminster Bridge, modern St. Paul's, and Ramsgate Pier. The strata lie thus— I. Upper : marble, 50 ft. thick, containing *cyclas*, *unio*, *paludina*, *physa*, *lymnæus planorbis*, *valvata cypris*. II. Middle : freshwater limestone, 30 ft. thick, with *cyprides*, turtles, and fish ; (1) brackish-water beds, with *cyrena*, *corbula*, *melania*, *pecten*, *modiola*, *avicula*, *thiacea* : (2) shale, with *lepidotus*, *microdon radiatus*, *macrorhynchus* (a crocodile), and *melania* : (3) cinder-bed, with shells of *ostrea distorta*, and *hemicydaris* : (4) fresh-water bed, with *cypris*, *valvata*, *cyclas*, *paludina*, *planorbis*, *lymnæus*, and *physa* ; different from the upper stratum : thick siliceous beds of chert, with mollusca and *cyprides*, converted into chalcedony ; insectivorous animals ; then a band of greenish shale, with marine shells and impressions of leaves. III. Lower : 80 feet thick, fresh-water bed, with *cypris*, *valvata*, and *lymnæus*, different from the middle Purbeck specimens ; brackish-water bed, with *serpula*, *rissoa*, *cardium*, and *cypris*, and a dirt-bed below.

The Isle of Purbeck is, strictly speaking, a promontory of oval form, 12 by 7 miles broad ; on the east the chalk is vertical, underlaid with clay, sandstone, and limestone ; on the south appears Portland oolitic limestone. The Purbeck marble is a compact mass of small fresh-water snail shells (*paludina*) with the minute shells of the *cypris* ; the relics of a country once filled with colossal crocodiles, such as that found by Mr. Totter of Swanage in 1838, and waters producing *lepidotus*, and turtles, now unearthed in a fossil state. From the reign of King John till that of James I., who for the last time rode with horn and hound in its glades, Purbeck was a dense forest-chase.

The church of St. Mary (D. Travers, R.) is for the most part Early English, with Decorated and Perpendicular insertions ; while the tower, Transitional Norman, built in stories, unbuttressed, is 80 ft. high, and lighted by four narrow lancets ; the north choir aisle was the Godlington

chantry ; to the south are a transept and porch. Straw-plaiting is the employment of the women here. W. Morton Pitt suggested the herring fishery in 1788. There are sixty quarries ; from them was hewn the marble for Salisbury Cathedral, St. Stephen's Hall, Winchester, the Temple Church, and Romsey Abbey. Swanage in 1801 had a population of 2441 ; in 1851 of 3742. H.R.H. the Princess Victoria visited it in 1833.

On the south-west side of the bay and village of STUDLAND, with its little Norman church of St. Nicholas, is the *Aggle Stone* (Holy Stone), a huge mass of iron sandstone of many a rich dye, grown over with moss, and furrowed deep by time. It is like an inverted cone, 90 ft. high, 60 ft. in diameter, weighing 400 tons, and covers an acre of ground. The folks call it the Demon's Nightcap : as the evil spirit, they say, sat on the Needles, he determined to cast down Corfe Castle, and hurled his cap at it, but the ornament fell here and petrified. All is lonely, and the only things that tell of man are the fishing-boat or distant sail at sea ; the traveller may walk for miles amid the still solitude, where Nature wears a stern, wild, solemn majesty ;—

“Hearing no voice save of the ocean flood,  
Which roars for ever on the restless shores,  
Or, visiting their solitary caves,  
The lonely sound of winds that moan around  
Accordant to the melancholy waves.”

These cliffs, however, have lately become a favourite resort of some of the best London artists.

Near Durlston Head, reached by a valley strewn with stones, and 30 ft. above the sea, is *Tilly's Whim*, a quarried cavern of fine white limestone, with a flat roof upheld by natural pillars, like the rock temples of Ellora or Egypt : it has been crushed by the weight of the cliff above, and records the failure of a former speculator of Poole. The strata contain ammonites, trigonizæ, Portland shells, veins, and masses of chert, calcareous matter, and conglomerate of oyster-shells.

On the hill above, a white stone commemorates the mysterious death of one of two rivals for the same lady's hand, who went out along the treacherous ledges together, to shoot the sea-gulls. One suitor only returned; the other was found dead at this spot, with his fowling-piece discharged. The whole neighbourhood is rich in many rare wild flowers; the beach is strewn with countless seaweeds. The narrow path along the edge of the precipitous, fissured crags, with the roar of the restless breakers ever beating against them, and sometimes foaming up in broad sheets of spray, will, in spite of rugged shingle and weary foot, beguile the sketcher and lover of nature in its wildest form past *Dancing Ledge* quarry, with a platform 150 ft. by 50 ft.

With the merry waves gaily tripping along the rocky floor he will pass Winspit Quarry and *Seacombe Vale*, where, on January 6, 1786, at two in the morning, in a blinding snow-storm, the *Halswell*, East Indiaman, was driven ashore by a fierce southerly gale, when 168 of her crew and passengers perished: their graves are marked by mounds on the grass. He will then reach the grand promontory of *St. Aldhelm's Head*, named after the great bishop of Sherbourne. The point is 344 ft. high, and stands five miles from Durlston Head. Magnificent is the bold steep—tier upon tier overhanging the broken rocks at its base, olive green and murky brown, with a midway undercliff, clad with moss and tufts of heather, flowing ivy and feathery fern, in every crevice, upon every ledge of the storm-worn front, enriched with every dye that stone can assume. Above, like a grey mural crown, rises the little chapel of *St. Aldhelm*, Norman, with only one round window to the south, a circular pillar with responds, and a groined roof within. On the summit once stood a lantern, in which the chantry-priest burned his nightly lamp as a beacon. The precipitous coast is continued to Weymouth Bay (19 miles); the pedestrian, from a deep valley, will mount Emmett Hill, pass along the undercliff, by Chapman's Pool, and along the beach by Encombe, then over steep Swyre Head, across the Kim-

meridge Bay, over Gadcliff 500 ft. high, then descend again to Worbarrow Bay, to mount Bindon hill with its white bluffs, by Lulworth Cove, Dungy Head, Oswald and Durdle Bays, over Swyre Head, 669 ft. high, and White Nose (the Ness, like the Naze of Norway), along Ringstead Bay and by Osmington Mill, and Holworth to Weymouth.

The White Nose, a spur of the great chalk ridge, extending from the South Coast to Yorkshire, is distinguished by simple majesty. Its vast front, snowy white, is finely and regularly lined, owing to the dip of the strata across it. In the face of the precipice at Osmington Mill, where a foaming cascade pours over the rocks, round blocks of grit-stone are embedded at equal intervals, as if by the hand of a geometrician.

At *Encombe*, built 1734, in "the Golden Bowl," lived the great chancellor, Lord Eldon. On *Warbarrow Down*, at the extremity of Purbeck, is a circular mound, where guns were mounted, and the hobellers (scouts mounted on nimble hobbies) kept watch when invasion was threatened in the reign of Henry VIII. The name still lingers in the designation of the hardy Kentish fishermen and their swift luggers as hovellers. At this point the Wealden join the Purbeck strata; on the shore are grey and yellow sands, clay and lignite, quartzose grit, with cyclades on the summit of the cliff, and at the foot stone paladicæ and green calcareous earth, while brown and grey clay, bluish grit, clay, and limestone, fill up the interval; in the dirt bed over the oolite are found petrified trees. The rare plant *cyperus longus* is found near the shores of the numerous lovely little coves that indent the coast. From Warbarrow by Corfe to the Foreland Pinnacles, a curve of high lands makes a grand sweep; the chief points being Creech Barrow, King Barrow, and Ballard Downs.

*Lulworth Cove* is a nearly circular bay, with cliffs of calcareous grit and shelly limestone, in broad bands of various colours, curved and vertical. The ironsand contains wood-coal. The so-styled Kimmeridge coal-money, is nothing more than the refuse of the lapidary's wheel,

when turning ornaments for the Roman's arm or throat. A monstrous star-fish is found here in the clay, a very Briareus of arms. The little harbour is of rare beauty. It forms a basin 1380 ft. in diameter, and 21 ft. in depth at low water; the opening is abrupt and rugged, the sea within generally clear as glass, spread above a bright sandy floor. Cottages enliven the little haven, and from the hilly downs and cliffs the views are very fine and extensive.

“ The circle of the sea,  
Invisible with calmness, seems to lie  
Within the hollow of a lower heaven.”

Into this cove Peter Jolliffe, in the Sea Adventure hoy of Poole, chased, on shore, in 1694, a French privateer and her prize; receiving from William of Orange a gold chain and medal for his gallantry. The strata of the east cliff resemble that of Portland Island, but incline at an angle of 45 degrees. The razor-bill and puffin frequent the cliffs. The hollowed rocks in Durdle Bay, called the Barn Door and Batt's Corner, are, perhaps, worthy of a visit. *Lulworth Castle*, three miles from Wool station, built 1588-1609, is a square four-storied house, 80 feet broad, faced with Chilmark stone and decorated with statues of Roman worthies, and Music and Painting. At the angles are round towers 30 feet in diameter, rising 10 feet above the parapets; near it is St. Andrew's church. The castle was garrisoned by the Parliament, and has received visits from James I., 1615; Charles II. with the Dukes of York and Monmouth, George III., Aug. 3, 1789, and Charles X. of France. At various times it has been the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, and of Sir Robert Peel. Bowles has celebrated the mansion in the following lines—

“ If rich designs of sumptuous art may please,  
Or Nature's loftier views, august and old,  
Stranger ! behold this spreading scene ;—behold  
This amphitheatre of aged trees  
That solemn wave above thee, and around  
Darken the towering hills.”

Mr. Weld, with the sanction of Government, established

at Bindon Abbey (four miles) a monastery of Trappist monks, who had come over as emigrants during the French Revolution, and returned to France in 1815. Flowers-(Florus) Barrow is one mile distant, at the termination of a ridge, which, on the opposite side, ends in *Creech Barrow*. Here, on December 9, 1678, was seen a marvellous optical delusion in the sky, such as that on Souter Fell, in 1744, and one yet earlier, before the death of Cæsar—

“Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air, .  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan.”

Ten thousand men were seen marching from Flowers Barrow over Grange hill, and the clash of arms was heard. Wareham was alarmed by Captain Lawrence, who posted up to the Council in London; the gates were barricaded; boats were drawn to the north side of the river, and all the militia were called out. It was fortunate that Captain Lawrence was not suspected by the Government, and so he was significantly informed.

Six miles from Swanage is *Corfe Castle*, founded by King Edgar, and memorable for its heroic defence by Lady Banks, with five men and her maid, during a siege of six weeks, against a furious assault of the Roundheads maddened by drink, in May, 1643. The Lord Chief Justice, her husband, had gone to York to join the king. Two years after, through the treachery of Colonel Pitman, the castle was blown up and laid in ruins. The effect of the explosion is still shown by the leaning masses of stone work, 4 ft. 9 in. out of the perpendicular, at the entrance of the second ward. *Caerphilly Castle* exhibits a similar result. *Corfe* was the scene of King Edward's murder, by order of Queen Elfrida, as he drank his stirrup-cup at the gate, in 978. In the reign of King John, 1202, twenty-two nobles of Poitou and Anjou were starved to death in its dungeons; in his war with the barons John laid up his regalia in the King's Tower; and Edward II. was for some time a prisoner here, 1327. Seated on a high hill, and approached from the town side

by a bridge of four arches, with its broken round towers, the riven western walls of the Keep, or King's Tower, in the fourth ward 80 ft. high, ivy-clad bastions and vast fragments of wreck, hurled down the slope, and half buried in the long grass, the castle forms an extensive and striking ruin. Over the last gate, first ward, are the arms of Marshal, Earl of Pembroke. In a well in the fourth ward are said to be Lady Bankes' jewels, thrown in during the siege. The church of St. Edward M., Norman and Early English, is large, with an embattled western tower. A sculptor of Corfe executed the beautiful Beauchamp monument at Warwick. Three miles east from Corfe is Nine Barrow Down, 642 ft. above the sea.

To the westward, from Wareham, the nearest station is WOOL; those of MORETON and DORCHESTER succeed, from which a branch line leads to

## WEYMOUTH.

Separated by the little river Wey, and joined by a stone bridge, built 1770 by Donowell, the two once rival boroughs of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, (Mill valley,) now form one town; the former standing on the south-west, and at the foot of rising ground, the latter on the north-east, occupying a low peninsula, the isthmus of which separates the bay from the estuary. A small triangular-shaped piece of high land called the *Nothe* (Serviceable Spot), once defended by a battery of six guns, juts out between Portland Roads and Weymouth Bay. It was armed with twenty-one guns in 1815. At the base of this tongue stands the fishing and seafaring town of Weymouth, north of which a little inlet opens into an expanse called the *Backwater*, which nearly severs a long narrow curve of shore from the mainland; upon this strip is formed *The Esplanade*, nearly a mile in length, and 30 feet broad, lined by the terraces of Melcombe Regis on the west, and with a sea-wall fronting a noble breadth of sand, while the bay and St. Aldhelm's Head in the distance eastward, and, on



the south-west the Isle of Portland close in the view. In 1763, Mr. Allen of Prior Park, Bath, Fielding's Squire Allworthy, finding no bathing-machine here, had one constructed, and rendered the place fashionable. In 1773, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland stopped here on their way to Italy. In 1776, a Paving Act was passed. The Duke of Gloucester built Gloucester Lodge in 1780, which in 1789 was purchased by King George III., who made it his favourite marine residence; and when he grew too feeble to travel, the princesses Mary and Amelia continued their visits, and the Princess Charlotte here spent the summers of 1814 and 1815. H.M.S. *Fiorenzo*, 42, Captain Sir H. B. Neale, the Southampton, *Magnificent*, or some other man-of-war was stationed here to attend on the sovereign. On the Royal Terrace the inhabitants raised a statue by J. Hamilton, to commemorate his jubilee. In 938, King Athelstane, fearing a conspiracy, exposed here his innocent brother Prince Edwin in a boat without oar or sail. The prince threw himself headlong into the sea; but his single attendant was cast on the shores of Picardy. The king, agonised with remorse, conferred the royalty of the bay on Milton Abbey.

The sister towns returned severally two members, Melcombe from 1315, Weymouth from 1319, the time of their incorporation; and then conjointly to 1831. They have been represented by Sir James Thornhill, Sir Christopher Wren, and Richard Glover, the author of *Leonidas*. Since the Reform Bill they return only two members. The contention between the rival towns was so inconvenient, that Sir W. Cecil incorporated them as one borough in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At the time of the siege of Calais, 1347, Weymouth contributed twenty ships, with 264 men, and having furnished six to the fleet fitted out against the Armada in 1588, beheld with patriotic pride the Vice-Admiral Miguel D'Oquenda's ship towed as a prize into its noble bay. The removal of the wool staple, the establishment of a rival trade with Newfoundland at Poole, after the French revolutionary war, and the accumulation of sand in its small but secure and commodious harbour,

which was constituted a bonding port in 1817, reduced Weymouth to a low ebb. The favour of royalty, however, in the last century, and the recent communication with the Channel Isles, facilitated by the railway, have restored it to importance. Melcombe gave the title of Baron (6th April, 1781) to George Bubb Doddington; and Weymouth the rank of Viscount to the Thynne family, 11th Dec. 1682. On April 17, 1471, Queen Margaret and Lord Wenlock landed here, and in January 1506, Philip King of Castile, with Queen Joan, on his way from Zealand to Spain. They put in here with 80 ships during a terrible storm, and were entertained at Wolverton by Sir T. Trenchard; but the gallant knight and Sir J. Carew kept vigilant eyes on the king until they received instructions from the Privy Council. On August 9, 1641, the town surrendered to the Earl of Caernarvon; but June 15, 1644, it fell with 80 guns into the hands of Sir W. Balfour; after which it was defended for eighteen days, till February 26, 1645, against General Goring and Sir Lewis Dyve.

The climate is so mild that the geranium, myrtle, and delicate flowers bear exposure during winter; and it is so healthy, that Dr. Arbuthnot quitted the town in disgust, saying, "a doctor could neither live nor die in it." The shore is not surpassed for bathing by any watering-place in Europe; it having a carpet-like covering of fine white solid sand, with a very gentle slope. The church of the *Holy Trinity* (Jas. Cottle, P.C.), Weymouth, built 1834-6, under the Rev. George Chamberlayne, contains a picture of the Crucifixion, after Vandyke. *St. Mary's, Melcombe Regis* (T. A. L. Greaves, R.), built 1815-17, has an organ given by George III., and an altar-piece of the Last Supper, painted by Sir James Thornhill, who was born in the town, 1675. *St. John's, Radipole* (T. J. Stephenson, P.C.), built by T. Bury, architect, 1850, Late Decorated, has a nave 75 ft. by 22 ft., and 52 feet high, with aisles, a transept, chancel 27 ft. by 18 ft., and 44 feet high, and north-west tower 19 feet square, with an octagonal spire 140 feet high. The mother church of Weymouth is at *Wyke Regis* (H. C. Pigou, R.). In the garth are buried many of the officers and soldiers

who were lost off Portland, November 24, 1795, in transports destined for the West Indies. For seven miles the Chesil bank was covered with the wreck. Assembly rooms were erected in 1772, at a cost of 6,000*l*. The *Guildhall* was built 1837; in the hall is a statue of S. Weston, by Theakston. The baths were founded by Sir F. G. Johnstone. The Freemasons' Hall, 94 ft. by 75 ft., was built in 1816; the Market-house by Bury. The bridge, begun September 10, 1821, was opened in 1824. The arms of the town are—Quarterly 1 and 4 barry wavy of 10 or and sa; 2 and 3 arg., a lion rampant double queued sa. Ship-building and rope-making are the chief employments. The customs in 1840 amounted to 14,227*l*. Steamers run daily, in connection with the South-Western Railway, to the Channel Islands. (See STANFORD'S GUIDE in this series.)

The statistics of the population, etc., are as follows:—In 1821 there were 1213, in 1831 1465, houses.

Area. Statute Miles.	1841.			1851.		
	Houses.			Houses.		
	Inhab.	Uninhab.	Bldg.	Inhab.	Uninhab.	Bldg.
1600	1387	160	18	1503	109	3
POPULATION.						
	1801	1811	1821	1831	1841	1851
	3617	4732	6622	7655	9708	8330

About half a mile south-west of the town, on a grassy cliff, stands the ruined *Weymouth* or *Sandsfoot Castle*, built by Henry VIII., 1539. The fortress is square, with a tower on the north side, where the governor's apartments stood; a circular battery to the south, with embrasures and loop-

holes, fell in 1835. On the east side was a gateway, and on the north, south, and east, earth-works with a fosse 12 feet deep. The *Small Mouth* sands, two miles long, extend from the castle to Portland Bridge, being at low water a quarter of a mile broad, smooth, springy, and firm; they terminate at the creek which separates Portland from the mainland, and is now crossed by a bridge 600 feet long, built 1838.

### ISLE OF PORTLAND.

The so-called island, 4 miles from Weymouth, is in fact a peninsula projecting like an inclined plane from a pebbly ridge—the long dreary line of the *Chesil Bank*, which connects its north-west extremity to the mainland. This bar of loose shingle is 4 to 6 feet deep, of white calcareous spar, chert, jasper, and quartz, deposited on a mound of blue clay, and reaching to Abbotsbury, upwards of 10½ miles in a south-easterly direction. The pebbles being large as a hen's egg at Portland, and diminishing to the size of a horse-bean at Abbotsbury, enabled the smugglers to know in the darkest night on what part of the coast they had touched. At the back of the Chesil Bank is an inlet called the Swannery Fleet, which reaches to Abbotsbury, where the ridge meets the mainland, and bounds it as far as the cliff at Burton Castle, six miles beyond. On it grow many rare wild plants, such as the *lavatera arborea*, and *euphorbia Portlandica*. The ridge is 60 feet above the water, with a breadth of 170 yards at Abbotsbury, 200 at Portland, and at intervals a quarter of a mile, sloping on either side, and so fatal to shipping that the inlet bears the name of Deadman's Bay. It is formed by a shoal or the set of a tide in a narrow channel running strongest from west to east. In 1805, the *Abergavenny* was wrecked here with the loss of 80 lives, and in March, 1815, the *Alexander*, when 140 persons were drowned. On November 18, 1794, a fleet of transports under convoy

of Admiral Christian for the West Indies stranded in the West Bay, and 1000 people perished. In 1838, the Columbine was forced on shore, when many of the crew were drowned. So tremendous is the force of the waves, that on November 23, 1824, they swept the Ebenezer ordnance sloop of 95 tons, with heavy guns, sheer over the bank into the Swannery Fleet, destroyed Fleet Church, and overwhelmed Chesilton. In December, 1852, four million tons of pebble were swept away, but a few tides restored the gaps.

Portland Island is nine miles in circumference, four miles long, by nearly one and a half mile in breadth, the shores steep and rugged, but the soil fertile. The lofty coast, with a bend of six miles, stoops down to a lower elevation of 30 feet at the south end, called *Portland Bill*, where there are two lighthouses, one 68 feet high, built in 1817, the other in 1789, by W. Johns of Weymouth. The argand reflector of the former light is 97 feet, of the latter 130 feet, above the sea. They are invaluable as beacons, for a furious whirlpool and surf, formed by the meeting of opposite currents, called *Portland Race*, chafes and sweeps between Portland and a dangerous sandbank 3 miles distant, known as the *Shambles*, 7 fathoms deep, and composed entirely of rolled broken shells of *purpura lapillus*, *mytilus edulis*, etc. Near the signal station, called the Lowes, is a cave from which the waves burst up in cascades like a fountain. The highest point in the island is 458 feet above the level of the sea. On the north side stands *Portland Castle*, built 1520, with a Danish trench adjoining. In it the Duke of Lauderdale was imprisoned, 1650—1660. Garrisoned at the time of the Armada, it was seized in 1642 by the Parliamentarians, recovered by the Earl of Caernarvon in August of the same year, but recaptured by the rebels, who stored in it the plunder of Lulworth Castle, in March 1643. The place was retaken by a gallant cavalier, who, with rebel colours, spurred forward at the head of 60 troopers, crying out that the Earl of Caernarvon was behind them; the gates flew open and the castle fell to this handful of royal troops.

During four months—June to October—Colonel William Ashburnham sustained a siege, but was at length relieved. On August 23, 1645, the castle was stormed, and on April 6, 1646, the garrison marched out. The other castle on the island, now a ruin, *Rufus* or *Bow-and-Arrow Castle*, is a Norman pentagonal structure, standing on a crag 300 feet above the sea; it was taken in 1142, by Robert Earl of Gloucester. There are ruins of an ancient church of the 14th century, near the quarries. It retains the chisel marks of the masons. *St. George's*, which is cruciform, was built by John Gilbert in 1766, of "roach." *St. John's*, near Fortune's Well, was consecrated on September 5, 1840. Pennsylvania Castle cost 20,000*l.*, and is named after the builder's ancestor, the celebrated quaker who founded and gave his name to the colony of Pennsylvania. The convict prison at "the Grove," for 1500 convicts, was built in 1848. In 1853, out of 1312 prisoners, while 682 could either not read, or read and wrote imperfectly, 630 could read and write well, or were well educated—so much for the effects of mere head-work instruction! At the little inn is kept the reeve-pole, a sort of wooden Domesday book, a record of the tenure and rents of the crown lands. In 1851, a stone coffin and a supposed pagan altar were dug out of the cliff, at a height of 300 feet above the sea; they are now placed before the convict-prison chapel.

Portland has considerable historical interest. Here the Danes first landed in 787; and again in 837, when they were defeated. They plundered the island in 982, and Earl Godwin made a descent on it in 1052. In May 1404 some young Norman lords were gallantly attempting a landing, when the islanders and peasants rose, to the number of a thousand, with bows and ploughshares, and having defeated the Frenchmen, took them prisoners, and led them in chains to prison. On April 9, 1645, Colonel Gollop was compelled to surrender Portland to Vice-admiral Batten and the rebels. In 1588 the galleons of the Spanish Armada, pursued by the English navy, sailed past; and Feb. 18, 1653, after a sea-fight of three days, Van Tromp and the Dutch were defeated by the great Admiral Blake off this island,

with the loss of eleven men-of-war and thirty merchant ships.

Portland gave the title of Earl to R. Weston, K.G., February 17, 1633; to W. Bentinck, April 9, 1689; and of Duke, July 6, 1716, to Henry Bentinck, Marquis of Titchfield. The coast is most picturesque, presenting above Fortune's Well varied grand and striking views of the Channel from the Isle of Wight to Torbay. In itself, the coast is ever changeful: now fenced with wild rugged towering cliffs severed by deep chasms and riven into a thousand strange shapes, the sea-gull over the water and the flock on the down the only living creatures; now hollowed into caves which the hollow mysterious murmurs of the waves seem to people; here shelving to a beach strewn with gigantic masses of stones loosed by the landslips; there subsiding into a low wall of rock, or sinking down lower to scanty spots of refreshing green; and all storied with legends of water-sprites and monsters of the great deep beyond. The faint beat of the hammers, the perpetual sound of the pickaxe, resemble the ticking of some great clock, as if all the gnomes of the Blocksberg were busy in the cells underground.

On the north the island presents a precipitous escarpment, rising abruptly from the sea but sloping towards the south, where it ends in low calcareous cliffs; the seams of stone on the east averaging a depth of 93 ft.; but of 112 ft. on the west side. The strata thus succeed each other downwards: Vegetable mould four feet deep; "*slate*," 3 feet thick, laminated without shells, clay; the "*Aish*," of fossil limestone, compact, and of a dull yellowish hue, containing cyprides, 10 ft. thick; a slaty bed with fresh-water limestone; the "*soft-burr*," calcareous, lighter in colour and softer in texture than the aish. Under this is the "*dirt-bed*," of loam, with Cycadææ (crows'-nests), stems of trees 3 to 7 ft. long, and roots projecting into the soft burr; others 20 to 25 ft. long, prostrate; *top-cap* (burned for limestone), compact or slightly cellular, white, and hard, 3 to 6 or 7 ft. thick; the *dirt-bed* of dark clay, with fossil cycadææ (palms); the "*scull-cap*," compact lime-stone

of irregular texture, cellular, with crystals of carbonate of lime, and numerous cherty nodules; the *white bed*, roach, 6 to 20 ft. deep, vast blocks of oolite, full of cavities once filled with shells, and interstratified with bands of oyster-shells, clay, and layers of flint; the *rubbly bed* with impressions of shells, a layer 6 ft. thick. These are the three serviceable strata; below is limestone alternately hard and soft, 60 ft. thick, the top fine grained free from veins and shells, 3 to 8 ft. thick, curf, and the lower bed, ill cemented and of no value. Portland sand, 80 ft. thick, siliceous and calcareous, with green particles, and remains of marine animals, and Kimmeridge clay 600 to 700 ft. thick, blue, slaty, or greyish yellow, containing selenite or crystallized sulphate of lime, *cardium striatum* and *ostrea deltoidea*, complete the series of deposits.

The dirt-bed is a layer of bituminous earth, dark-brown in colour, with a considerable proportion of earthy lignite; it contains a petrified forest of pine and fir-trees two feet in diameter, standing erect on conical mounds: their stems torn as by some terrific hurricane, their branches broken, now fossils of flint from which a steel can strike sparks, yet once growing in a soil which was successively the chalky bed of an ocean, and the upper grassland of a country thick with palm and tree ferns, like the city of the Eastern story turned into stone; then the basin of a lake; and finally once more upheaved above the waters. This wonder was effected gradually; an inundation of fresh water, holding flint in solution, deposited a mud about these trees, which became in time a solid limestone; upon this land-floods and rivers deposited fresh sediment, alluvial soil, and the waste of rocks. Forty-five feet below the surface a fossil horned-hog (*Babyroussa*) has been found. The Portland oolite is a calcareous yellowish-white freestone (so called from the ease with which it can be worked) mixed with silicious sand, and abounding in ammonites, terebræ, and trigionæ.

The Portland stone first rose into repute in the reign of King James I. under Inigo Jones; and the Banqueting



House, Whitehall, St. Paul's Cathedral, Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, the Royal Exchange, Goldsmiths' Hall, and the Reform Club were built of it. The cliffs near the quarries fell suddenly in 1665 for a breadth of 100 yards. On the east side, Dec. 1734, a mass of 150 yards broad slid down to the sea: in 1792 was another landslip, the ground sank 50 ft. in perpendicular height, for one mile and a quarter north to south, and 600 yards east to west. The annual export of stone amounts to 50,000 tons: there are 100 quarries, each worked by six men and two boys; the wages of the former average 10s. to 12s. a week: about one acre can be cleared in a year, the upper limestone being burned as lime, and occupying three years in removal before the actual Portland stone can be reached. There remain about 2000 acres still unwrought. The surface soil is first dug up and thrown over the fallow fields: picks and wedges remove the next layers, which are carted into heaps or thrown over the brow of the cliffs; the rock is blasted, and the masses between the rents caused by the explosion are moved by screw-jacks. Fissures in the finer stone enable large pieces to be detached, when the block having been weighed, is hoisted into a cart with wooden wheels, like those of Spain and Morocco, which conveys it to the railroad for shipment. As 400 ft. intervene between the upper ground and the level at Castletown, the line takes a circuitous descent; the laden car draws up a train of empty wagons, and in descending its velocity is retarded by a wire chain passing over large rollers.

A remarkable fossil tree 20 ft. long, from the Dirt-bed, is preserved near the little inn. The *Breakwater*, the forerunner of a harbour of refuge, had its first stone laid by Prince Albert, July 25, 1849: the engineers are Rennell and Coode. It is intended to include 1290 acres of water 5 fathoms deep and upward, within a wall  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile in extent. The idea was first suggested by Harvey of Weymouth, 1794. One breakwater, 1800 ft. long, will project half a mile south-east from Portland castle: to the east end of it, separated by a passage 400 ft. broad, with 45 ft. of water at low tide, an outer one 6000 ft. long will be

added; the cost is estimated at 60,000*l*. A squadron of line-of-battle ships and frigates first lay within its shelter in May, 1859, and is stationed here; and shore batteries and a citadel, to be called Verne Fort, will be built on the heights, for the defence of the roadstead.

The "word of a Portland man," is a proverb for sincerity and faith. There is a very discreditable form of marriage-contract observed here, which bears a strong resemblance to the old Danish hand-festing: the practice of preaching funeral sermons has but recently fallen into disuse. Another Dorsetshire custom has disappeared, that of a severe immersion of some luckless boy on the day of perambulation, to impress the position of the parish boundaries on his mind. In the last century the lads on Easter Eve carried torches and a small black flag, while they sang this stave—

"We fasted in the light  
For this is the night."

The botany of Weymouth includes *Iris foetidissima*, *beta maritima*, *silene amœna*, *fucus alatus*, *F. obtusus*, *F. cartilagineus*; and at Portland, *Euphorbia paralias*, *asparagus officinalis*, *fucus subfuscus*, *F. pinastroides*, *F. ovalis* and *F. sanguineus*.

Near *Portisham*, 6 miles north-west from Weymouth, is a Dorsetshire cromlech—on Ridge Hill, a huge stone 10 ft. by 6, and 2 ft. thick, supported upon nine others 6 ft. high. It is called the Høll (Helige, holy) stone or Demon's Quoit, said to have been thrown from Portland Pike: there are near this spot four upright columns, called by the peasants "Jeffery and Joan, and little dog Denty and Edy alone." On Blagdon Hill, 830 ft. high, is a memorial column to Sir Thomas Hardy, the friend of Nelson, and a native of Portisham. At *Pokeswell*, 4 miles north-east of Weymouth, is a Druidical circle of fifteen stones, with the remains of an avenue. In the village is an old manor-house. The churches of Wyke and of Holy Trinity, East Fleet, which latter contains a brass to Margaret Mohun, 1603, are, perhaps, the most noticeable in the neighbourhood.

The *Burning Cliff*, *Holwell*, consists of Kimmeridge clay,

ignited by a spring from behind, which penetrates the inflammable soil: after heavy rains the cliff burns like a mimic volcano, and emits a sulphureous vapour. On the road to Dorchester, which has numerous burrows on either side, is *Maiden* (the Great hill, Mewdun) *Castle*, an oval British camp, 218 ft. by 163 ft., an inclosure of 160 acres, and a mile in circuit, consisting of three steep circles, the inner rampart being 60 ft. in height on the north and south, and containing 50 acres within it. There are two entrances, one to the east, the other on the west. In it are found lichen jolithus, and lycoperdon equinum.

## DORCHESTER.

The town of DORCHESTER (Dwr-ceaster, the Castle by the Water-side,) 8 m., and once famous for its cloth factories, is full of interest. Noble avenues of trees line the four roads by which it is approached; and on the east, west, and south, the course of the old Roman wall is followed by broad walks planted with the sycamore, the chestnut, and the linden, fragrant with white summer blossom, and humming with the music of the bees; while down and open country, white with flocks, stretch far away to Salisbury Plain. In March 1859, in the grounds of Dorchester Castle, was found a rich tessellated pavement 10 ft. 5½ in., by 6 ft. 2 in.; it was removed to the chancel of the chapel. *St. Peter's church* has a tower 90 ft. high, with a Norman porch and several monuments; those of Lord Holles, Sir John Williams, and two Crusaders, and a brass of Joan de St. Omer, 1436. The churches of *Holy Trinity* and *All Saints*, with 300 houses, were burned April 6, 1613. In 1731 another calamitous fire left only 26 houses standing. The former church was rebuilt 1824, the latter in 1845, and contains some good modern glazing. The *Shire-hall* was built by Hardwick, the *Barracks* by Fenteman, and cost 24,000*l.*; the *Gaol* by Blackburn, 1795, at an expense of 16,000*l.* The *Dorset Museum* was founded 1845. The

*Market-house* and *Guildhall* is by B. Ferrey, 1845. *Mambury*, now covered with long rank grass, was the Roman amphitheatre, an oval 218 by 163 ft. in its longer and shorter inner diameter, externally 343 ft. and 339 ft. : the sides, of solid chalk, rise 30 ft. above the level of the floor ; on the slope, between an upper and middle terrace, were the seats of the more lowly spectators ; below them sat persons of higher rank ; and nobles and men of mark occupied a platform opening on the arena. On the east and west sides were the dens of the wild beasts. In this grass-grown gloomy arena, where the bold gladiator contended for honour or the miserable prisoner for life, desperately struggling with the fiercest animals of the desert, amid the blast of trumpets and the brazen clash of cymbals, the shout of the conqueror, and the groan of the dying, was enacted a spectacle as horrid in comparatively recent times. On March 21, 1705, Mrs. Mary Channing was strangled and then burned in the centre of the area before 10,000 people, for the murder of her husband. Mrs. Hall suffered here in the same manner, Dec. 31, 1660. On the west side, close to the clear little river Frome, is the green lofty mound of *Poundbury*, 1000 ft. long and 400 ft. broad from north to south ; a Roman earthwork of oblong shape, with a ditch and a chief entrance on the east, and from its shape was called Pound-fort : numerous coins have been discovered in it. On the south-west the mound of a watch tower commands Maiden Castle. On the north-west side of the town may be seen a fragment of a flint-and-rag Roman wall ; and near the gas-works a small piece of tessellated pavement, discovered 1841.

Neither the priory nor castle of Dorchester remain : the town was occupied and dismantled of its defences by the Earl of Caernarvon in the civil wars ; but held by Cromwell in 1645, till he was driven out by General Goring. On Sept. 3 and 4, 1685, Judge Jeffries here condemned 109 persons to death. "Those," he said, "who pleaded guilty would receive most favour ; those who pleaded not guilty would receive no commiseration if convicted." He openly declared that he had hanged more people than all the

judges together from the time of William I. The ancient Icknild street to Sturminster Marshall is still perfect, high and broad, and paved with flint and stone : three other Roman ways may also be traced in the neighbourhood. The Tatler of 1710 announces a stage-coach running twice a week to Dorchester from the One Bell, Strand. In 1739 the "Flying stage" reached Dorchester in two days from London ; in 1752 the Exeter fast coach, starting on Monday morning, "slept" on Wednesday here, making fifty miles a day in summer, but thirty only in winter.

## BRIDPORT.

BRIDPORT can be visited from Dorchester, through Maiden Newton, by the Bridport railway (17 m.). The church of St. Peter's, cruciform, was built 1368-1468. The tower is of three stories : there is the oriel of a parvise over the south porch. The church contains two interesting monuments—the red stone effigy of a Chydiok in the north transept, and an altar-tomb of grey marble for a D'Abridge-worth in the chancel. The cliffs at the mouth of the river are 200 ft. high. The cordage for the navy was required at the time of Henry VIII. to be made within a circle of five miles from this town ; and from its hemp manufacture a halter was called a Bridport dagger. Four miles and a quarter north-east is Pedleton, with a fine church of St. Mary, built 1505. The font has a vignette pattern. There are the brasses of C. Martin, 1524, N. Martin, 1595, and Chevrel, 1516 ; with effigies of a knight, and of a lady and a knight in alabaster.

The Chesil Bank, on the west of Portland, commences at *Abbotsbury*, which is remarkable for a chapel of *St. Catherine on the Cliff*, a building 45 ft. by 14 ft. 9 in., of the fifteenth century, of reddish stone, four bays in length, with large buttresses, clerestory, a north-west octagonal tower of four stories, and a north porch. Lord Ilchester's swannery, which in the Abbats' times num-

bered 7000, but at present only, 600 birds ; and a camp, called the *Castle* ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile west), with a mound on the north and south, and two very high ramparts and ditches on the east and west, may be here visited : the enclosure contains 20 acres of ground ; redoubts occur on the south-west and north. The gate-house porch of St. Peter's Abbey, with the walls of a dormitory and barn, remain ; and there is the parish church of St. Nicholas, Perpendicular. *Chilcomb Camp* is situated on a steep hill, with an area of 1330 ft. by 672 ft., a single low rampart and a shallow ditch of square form on the north oval to the south, and irregular on the east and west. In the enclosure are barrows.

On rounding Portland Bill, the sandy cliffs of Bridport, 200 ft. high, appear. To these succeed heights rugged, loose, and dusky, relieved by some eminences of brighter hue, among which the Golden Cap is the most prominent. Above the blue lias appear yellow sands of the lower oolite—these, with marl, take the place of the lias beyond Down Cliff ; Burton Cliffs are composed of fuller's earth. In the hollow of the deep bay which intervenes between Portland and Berry Head, is situated Lyme Regis ; beyond it are seen the high cliffs of Whitelands and a similar range, chalky, lofty, and steep, stretching towards Sidmouth. They are of the type concerning which Taylor of Norwich complained to Southey, "Every ascent is the toil of Sysiphus—every descent the punishment of Vulcan."

## SHERBORNE.

The town of SHERBORNE is easily accessible by railway from Weymouth ; it stands 7 miles west from Yeovil station on the Wilts and Somerset railway. The town takes its name of Sher-bourne, ("Pure Stream,") from the brooklet Ivel, which flows by it ; and is on the borders of the White-Hart Forest, with which a pretty legend is connected. King Henry II., struck by the beauties of a milk-white hart which he had wearied after a long chase, spared its life, but a man of savage and cruel temper, one Thomas

de la Lynde, cruelly put it to death. The exasperated king, in consequence, levied upon him a perpetual amercement.

From the year 705 until 1076 Sherborne was the see of a bishop, extending over Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, Berks, Wilts, and Dorset. Bishop Wulfsin built an abbey here in 998, and in an earlier church were buried Bishop Ealhstan, 867, and the two brothers—King Ethelbald in 860, and King Ethelbert, 866. Among the prelates occur the sweet singer Aldhelm; Wibert the pilgrim; Ealhstan, who vanquished the Danes at Huntspill; the learned Asser, Sigelm, who, as Malmesbury relates, travelled to India; and Elfwoold, in whose weird chair the bold man who sat was troubled with horrible visions. Sweyn burned the town and minster on his march from Exeter to Sarum. The abbey was one of the mitred minsters: it was constituted a Benedictine abbey in 1139.

The restoration of St. Mary's Abbey church at Sherborne is one of the happiest instances of the late revival of a taste for architectural beauties and the love for the temples of God which first suggested it. The church is cruciform, and built principally of Hamhill stone; its low central tower, and the disproportionate height of its south porch, with the general want of uniformity or picturesqueness of outline, render the exterior heavy and unimposing. Within, its debased architecture is redeemed by the richness of the vaulting and the recent decorations. It consists of a nave and choir, each with aisles, a transept with chapels, one, eastern, in the north wing, an eastern and a western in the south wing; a south porch, central tower, and eastern ambulatory as at Romsey. The Lady Chapel, of three bays with a vaulting of stone, a chantry to the north, and the Chapel of St. Mary-le-Bow divided from the south choir aisle, have been incorporated into the school-house built by Edward VI. The south porch, both transepts, the tower arches, Bishop Rogers' chantry, the Wickham chantry and a room in the abbey buildings with a central column, are principally Norman: the east end and choir are Perpendicular, mostly of the time of Henry VI. There

is a good Decorated window in the north nave aisle. In 1436 the Earl of Huntingdon and the townspeople, under their ringleader, Walter Galor, a butcher, they having deserted the abbey and carried their children to the font of the parish church, commenced a feud with the monks supported by the bishop. At length the priest of All Hallows shot a fire-arrow into the thatched screen between the nave and choir of the minster: the ruddy stains on the walls still show the marks of the terrible fire which ensued. The Early English Lady Chapel escaped injury, but William Bradford, Abbot 1436-1459, began to rebuild the chapel of St. Mary-le-Bow and the whole of the east end; and John Saunders, 1459-1475, completed the works; while Peter Ramsam, 1475-1504, restored the nave. The remains of the abbey buildings to the westward of the nave are Early Perpendicular. A church of All Hallows, of six bays, 92 feet in length, was attached to the nave, as in the parallel instances of the Galilee at Durham and St. Joseph's chapel at Glastonbury.

The mixed architecture and even the imperfections of this minster are eminently suggestive. They show it to have been a work of love, in which no flaw could be endured. Every improvement in architecture was ardently seized upon and urged forward. The building was designed to symbolize the spiritual church, and to surpass all civil structures in size and beauty; to be at once the least unworthy offering to heaven, and the enduring monument of the genius of the country. It was this intention which, though sorely tried in undoing what others had done, triumphed over the imperfect knowledge of mechanical science, and the obstructions of disordered times. From a living sense of the holy nature of their task, the old gifted builders breathed into the dull stone a wonderful harmony, a devotional aspect, which is paramount even to the recognition of their profound genius and soaring imaginations. Every part was rendered subordinate to the main design. For this reason they wrought so carefully, believing the Master's eye was on the work; well pleased, for had He not wrought the broidery of the earth,



adorned the plumage of birds and the insect's wing, and left no portion of nature without its appropriate ornament, not even the moor or the hill, the sea-side rock or the wave-beaten cliff, but mantled them with heath or trailing weed, the dyes of time or the colours of the atmosphere? On every side is the evidence of a magnificent enthusiasm striving to reach its ideal; the restlessness of a dreamy spirit which strives to make all things around flexible; to impart life and energy by an inexhaustible novelty of design, and by ingenious irregularities to break up monotony of arrangement. The stones take the semblance of tension, like the muscles of a limb or the fibres of a tree, without rigidity or stiffness, as if the faith and aspiration of the builders had communicated an electric power to the passive material.

The *Tower*, with its south-eastern stair-turret, was repaired in 1830; the eastern arch had been removed after the fire. The tower rises one story above the roof, with angular pinnacles and eight two-light windows, two in each face divided by a buttress and pinnacle, and rising from a bold slope. The *Choir*, of three bays, has a lofty clerestory, and flying buttresses, with a pierced parapet, and good panelling. The *Nave*, of five bays, those to the east and west being of narrower span, has a Perpendicular clerestory of five-light windows; divided by buttresses beneath a plain parapet. The south aisle has a quatrefoil parapet, which is continued over the large Norman *South Porch*. Above it is a parvise for the sacristan and a staircase, as at St. Mary's Redcliffe, Bristol. It was built by Abbot Ramsam, and restored by R. C. Carpenter. The nave appears to have had two more aisles to the south. The fan-tracery of the nave, which was restored by Carpenter, 1849-50, through the munificence of the late Earl Digby and others, at a cost of 14,000*l.*, has polygonal piers without capitals, a depressed fan-traceried roof springing from angels bearing shields of Ham stone, and trefoiled panelling on the arches, which unite in a shield and have two pillars in the jambs. There is no triforium throughout the church. The *West Window* of nine lights, divided by two transoms, was

glazed with effigies of prophets and saints by Hardman, 1841, who likewise filled the four Decorated windows in the north aisle with representations of apostles and prophets; at the east are a confessional and the entry to the cloister. In the south aisle are three Perpendicular windows. The *South Transept* has a roof of Irish oak, and an eight-light window with a transom glazed by Hardman after the designs of A. W. Pugin: on the east side is the *Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre*, on the west the *Chapel of St. Catherine*, each having stone vaults. On the north side of the *North Transept* were the dormitory and Prior's Lodge. On the east side is the *Wickham Chantry* with stone vaulting, and on the north of the choir aisle *Bishop Roger's Chantry*, built 1139, with a fine Early English triplet. The Chapter House adjoined it. In the south transept, in a loft, is the organ by Grey and Davison, 1850. The nave was opened Aug. 31, 1851. The choir was restored by W. Slater at the cost of G. D. Wingfield Digby. It is divided by parcloles from the aisles, and each central bay has an iron-work door by Skidmore of Coventry. The fan-traceried roof, with its groined ribs and cinquefoiled panels, was decorated by Crace. The floor is inlaid with Minton's tiles; twelve steps of Purbeck marble lead up to the altar. The east window of nine lights, with stories from the life of the Saviour, and images of martyrs; and the side windows which represent abbots, saints, and bishops, were glazed by Clayton and Bell.

“ The deep-set windows stained and traced  
 Would seem slow-flaming, crimson fires,  
 From shadowy grotts of arches interlaced,  
 And tipt with frost-like spires.”

The canopied reredos, representing the Ascension and Last Supper, was designed by Carpenter, and carved by J. Forsyth. The sedilia and throne are new, as are the choristers' seats; the stall-work is original. The frontal of the altar is by Mrs. Beard, of London. The footpace is laid with Minton's tiles and marble mosaics. The choir was opened Aug. 18, 1858. The entire restoration of this superb church will cost nearly 30,000*l.* At the Reformation,

the parishioners bought the church from Sir John Horsey for 230*l*. Some strong points of resemblance are observable between this minster and St. David's cathedral, especially in the later Perpendicular parts, in both instances built of Somerset oolite; the procession-paths are, apparently, of the same date, and the fan-tracery of the vaulting is similar in design and material. King George III. visited Sherborne Minster in 1789.

The chief monuments are the following—Choir: Earl *Digby*, brass. North aisle: *Abbot Clement*, died 1163, granite effigy; *Prince Ethelwald*, brother of King Alfred, died 860. Wickham Chantry: *Sir John Horsey*, died 1546, and *Dame Edith*—canopied tomb, stone coffin. South transept: *John Digby*, Earl of Bristol (died 1698), and his countess, *Beatrice Walcott*, by Van-Nost, epitaph by Bishop Hough; *Hon. Robert and Mary Digby*, epitaph by Pope. St. Catherine's Chapel: *John Lewston*, died 1584, and *Joan* his wife—canopied tomb and effigies; *Abbot Mere*, died 1509, effigy black marble.

Here are buried, without existing memorials, Bishop Asser, died 910; the Atheling Ethelbert, died 866; and Sir Thomas Wyatt, died 1541.

Dimensions of the church in feet:—

	Length.	Breadth.	Height.
Nave . . .	85.6	69.10	60.8
Choir and tower .	95.6	60.10	54.8
Transept . . .	95	25	54.8
Ambulatory . .	60.8	16	
Tower N. to S.	32.3 E. to W.	29.4	109
Lady Chapel . .	45	21	
Extreme length .	200		

Arms—Gules a cross arg., on the dexter side a pastoral staff, or.

The *Abbey House* stands on the south of the Abbey Close: to the east of the church, in the midst of the cloisters, is an hexagonal conduit built by Abbot Frith, 1349-1371; and near it is one of the abbey gates. The *Abbey barn* remains; the Perpendicular *refectory*, which was on the west side of the cloister, has a good timber roof and is approached by a flight of stairs through a Norman door and vaulted

passage ; another chamber, running east and west, has a still finer roof of oak. The rebel soldiers under Colonel Popham in 1643 happily did but small injury to the church during their occupation. St. John's Hospital, founded by Bishop Neville 1448, contains a hall and chapel, and women's apartments in the story above. Sherborne was the birthplace of Bradley the astronomer, 1692.

Sherborne Castle, the seat of the late Earl Digby, and now of G. D. W. Digby, stands half-a-mile east of the town. The first castle, built by Roger, Bishop of Sarum, was shortly afterwards wrested from the see by King Stephen, but recovered by Bishop Wydeville in the reign of Edward III. An ancient curse is attached to the castle. Osmund, a Norman knight of William I. made Earl of Dorset, penitentially assumed the cowl, which he exchanged eventually for the mitre of Salisbury. Having enclosed a park here, the bishop pronounced a fearful malediction on the man who should despoil the see of its lands. Often indeed their owner has been changed : the Montacutes, Earls of Sarum, are extinct ; the Protector Somerset was summoned hence from the chace to the dungeons of the Tower, which he only quitted to die on the scaffold ; Sir Walter Raleigh lost his head ; Prince Henry died shortly after he took possession, and Carr, Earl of Somerset, the next proprietor, fell in disgrace. In 1642 the Marquis of Hertford held the castle with 400 infantry, and was besieged by the Earl of Bedford, who sent to his sister the Countess of Bristol desiring her to quit the place before the assault : the lady replied that he would, rather, find her buried under its ruins. Her courage saved the building. In 1645, Cromwell and Fairfax attacked the castle, which capitulated after sixteen days, when Sir L. Dyves, Sir J. Strangways, and Sir John Walcott, with 55 other gentlemen and 600 men, were taken prisoners. The centre was built by Sir Walter Raleigh 1594, the wings were added after the Restoration, by John Earl of Bristol : the Prince of Orange met here, in 1688, Prince George of Denmark and the dukes of Ormond and Grafton. In the parlour is a suit of tapestry given by the King of Spain to the Earl of Bristol when envoy at Madrid ; the windows display

the arms of Raleigh with the date ; and on the walls are hung the portraits of Sir Kenelm Digby, and Digby Earl of Bristol, by Vandyke ; Gerard's picture of Queen Elizabeth on her progress ; and a full-length of the first Earl Digby, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The park contains 1172 acres.

At Trent-house farm, ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles), Charles II. was concealed in his flight after the battle of Worcester.

### LYME REGIS

Is 24 miles from Dorchester ; an omnibus runs daily between the towns, through Bridport, 15 miles, and Charmouth, 22 miles. The town consists of one main street, long and steep, sloping to the shore, where it is crossed by other streets ; the hills on the north shelter the town, with its quaint irregular houses, blue-slated, and built of rag-stone of the same colour ; the climate is warm in winter, and the sea breezes temper the heat of summer. The sands are convenient for bathers, and the force of the sea is broken by the Cobb. The Esplanade affords a pleasant level walk. The town, famous for its salterns in the time of the Saxon kings, has gathered about it many interesting memories ; it furnished four ships and 26 men for the siege of Calais ; it was burned by the French in the reigns of Henry IV. and V., but in 1544, they were beaten off by the brave townsmen. The Spanish Armada went sweeping by the town :

“ When swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread,  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head :  
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.”

In the time of James II. Lyme maintained a considerable trade with France, Spain, and Newfoundland. Lord Paulet and Sir John Berkeley took Lyme with 200 prisoners, in March 1644 ; and the same year, after a siege which lasted from April 10 to June 14, 1644, the great Admiral Blake and Ceeley repulsed Prince Maurice, whose

head-quarters were at Conway House, with the loss of 2000 men. In 1672 the Dutch fleet sustained a defeat under the eyes of the townsfolk. The Duke of Monmouth, who arrived with a frigate of 30 guns and two merchant vessels, landed here on June 11, 1685, and four days after marched for the fatal field of Sedgemoor at the head of 2000 men. Lyme was the birthplace of Arthur Gregory, who could open seals without discovery, and was employed by Walsingham thus to tamper with the letters of Mary Queen of Scots; of the benevolent Captain Coram, the originator of the Foundling Hospital; and of Sir George Summers, the discoverer of the Bermudas, (died 1610,) also called after him the Summer Isles. Another native was Dr. Case, the quack of the time of James II., who inherited Lilly's magical apparatus. He wrote up over his door, "Within this place—lives Dr. Case," and crowds thronged to it. "Ah," said he, addressing Dr. Radcliffe, the eminent physician, as he filled his bumper, "here's to your fools; let me have them, you are welcome to all the rest." He at length set up his carriage, with a flaming coat of arms, and this motto, "The case is altered." Cosmo de Medici died here in 1669, on his visit to England.

In 1758, an enterprising landlord established a bathing-machine, and the stage-coach was detained while the passengers availed themselves of it to bathe just in front of the river! The population in 1851 was 3516. In 1846 11 sailing vessels belonged to the port. In the last century a considerable part of the traffic was carried on by smuggling, and, in 1780, pipes of wine were allowed to lie above high water mark at the Cobb Gate untouched; the ambassador from Bavaria, and the envoys of Venice and Naples were notorious smugglers, and kept contraband warehouses to eke out their scanty pay. So lightly was this traffic regarded, that Lady Holderness, wife of the Warden of the Cinque Ports, used to import French clothes and furniture to Walmer Castle. On one journey from Paris she brought over with her 114 gowns. The revenue cruisers were fitted out by speculators on the same

footing as a privateer. In the time of James I., pack-horses, carrying dorsers, conveyed the fish to London, and the trade employed 25 boats. From Hastings, before the railway was made, four-horse vans, outstripping the mail, carried the perishable produce to town, to the total detriment of the western fishermen. Lyme has an area of 1499 statute acres: in 1841 there were 518 houses inhabited, 44 vacant, 8 building; in 1851, 557 houses inhabited, 49 vacant, 13 building. The population was in 1801, 1451; in 1811, 1925; in 1821, 2269; in 1831, 2621; in 1841, 2756; and in 1851, 2852.

The *Cobb* or pier was first built in the reign of Edward I., the stones being floated out between casks, which, on a bolt being withdrawn, sank them in the right place; in 1825-6 it was rebuilt for 232 ft. of its length and 447 ft. of its curved parapet at a cost of 17,337*l.*, under the care of Lieut.-Col. Fanshawe, R.E. The whole structure is 680 ft. long, and 16 ft. above the sea-level. Lyme is the only harbour between Portland Bill and the Start Point. From the reign of Edward I. it returned two members, reduced to one by the Reform Bill. Miss Mitford, who when a child of eight years of age had here her first and only view of the sea, quotes Bishop Hall, in vindication of her aversion to it. She thus describes Lyme:—"The character of the scenery, the boldness of the coast, and the rich woodiness of the inland views, varied by hill and dale, and sparkling streamlet, belong entirely to Devonshire. The town is distinguished by its fine harbour, its magnificent pier, and the large coasting trade consequent on these advantages; it is for the most part old, dingy, and irregular. It lies in the centre of a natural bay, and on the one side the sands go sweeping under cliffs of a tremendous height and blackness, down which a rapid stream comes pouring its slender waters, like a thread of silver, to an abrupt headland, beyond which the cliff had in some former century given way; and where masses of earth, huge trees, and even an old mossy orchard, were mingled in most romantic confusion with huge rocks, blackened by exposure, and the gardens, barns, and other buildings of a small farm-house.

On the opposite side of the bay, the coast-road, after passing the pier and the harbour, winds under rocks, of which large fragments strew the shore, and which every moment seem threatening to fall, to a pretty village about a mile and a half from the town."

*St. Michael's Church* (Dr. Hodges, V.) is of the latter part of the fifteenth century; three bells were cast into cannon by Blake; the present peal dates from 1770. The Church cliffs adjoining are of lias, 100 ft. high; between 1800-1829, they fell at the rate of 10 yards a year. From them were heard the guns in Lord Russell's victorious action off La Hogue, in 1692. In 1689 an earthquake was felt here.

The botany includes—the cotton, dwarf, and slender flowered thistle, bristly oxtongue, golden rod, tansy, great flea bane, wood horsetail, tutsan, marsh and single St. John's wort, broom, sainfoin, kidney and crimson grass vetch, marsh mallow, sea rocket, seakale, wood sage, catmint, red hemp, nettle, yellow archangel, purple cow-wheat, virgin's bower, burnet rose, rocket dwarf spurge, tuberous moschatel, great snakewood, mezereon, crop-leaved heath, yellow centaury, gold saxifrage, soap wort, sea catchfly, navelwort, chickweed, common daffodil, Lancashire asphodel, buckthorn, hairy sheep scabious, dwarf elder, wayfaring tree, sea samphire, deadly nightshade, common mare's tail, gromwell, wood loosestrife, stinking flag, speedwell, the butterfly, pyramidal, and red-handed orchis, the white and marsh hellebore, enchanter's nightshade, *schœnus myricans*, little wild field-madder, buckthorn plantain, crosswort, *galeobdolon luteum*, and wood madder. The rarer birds are the guillemot, puffin, hawk, razorbill, speckled diver, tern, velvet-duck, cormorant, oyster-catcher, hen harrier, wryneck, tippet grebe, red-backed shrike, hoopoe, thick-kneed bustard, great spotted woodpecker, spotted catchfly, sedge warbler, mountain-finch, cross-bill, sanderling, and ringed plover.

At Up-Lyme, in Aug. 1850, a tessellated pavement, red, white, and blue, part of a Roman villa, was discovered in the "Church ground." Three miles north is *Conie*- (King's)



*Castle*, the site of Egbert's battle with the Danes ; and at a distance of four miles is *Wambert's Castle*, an entrenchment of 12 acres, in the shape of the letter D, formed by three mounds and a fosse. Ten miles from Lyme is *Ford Abbey*, once a Cistercian monastery, now converted into a modern dwelling. The chapel has an Early English groined roof, and Late Norman arches: the Hall, 55 ft. by 28 ft., and north alley of the cloisters, 82 ft. long, are rich Late Perpendicular, built 1508: a tower, built by Abbot Chard, is of the same date; the dormitory is divided into rooms. The staircase and saloon are by Inigo Jones, 1675. Years ago a noble Courtenay was, four hours after midnight, encouraging his crew in a fearful storm off this coast,—“Take heart,” he cried, “within an hour the monks will rise to their devotions, and pray for us and all poor travellers.” The men responded to his appeal, and, as morning broke, the fierce north wind carried out seaward the sound of the heavy matin-bell, and slowly sank into a favourable breeze.

On the east side is CHARMOUTH, on the banks of the little river Char, with *St. Matthew's Church* built 1503, possessing a screen and some interesting misereres. In 833, the Danes landing here from 35 ships, signally defeated King Egbert. In 841 there was another great battle between the Northmen and King Ethelwold. In 1651, King Charles II., when making his escape to France, narrowly escaped arrest here; Lord Wilmot's horse, having cast a shoe, required to be re-shod, and the blacksmith discovering that a north country hand had wrought the remaining shoes, gave information; but the king was by that time cantering away unmolested.

Between Charmouth and Lyme may be seen, far off, Lewesdon Hill, rendered interesting by Crowe's well-known poem. Lewesdon and Pillsdon, a mile apart, give cause to a Dorsetshire proverb, signifying vicinity without acquaintance, “As much akin as Lewesdon Hill to Pillsdon Pen.”

Sweeping out towards the Golden Cap, the neighbouring cliffs, 4 miles in length, rendered memorable by the discoveries of Mary Anning, are rich in geological treasures

—ichthyosauri, plesiosauri, pterodactyles, ammonite and belemnite (swan-necked porpoises, fish-like lizards, and flying monster-bats and snakes turned by St. Keyne to stone). They include plesiosaurus dolichodeirus, p. macrocephalus; ichthyosaurus platydon, i. communis, i. tenuirostris, i. intermedius; with stone-lilies, pentacrinus, ectacrinus, Briareus, calamaris, pen-and-ink fish, ophioderma Egertoni, ammonites and spirifer Walcottii, acrodus nobilis, hybodus reticulatus (a sort of shark), &c. The cliffs are of lias and clay, with bituminous and carbonaceous matter, and sulphuret of iron (pyrites); the latter decomposes if subjected to moisture, and then by spontaneous combustion ignites the bitumen in the clay. The cliffs in August, 1531, and again in the last century, were actually on fire, a phenomenon sometimes occurring in the alum shale of Whitby and the Staffordshire coal-mines. "The flame," says Hutchins, alluding to the earlier phenomenon, "was not visible by day, except the sun shone, when the cliffs appeared at a distance as if covered with pieces of glass, which reflected the rays; at night the flame was visible at a distance; but when the spectator drew near, he could perceive only smoke." Silicified wood of coniferous plants, and the ovicula of the pentacrinus, changed into brilliant pyrites, are found in the shale. The subsoil is composed of saliferous strata.

The cliffs on the coast towards Sidmouth are still more remarkable. They are composed of layers of chalk, sandstone, and chert, loose sand, with springs, 100 feet deep, and greensand with concretions. Two coast-guardsmen, on the night of Dec. 24, 1839, felt the earth heave, rend, and tremble under their feet; but happily they were out of danger when the *Pinhay landslip* took place in the night owing to the action of the sand springs after a wet summer, and extending over 45 acres; it was followed by another convulsion, Feb. 3, 1840, at Whitelands. The scene is most romantic and peculiar: inland are beds of clay and down-land, 200 feet high, shelving to the sea; to these succeeds, separated by chasms and fissures, a ravine three quarters of a mile long, 240 ft. broad, and with

a depth varying from 100 to 150 feet ; at the bottom of this yawning gulph are strewn huge fragments of the upper soil. The whole ancient line, with its hedges and orchards unharmed, advanced bodily 50 feet, and is known as *Benwell Undercliff*, while a pyramidal crag off *Culverhouse Point* sank down from 70 feet to 20 feet. At the same time in front of it rose an elevated ridge, 1 mile long and 40 feet high, of broken blocks and masses covered with sea-weeds, corallines, shells and star-fish. Ash, elder and elm screen the upper range of chalky cliff, and ivy-clad crags rise fancifully shaped like the ruined pinnacles and turrets of a mountain castle ; broken terraces a furlong broad, divided by knolls and dingles, and crowned with underwood, appear like hanging gardens, with pale pink thorn, scented clematis, yellow honeysuckle, and purple bramble, contrasting with the grey and red, yellow and brown tintings of the cliffs. To the north-east is Pinhay ; to the west the double range of Rowndown, while seaward bends like a bow the grand bay from Portland to Star Point.

*Axminster* (5 miles north), famous for its carpet manufactories established by Whitley, which furnished a superb carpet for the sultan in 1755, was the birthplace of Dean Buckland, the geologist, and of Prince, author of the *Worthies of Devon* ; the Church of St. Mary is Early English, and contains three sedilia, an oak-carved pulpit, an ancient font and a Norman porch ; a parclose in the north aisle, and some mutilated effigies.

It reads like a romance to hear of pirates landing on these shores, but the fact occurred so lately as 1627, when Ilton House, near Salcombe, was pillaged by sea-robbers. The Barrow at Seaton, a great mound of earth, designed to form the foundation of a fort, was thrown up on the shingle beach to the east of the village in that year, as a protection to the interior. In 1678 a beacon was erected on Trinity Hill, near Axminster, as an additional precaution against surprise. During a continuance of easterly wind and frost in November, when there is a sudden shift of wind to the south-west, the sea becomes phosphorescent.



OF CORNW

B R I

## SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND.

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### DEVON AND CORNWALL.

“Lovely Devon, land of flowers and songs,  
 To thee the duteous lay. Thou hast a cloud  
 For ever in thy sky—a breeze—a shower  
 For ever on thy meads; yet where shall man,  
 Pursuing spring around the globe, refresh  
 His eye with scenes more beauteous than adorn  
 Thy fields of matchless verdure?”

EACH portion of the southern coast of England has its peculiar charm: Kent, historical associations; Sussex, its shaggy weald, smooth downs, and gay haunts of fashion; Hampshire, its ports, forests, and ancient churches; Dorset, broad downs, sandy heaths, and cliffs full of interest to the geologist; Cornwall, its mines and rugged grandeur; but DEVON, called by the Britons “The Hills and Mines,” and by the Welsh “Land of deep Valleys,” may claim, as regards both land and sea, to be the Italy and Mediterranean of the north; while here pastoral valleys are not sun-burnt, and the waves, chequered with the shadows of clouds, present no monotonous spectacle. Fruitful vale and verdant hill approach the water’s edge; the rich dewy green of the scenery rivals that of the Emerald Isle;

and the climate is soft, luxurious, enervating; and yet the song of the nightingale was never heard here in its woods and copses. It possesses a beauty that cannot be beheld elsewhere, and, therefore, strikes the visitor with a hidden pleasure, elevating as it enriches the mind with a new idea of nature's excellency.

The great and little bustard were found in Devonshire, and at Kingsbridge the Cirl-bunting has been shot, and in July, 1840, the squacco.

The county of Devon, in the time of Henry I., gave the title of earl to the family of de Redvers; the title in 1334 passed into the line of the Courtenays. August 7, 1618, William Cavendish was created Earl of Devonshire; and May 12, 1694, his descendant was raised to the rank of a duke. "The gentlemen of Devon," said Queen Elizabeth, "are all born courtiers, with a becoming confidence."

The first watering-place on the coast of Devon is

## SEATON.

Seaton gave the title of baron to Sir John Colborne (Dec. 14, 1839). The village lies between the Culverhole Point on the east, and Beer-head on the west; it boasts a Danish encampment (the *Honey* (König's) *ditches*). In the time of Queen Elizabeth, the villagers were foiled in their intention of turning the course of the river Axe, clearing away the pebbly bar, and constructing a cob-pier. At White-Cliff the old folks averred that during a long summer-day, while the sun was darkened, King Athelstane waged battle with the Danes, fighting wearily from Brunedune to Axminster, where he buried five fallen kings, six thousand foemen, and his own martial bishop of Sherborne. At Southdown the queen's wedding-robe of lace was made. In the cliffs eastward of the Axe the chalk occupies the upper portion, the centre is composed of green-sand, and the lower part of lias; westward, the chalk dips rapidly in that direction, and lies frequently in

shattered masses along the shore. It contains *Pentacrinites*, *caput-Medusæ*, *briareus*, *subangularis*, *basaltiformis*, *terebratulæ*, and *pecten*. The valley of the Sid and Coly is composed of red marl, as is the lower part of the vale of the Ax. Seaton is eight miles from Lyme Regis, and six from Axminster. The little mouths or bays of *Branscombe* and *Weston* along the coast westward, with steep lofty headlands, like natural towers, are very striking. Here the labourer is seen frequently with his team ploughing on the very edge of a cliff, shaggy with hanging plants or trailing ivy, whilst against its tall crimson or parti-coloured sides flicker quick moving grey or white spots—the wings of the sea-birds. To the west,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, is *BERE*, with a picturesque glen and rippling stream flecked with beads of foam, and scattering its tiny spray like the fringes of a silvery scarf; while the decrepit cottages and a rugged beach with picturesque boats, present interesting objects to the artist's eye. Once notorious for Jack Ratterbury, the Rob Roy of the West, and other locally historic smugglers—expert and daring men, who when overtaken by a storm would lash together their contraband tubs, and form a raft round their open boats—Bere is now as quiet as it is quaint. In 1770, Mr. Luttrell mentioned in the House of Commons, as a circumstance without parallel in the memory of man, that owing to the rigours of the press-gang on this coast, Exeter had not been supplied with fish for upwards of a fortnight.

At the distance of  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles eastward we reach *AXMOUTH*, which is situated near Hawksdown Hill, an eminence with the remains of a Roman camp. The church has a Norman doorway; and on the wall may be seen a copper bolt, inserted in 1837 by order of the surveyors employed to determine the relative levels of the English and Bristol channels. Telford proposed, in 1825, to connect them by a ship canal, to be made from Bere Road, in Seaton Bay, to Bridgewater Bay. The *Vinca Minor* is found here. The other places of interest in the neighbourhood are *COLYTON* (the Town on the river Coly) with a fine cruciform church, Perpendicular; having a stone



parclose to the south transept, and the altar-tomb of Margaret Courtenay, granddaughter of Edward IV. ; the tower is octagonal in the uppermost story, the vicarage was built 1524; *Colcombe Castle*, once a seat of the Courtenays earls of Devon, now a farm-house; the gatehouse of *Shute*; and the farmhouse of *Ashe*, near Musbury, the birthplace of the great Duke of Marlborough, July 5, 1650; stand in the midst of a circle of Roman camps.

## SIDMOUTH

Nestles in a cleft-like valley, a gentle descent between two steeps, intersected by a rivulet called the Sid, which ripples out of a little pool into the sea. The two high promontories which flank it are Salcombe Hill on the east, and High Peak on the west. They are very lofty eminences, 500 feet in height, abrupt but not rocky, rich pastures extending to their very brows, the sharp outlines of which are softened by hanging plants, constantly swaying to the breeze. The soil is marl and old red sandstone, capped with green-sand; seams of grey and yellow traverse the broad spaces of crimson. Flints fallen from the chalk form the shingle along a shore streaked at intervals by ruddy rivulets, which, trickling from the land-springs, are tinted by the earth above. *Rubia peregrina*, *lathyrus aphaca*, *L. sylvestris*, *splachnum ampullaceum*, and *crambe maritima* are found here; and among the pebbles, chalcodony, moss-agate, and jaspers—red, yellow, and green. Part of the east cliff fell in 1849, and about forty years since a mass 70 ft. high, and 175 ft. in circumference, slid down from the High Peak into the sea, and grounded half a mile from the shore; it was covered with fossils, and a hard ferruginous substance. In 1811 an attempt was made to construct a harbour here, but it failed. The Chit-rock, an interesting break in the sea view, which the fishermen visited in annual procession, fell during a terrible storm, which tore up the beach, Nov. 29, 1824. In 1840,

a bronze Chiron, the head of a Roman standard, 7 inches long, was found under the cliff; it probably belonged to a cohort of the 11th legion of Carausius. The church of St. Nicholas (H. F. Hamilton, V.) is of the fifteenth century; it contains a monument to Dr. Currie, the biographer of Burns. There is also a chapel (H. Gibbes, P. C.) dedicated to All Saints. The esplanade and sea-wall, 1700 ft. long, were built by G. H. Julian in 1838. The town contributed two small ships to the siege of Calais. At Woodbrook Glen the Duke of Kent died, 1820; the Earl of Buckinghamshire resides on the terrace. Knowle Cottage, containing a curious miscellaneous collection made by Mr. Fish, is open on Mondays to the public. David Roberts was here making some of his exquisite sketches in 1845. The population of the town in 1831 was 3126, in 1851, 3441. Sidmouth gives the title of viscount to the family of Addington (Jan. 12, 1805).

Salcombe Hill commands a magnificent panorama, extending over a circle of from thirty to forty miles. *Salcombe Regis* (two miles) has the distinction of having been the last place which held out for Charles I. in Devon; its fort was compelled to surrender, June 1646. The church of SS. Mary and Peter has a Norman tower. The church of St. Giles, Sidbury, is mixed Norman and Perpendicular. On *Sidbury Hill* ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles) is a Roman camp on the narrow tongue of the hill, with a single entrance: the camp is 1400 ft. long, by 300 ft. broad. Sidford (two miles) was the scene of a narrow escape of Charles II. from his pursuers. At *Ladram Bay*, westward, the view is very fine, with the waves ever chafing and booming under the cliff, in which a natural arch has been hollowed out by the billows of the eternal sea. At *Nattington* (three miles) was born the learned Dr. John Conant.

*Ottery St. Mary*, which derives its name from its situation on the river-bank (Otter-rie) is six miles north from Sidmouth. The ancient church of SS. Mary and Edward was given by Edward the Confessor to the cathedral of Rouen, but in 1335 Bishop Grandison converted it into a collegiate church. Walter Bronescombe, Bishop of Exeter

1257—1280, commenced the re-building, and Bishop Grandison completed the structure in the latter end of the fourteenth century. The Dorset chapel, which is of the beginning of the sixteenth century, and situated on the north-west side of the nave, has the arms of Bishops Courtenay, 1478—87, and Veysey, 1519. The north tower is crowned with a spire.

The exterior is bold and simple, the grouping of the towers, chapels, and porches effective. The west front presents three stories; in the lower is a deeply recessed doorway, parted by a pillar; above it are five lancets included in a segmental arch; in the gable is a niche, with the mutilated image of St. Mary between two trefoiled lights. The south porch was built before 1587. The aisle windows are of two-lights; the clerestory has three trefoiled lights within a segmental arch. The parapet, of the sixteenth century, is battlemented. The south tower is Early English: in the upper story there are three lancets on each face, under a string course enriched with corbel-heads: the parapet is pierced with trefoiled openings; short pinnacles flank the angles. The ritual choir extends three bays into the nave, and is laid with Minton's tiles. The chancel is of six bays, and resembles the nave; the parapet, however, is not embattled. From the fourth bay projects an Early English chapel, with a parvise above it. The Lady Chapel of three bays is Decorated. The east end has an eight-light window, with a canopied niche on either side. In the gable, which is crowned with a cross, are three niches. The Dorset, or north-west chapel, is Perpendicular, corresponding with the nave, and of six bays, which are separated by buttresses of three stages. The windows are of three lights, and the parapet battlemented. The central bay is filled by a porch and parvise. In the interior the nave piers support two centred arches; over each, in place of a triforium, there is a niche for a statue; the ceiling is two-centred and simple; that of the aisles four-centred. The Dorset chapel has a rich fan-traceried groining and pierced pendants; the corbels represent angels. The roofs of the transepts are groined. The

stilted central lancets upon the east side denote the site of an altar. In the choir the ceiling resembles, but is more elaborate than, that of the nave.

The reredos of stone was restored by Blore. The high pace is elevated upon three steps; behind the altar are five canopied niches, once filled with pictures. On either side are three trefoiled niches, with brackets for images. Above a string course are three very large canopied niches for groups of statuary, set between buttressed panels. Three other niches, which once probably contained a rood with SS. Mary and John, fill the arch above a rich and embattled cornice.

About sixty years ago the beautiful oak rood-screen was removed; in the north aisle the bench ends are late 15th century work; the ancient misereres have been restored to the choir; five on each side with a single return, are set in the third bay eastward from the transept, which is parted off from it by a low solid screen of oak. To the eastward two stone steps lead up to a vacant bay before the sanctuary, which is fenced in by a screen formed out of a parclose of the 14th century. A rich pavement is laid down, round an altar of old woodwork, covered with a stone slab. There are three beautiful canopied sedilia of stone on the south side. The Lady Chapel is parted off from the ambulatory by a beautiful stone gallery, supported on six shafts of Purbeck marble, reconstructed by Woodyer; tiles have been laid down, and stall work introduced. There are four stone sedilia on the south, with a water-drain. The only monuments of interest are the effigies of Sir Otho Grandison, brother of the founder (died May 23, 1360), and of Beatrix Malmaynes, his wife, reposing under rich gabled canopies; and an incised stone to Archdeacon Northwood, the brass of which is gone. The organ is in the south transept.

The church of St. Mary, Ottery, consists of a Decorated nave of five bays, with Early English aisles; a choir of the same period, the Early English aisles of which were chantries, St. Stephen's on the north, and St. Catharine's on the south; they have been restored

by Rev. R. Podmore ; two Early English transept towers, as at Exeter, Narbonne, and Chalons-sur-Marne ; and a Lady Chapel, Decorated, which has been restored for morning prayer by Mr. Woodyer. On the south side of the chapel are two windows of stained glass by O'Connor, one of them being a memorial to the late vicar, G. Smith. On the north side, the glazing of the north-east window is by O'Connor and that of the west lights by Warrington. In the lateral chapels the east windows are by Hardman, from designs by Pugin, on the north representing the Majesty, on the south the Crucifixion. The five small lancets in the north choir aisle are filled with glass by Warrington. The subject of the six-light west window of the north-west chapel, built by Cicely, Marchioness of Dorset, is the Transfiguration, by Wailes, who also glazed the great west window. Round the walls of the church will be observed quatrefoils representing the Blessed Virgin bearing a cross ; they mark the spots which the bishop marked at the consecration with the Holy Chrism. Polychrome has been introduced along the vaulting, on the principles recommended by Ruskin and Chevreul ; a rich effect of colour is produced, a harmonious but chastened brightness. But even in the places it has not touched it is remarkable how the impressive attributes of ancient architecture lie open, legible to every eye. Not one prominent feature exists in vain, or requires artificial illumination or pictorial effect. The beauty is distinct to the eye of him who understands neither the artistic merit nor the subtle lore of the builder ; who only perceives the effect, but cannot follow out the science and invention, method and emotion, finish and fire, which ministered with deep-wrought foliage, twisted traceries, and burning pane to the luxury of the gaze. The whole church possesses a charm of contrast, a mingling of richness and simplicity, which endows it with a grace to which more imposing structures can offer no pretension. Coleridge, who often in early boyhood trod these aisles, no doubt was thinking of them when he wrote, "Gothic architecture impresses the beholder with a sense of annihilation ; he becomes, as it

were, a part of the work contemplated. An endless complexity and variety are united in one whole, the plan of which is not distinct from the execution. A Gothic cathedral is the petrification of our religion." Wordsworth has exquisitely expressed the same idea.

" The bright work stood still,  
And might of its own beauty have been proud,  
But it was fashioned, and to God was vowed,  
By virtues that diffused in every part  
Spirit divine, through forms of human art.  
Faith had her arch, her arch, when winds blow loud,  
Into the consciousness of safety thrilled ;  
And Love her towers of dread foundation laid  
Under the graves of things ; Hope had her spire  
Star high, and pointed still to something higher.  
Trembling I gazed, but heard a Voice, it said,  
Hell gates are powerless phantoms when we build."

The font, Perpendicular, is octagonal. It is modern, made of west country marbles ; the Purbeck slab is original, and served as a guide in the restoration. In the church were christened Joanna Southcote, and J. T. Coleridge the poet. Henry VI. visited the church at Ottery in 1451 : from Nov. 16 to Dec. 6, 1645, Sir T. Fairfax and Cromwell loosed their rabble rout upon the building. Two suffragan bishops, Cornish of Tyne and Chard of Solubrae, were deans ; A. Barclay, author of the " Ship of Fools," was a priest of the college.

Sir W. Raleigh lived in Mill Street ; Judge Buller and Coleridge the poet, were educated in the grammar-school. The Prince of Orange lodged in the town, Nov. 21, 1688.

### BUDLEIGH SALTERTON,

Six miles from Sidmouth, is a small, but pretty watering-place at the mouth of the river Otter ; near it is found *alyssum maritimum*. The church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was built in 1813. Up the valley is the picturesque village of *Ottertton*, dear to the angler for its famous trout, and to the antiquary and artist for an

ancient church of St. Michael, standing on a cliff which overhangs the rapid stream, and for a yew-tree grove; the tower contains five bells. Near the opposite bank, but at a distance of two miles, are All Saints, *East Budleigh* (G. D. Adams, V.), and *Bicton Park*, the seat of Lord Rolle, so highly eulogised by Loudon; they stand about a mile apart. In the church of the Holy Trinity are alabaster effigies of D. Rolle, who died 1638, and his wife; near Bicton is a wayside cross, where four roads meet. *Hayes Barton*, adjoining Budleigh (1½ mile), now a farmhouse, was the birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552: his head is buried at East Budleigh. A slab of greyslate, with a cross fleury, marks the grave of Joan (Drake of Exmouth), first wife of W. Raleigh. One mile and three-quarters farther is *Woodbury Castle*, an oval entrenchment with a single vallum and outworks, 500 ft. long by 250 broad, where, from 1798 to 1803, instead of the Roman legionaries, were quartered British artillery. From *West Down Beacon*, to the west of Budleigh Salterton, the whole bay of Teignmouth is seen; oval pebbles are peculiar to the shore between this headland and the river.

## EXMOUTH,

Eleven miles from Sidmouth and five from Budleigh Salterton, stands on a slope at the mouth of the river Exe, which flows over a bed of transition rocks. Exmouth is the oldest of the Devonshire watering-places, but in 1851 had only a population of 5,123. Though at the beginning of the century a mere assemblage of fishers' houses, it was marked out for its present high standing in popular favour by its command of a grand amphitheatre of hills, stretching from the Exe to Berry Head, richly wooded, with a country like a beautiful garden. Views of Mamhead on its swelling eminence, of the village of Starcross, and Powderham Castle on a knoll overlooking a level plain bounded by the river, are closed in by the dusky ridges of the Haldon Hills on the west, towering over all

the background. The sunsets have been called Italian, as the climate is asserted to resemble that of Pisa; they are indeed most beautiful. How fine is the thought, though quaint the language, of George Herbert, dictated by such a scene :

“ The God of power, as He did ride  
In His majestic robes of glory,  
Resolved to light; and so one day  
He did descend, undressing all the way.  
The stars His tire of light and rings obtained;  
The cloud His bow, the fires His spear;  
The sky His azure mantle gained.”

In 1003 Sweno landed here; the port contributed ten ships and 193 men to the siege of Calais, 1347, and from it in 1459 sailed the expedition of James, Earl of March. On March 15, 1646, the town, with a fort of 19 guns, was compelled to surrender to the Parliamentary troops. On Dec. 10, 1816, Exmouth gave the title of viscount to the hero of the bombardment of Algiers, Admiral Pellew, but nature, not history, lends a charm to the locality. The Exe is the noblest river of South Devon, and but for the bar of shingle at its entrance,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile in breadth, might still form the convenient and prosperous haven which it offered in the reign of King John. Another bar lying further up the stream was formed artificially: centuries ago a Countess of Devon having quarrelled about the dues with a mayor of Exeter, the civic authority gained his suit; but both banks of the Exe, which were richly clothed with oaks, belonged to the Earl; at midnight the timber was felled, and every tree launched into the water; sand and soil collected about this weir as the stems grounded; and thus was formed an impediment to the passage of ships, which for years proved fatal to the prosperity of Exeter. Up this river sailed the galleys of the Phœnician, bringing the commerce of the Mediterranean, in exchange for tin; for at Exeter have been found the coins of the dynasties both of Syria and Egypt, with the mint marks of Chalcis, Antioch, Alexandria, and a



city of Mesopotamia. The church of the Holy Trinity (J. T. Roche, P.C.) was built by Lord Rolle in 1820; the tower, 104 ft., forms a sea-mark; the Market-house was built in 1830. The old town lies in a hollow behind the Beacon Hill, along which, and down the descent, extend terraces of houses and broad walks; a shrubbery intervenes between these and the sea-wall, formed of limestone, 1800 ft. long and 22 ft. high, secured by piling, and built by Plewse, 1841-2; the embankment, however, was begun by Mr. Hull at the beginning of the century. Beyond this are the dark waters of the Bight, the sands of the Warren (where *Trichonema columnæ* may be found), and the many little islands of the estuary, through which the shipping for Exeter thread their way, or lie at anchor in the lake-like expanse waiting for the turn of the tide in the midst of picturesque fishing-boats and small foreign craft. The more pleasing walks in the neighbourhood are—to *Topsham* (5 miles), where in the church of St. Margaret are the monuments by Chantrey of Admiral Sir John Duckworth, who died at Weir Park, 1817, and of Colonel George Duckworth, who fell at Albuera, 1811:—to *St. Mary's Lympstone*, where the tower was built 1409, and the manor belonged to the great Lord Heathfield:—to *Orcomb Point* and St. Margaret's, *Littleham*, the mother church (3 miles east), and to *Withycombe* (1 mile), with the ruined perpendicular church of St. Michael, known as *St. John-in-the-Wilderness* (2½ miles), destroyed in 1748, except a western tower and north aisle.

Local tradition tells how Sir Hugh de Creveltdt, of Littleham, and Sir Roger Whalingham, of Withycombe, whose house was haunted, cordially hated each other, having quarrelled touching the right to wrecks upon the coast. One night Sir Hugh heard the deep toll of the bell of St. John's, which was of Italian manufacture,—and like the dread tongue of iron that hangs in the tower of Saragossa, tolled by unseen hands,—ringing a knell for the departing soul of his old enemy. Day after day the spectre of a knight robbed him of his food, as it sat glowering on him from the chair set on the other side of his hearth.

Sir Hugh would have died of his Barmecide feasts but for the cunning of a Cadiz captain, who brought with him a charm to exorcise the ghost in the shape of a pipe of Indian tobacco, then unknown in England. Rawleigh, of Withycombe, preserved the secret, and his descendant, Sir Walter, for his pertinacity, had the honour of a royal "Counterblast."

There is a ferry to STARCROSS, (so called from a wayside cross which stood by the landing place,) one of the most recent of Devonshire watering-places on the South Devon Railway, to which it owes its prosperity. St. Paul's church (W. Powley) was built 1826. The places of interest in the neighbourhood are *Mamhead*, built by Sir P. Ball, 1680, and the seat of the first Lord Lisburne; it was the birthplace of Sir R. Newman, who fell at Inkerman; and in the grounds there is an obelisk 100 feet high set up by T. Balle, 1742:—All Saints' Church, Kenton, of red Exminster stone (2½ miles), with a tower 100 feet high, a Decorated screen and a structure mainly of the same period:—*Alphington* (6 miles), with St. Michael's Church, Perpendicular, a Tudor screen and Norman font; and *Powderham Castle* (3½ miles), so called from its proprietor in the reign of Edward I., and now the seat of the Earl of Devon. Originally of Norman architecture, and restored in the 14th century, yet owing to the rough usage alternately of Cavalier and Roundhead during the civil war, and the hand of modern innovation, its exterior has few remains of antiquity. The castle contains some fine pictures by Wilson, the Five Senses by Teniers, Charles I. and Henrietta by Vandyke, and the Tribute Money by Rubens. From the Belvedere, built 1773, the towers of Exeter can be seen. The park is of great extent and well wooded. The rarer flowers of the neighbourhood are *Targionia hypophylla*, *vicia Bithynica*, *euphorbia peplis*, *c. Portlandica*, *mentha viridis*, *Exmouth*; *M. rotundifolia*, *Mamhead*; and lichen *stictoceros* on the warren; and *Polycarpon tetraphyllum* at *Lympstone*. St. Clement's Church is Perpendicular. From Exmouth and from all the stations on this line as far as Torquay, an excursion to EXETER (9½ miles from Starcross) is very easily

made: for an account of the cathedral see WALCOTT'S CATHEDRAIS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, published by G. Stanford in this series. Haldon Hall (Sir L. Palk, Bart), may also be visited: the house contains pictures by Ruysdael, Cuyp, Vandervelde, Snyders, Weenix, Teniers, and Claude.

The tourist from Dorsetshire will contrast with the country beyond the Golden Cap the lovely Devonshire lanes as Charles V. said of Florence, "too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays." They are generally deep sunk between high banks, musical with the songs of birds, shaded by overhanging oaks and the branching elms, quivering ash, with its pendulous burs of brown mast, and mantled with drooping bramble, the wild convolvulus and creeping woodbine, fragrant honeysuckle, with the honey-bee humming drowsily in the blossom, tall ferns and blushing briar-rose, blue harebell, and purple dappled folk's glove. Besides these are orchards which a recent traveller, a Rambler through many lands, himself a native of the West of England, tells us are more charming, in the white and roseate bloom of spring, or the ruddy hues of their autumnal fruit, than the far-famed vineyards of the South. Breaks in these, sloping over lawn and grassy meadows varied with silent church-tower and pleasant farm-house, open on nooks of green under the swelling hills, and, ever and anon, a glassy brooklet gliding with a merry song and laughing waters down to the dark blue sea. The colourless sculpture does not differ more from the life-like painting than the ruddy cliffs of Devon from the bare chalk ramparts, and the picturesque confusion of the rich and varied scenery of the western country, from the waste of Dorsetshire sward and its solitary unenclosed grass-land,

"Where simple nature reigns, and every view  
Diffusive spreads the pure Dorsetian downs  
In boundless prospect, yonder shagged with wood,  
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks."

## DAWLISH,

Three and a half miles from Starcross, means the "rich water-mead;" a picturesque description of this delightful valley, through which a small rapid stream, crossed by bridges and parted by broad belts of lawn from the houses on either side of its course, runs clear and rippling to the sea. The mouth of the valley is now closed by the viaduct and strong sea-wall of the South Devon railway, a mile and a half in length and affording a broad and level footpath. The mode of traction originally adopted on this railway was that of the atmospheric system, which here, as at Croydon, proved a perfect failure. The engine-house still forms a picturesque feature in the landscape. Southey mentions that he witnessed on the beach, November 29, 1836; the terrible hurricane and rising of the sea which threatened the destruction of the place. The church of *St. Gregory* (E. Fursdon, V.), which is cruciform, and 120 feet long, was rebuilt, with the exception of the tower, by A. Patey, at a cost of 4000*l*, in 1825; it contains monuments by Chapman, in memory of Mrs. Hunter, and of Lady E. Pennyman, who died 1801. On Feb. 8, 1855, at night, mysterious footprints were left upon the light snow which lay over an extent of 30 to 40 miles from Exmouth and Dawlish to Torquay and Totness; they appeared like the hoof-marks of an ass in single line, measuring 4 by 2½ inches. The footprints have been attributed to the otter, the bustard, and the rat, to kangaroos escaped from Mr. Fish's garden at Sidmouth, and by Professor Owen to the badger!

*Luscombe* (2 miles), the seat of C. Hoare, Esq., was built by Nash 1800-4, and contains pictures by Sir T. Lawrence, Loutherbouurg, and Northcote. On the north of the town (1½ mile) is the *Langstone*. On the south

(1 mile) are the two rocks of new red sandstone in the sea, fancifully called the *Parson and Clerk*; the latter was terribly shattered by the storm of 1824.

According to the legend, there was a pluralist and ambitious priest of the east country who frequently rode, followed by his clerk, through Exmouth and the Warren to inquire after the health of the Bishop of Exeter lying sick at Dawlish, and whose succession to the diocesan throne he secretly coveted. One stormy night, while threading the labyrinth of lanes on Haldon Hill, the priest, having lost his way, petulantly summoned the demon to help him. A simple peasant shortly appeared and led them down the steep to the manor-house, where chaplain and serving-men duly invited the priest to sup. But when the feast was spread it all was glamoury; the sea began to boom nearer than was wont, fish that seemed to swim was the only fare, and the floor became all afloat. At length, with the welcome tidings that the good bishop was passing out of life by means of a poisoned cup, the parson and clerk set out on their return; the demon house vanished amidst screams and wild laughter as of fiends mocking, the foam burst over their heads, the waves rose; two horses were found straying in the morning on the shore, and two huge loosened masses of sandstone became at once their riders' grave and monument; and when the storm-wind blows, the cry of the imprisoned spirits is heard quivering on the gale.

Among the walks in the neighbourhood, one will lead to *Little Haldon* (2 miles), a hill with its greensand summit strewn with porphyry and quartz; rich in shells of mollusca changed into an opaque or yellow jasper, and having a circular camp called *Castle Ditch*, with a single vallum and enclosure of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  acre. There are several barrows adjoining. Here Hoel and the West Britons, in 926, made their last stand against King Athelstane. They were defeated, but in the Saxon army ever after, while the Kentish men led the van, the brave soldiers of Devon held the responsible duty of guarding the rear. Being 818 feet high, the hill commands a magnificent panorama of the valleys of the Exe

and the Teign. Upon it are found *Pinguicula Lusitanica* and *dicranum varium*. The proverb runs—

“ When Haldon hath a hat  
Kenton may beware a skat.”

The lanes in the neighbourhood are numerous and intricate; but every opening in the thickly-matted hedges affords beautiful views of the country, spread out like a vast map at the traveller's feet, the outlines gradually softening and becoming undiscernible as they near the horizon. The inland landscape has the fresh charming green and fertile scenery of Devon; woodlands and cultivated ground, with their varying tints, church towers and hidden hamlets, their position marked by wreaths of curling smoke. Along the shore, beyond the calm estuary of the Exe, slowly expanding rise the red cliffs towards Sidmouth, fainter at each remove, and melting into blue distance, hazy and indistinct; and the horn of the Golden Cap, the brighter from the dark-blue colour of the sea, closes in the grand prospect on the east. A rugged green descent, rich with madder growing wild, and with flowering plants, called *Smuggler's Lane* ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile), leads down to the shore towards Teignmouth. The railway here emerging from a tunnel, the last of five under the cliff, and near the site of a great fall in Feb. 1853, is protected by a sea-wall which reaches nearly to

## TEIGNMOUTH,

three miles from Dawlish. The situation of this town is most beautiful: along the broad walk of the Dene (a corruption of Dune, a sandbank), extends a fine range of buildings, with the Assembly-rooms, erected 1826, from designs by A. Patey, in the centre. On the south side rises the headland called the *Ness*, with fir-crowned cliffs, 80 feet high, and but for the bars of verdure which intersect them, wholly crimson in colour. Underneath are the village of Shaldon and the villa of Lord Clifford; beyond

is the bright bay of Babbacombe, terminating in Hope's Ness. To the north spreads the yellow shore, stretching towards Dawlish, under cliffs at intervals 200 ft. in height, which, rising yet higher inland, are mantled with thickets of green foliage, contrasting broadly with the deep blue of the sea. Behind the shipping-town of East Teignmouth, well-wooded heights stoop down to the winding Teign; the landscape on the west being closed in by the tall crests of Heytor. The course of the river is one of stately beauty, whether at its rise, gliding amid the sweet seclusion of verdant dells, under the bare granite rocks at Highbridge, or through the mountainous ridges of Drew's Teignton, with its Cromlech, the Spinster's Rock, said to have been built up by the Three Weird Maidens (Valkyrien) before their fast was broken, and the only Logan-Stone in Devon. Then further from its source, flowing through lawns, with trees and fair mansions fringing its home-like banks, and twinkling oar and red-dyed sail varying its surface, it falls into a bay, so calm and clear that it scarcely seems an inlet of the vast sea. Above the town, the Teign is crossed by a bridge of 34 arches, 1672 ft. by 20 ft., with a drawbridge, built 1825-7 by Roger Hopkins, architect, at a cost of 20,000*l*. It is the longest bridge in England, and only exceeded in Europe by the Pont de Lyons, which is 1700 feet in length. Canonteign, on the Teignmouth side, near the bridge, was the house of the first Lord Exmouth. The quay was built in 1820 by George Templar. The principal trade of the port consists in the import of salt-fish from Newfoundland; the exports being china clay from King's Teignton, and granite from Heytor. The lighthouse, 31 feet high, erected in 1844-5, on the site of a small fort, is of great service to vessels entering the port, owing to the presence of a dangerous sandbank at the mouth. From this spot, the drawing of the seine at night by women, presents a most striking scene; and the glory of the sunlight, as well as the softer moonlight, seen from the shore which faces the expanse of sea on the east, are unrivalled in their effects. The theatre was built in 1802. The churches are of no interest:

*St. James's* in West, or Teignmouth Episcopi, built in 1805, is an octagon; *St. Michael's*, 90 ft. by 70 ft., in East, or Teignmouth Regis (T. B. Simpson, P.C.), has an octagonal Perpendicular font; the Norman windows and massive central tower were disgracefully altered, and the south door only spared, by A. Patey, in 1831. The reredos is by John Kendall of Exeter, the altar-piece, "the Saviour crowned with thorns," by King.

In 970 the Danes landed here, and so cruel was the slaughter, that years after the old folks averred that the cliffs still bore a crimson dye. Then brave Cuthred of Bradlea (the broad meadow), as he had vowed, says the legend, rent away from the Northman's hand the standard of the Vikingr, with the black raven of Odin in its centre. Proud of his trophy, breathless he came to his gentle wife Ella, who beheld it with sad eyes, as the har-binger of future sorrows. Hand in hand they went to take counsel of Osric, the wise man of the Tor, who bade them be sure, if the dark bird lay still on the crimson folds of the standard, Dane would never again set foot in England; but if it took flight, the evil day was still in store. Anxiously they turned away, and slowly from the banner the ill-omened raven rose, and as it spread its black wings, the cliffs grew dusky, till up it sprang into the open sky, croaking as it flew,

"The raven will not perch again in Britain's hostile land,  
Till Canute's father, mighty Sweyn, may bear it in his hand."

Thirty and three years afterwards, the corsees of the brave warriors, and the shrieks of the hapless maidens, of the Exe, bore witness to the prophecy.

In 1340 and 1350, the town was partially burned by French pirates; and again, in 1690, by M. Tourville, after his defeat of Lord Torrington off Beachy Head: the name of French Street, which was rebuilt by funds raised on briefs, records the calamity. The town furnished seven ships and 120 men for the siege of Calais. In 1744, it contained 4000 inhabitants; in 1831, 4688; and in



1851, 5013. In the reign of Edward III. it returned two members to Parliament. In 1797 it gave the title of Baron to Sir John Shore, who was born, Oct. 8, 1751, in Devonshire, and in 1786 married Miss Cornish, of this town. The great marine painter, Luny, with his poor paralyzed hands, painted at Teignmouth his noble picture of the Bombardment of Algiers. Here *Poa bulbosa*, *erysimum præcox*, and *trifolium suffocatum* and *T. subterraneum*, are found.

The excursions in the neighbourhood of most interest are—in the direction of Dawlish: to Bishop's Teignton (2 miles), on the Newton Bushel road; to Combe in Teign-head (3 miles), on the south side of the Teign; and by railroad to *Newton Abbot* and *Bushell* (5 miles), the latter deriving its name from a former lord of the manor. The parish church of St. Mary, Perpendicular, possesses a Norman font of red gritstone, some good oak-carving in the parcloes of the chancel, and a monument of the 17th century, to Sir R. Reynell, who built the Jacobean mansion, called *Ford House*, in the neighbourhood, where, in 1625, he received knighthood from Charles I., and William of Orange lodged. In Woolborough Street, in the middle of which stands the square tower of St. Leonard's Church, its only memorial, the Prince made his first Declaration, November, 1688. The church is dedicated to St. James. Near the town is the old manor-house of *Bradley*, of the 15th century, once the seat of the Yarde family, and now occupied by a farmer; but still retaining a Perpendicular gateway, hall, and chapel. Eight miles from Teignmouth, north-west, is Ugbrooke Park, the seat of Lord Clifford; in the grounds is an elliptic Danish camp. The chapel was dedicated to St. Cyprian in 1671; the house contains portraits of the Stuarts and Cliffords, by Kneller, Lely, and Jansens; the Madonna (Rubens), St. Mary of Egypt, and the Sinful Woman (Titian), Tribute Money (Vandyke), Holy Family (Gentileschi), St. Mary Magdalene, by Guido Reni. *Chudleigh Rock* is celebrated for its Pixies' Cave, the home of the little Silent People, midway down the side of a limestone cliff, and entered

through a natural arch, 12 feet high and 10 feet wide. Coleridge has sung their song.

“ Aye from the fervent heat  
We to the cave retreat,  
O’ercanopied by huge roots, entwined  
With wildest texture, blackened o’er with age.  
Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,  
Beneath whose foliage pale,  
Fanned by the unfrequent gale,  
We shield us from the tyrant’s mid-day rage.”

At Chudleigh are found *Leonurus cardiaca* and *vinca minor*.

The prettiest of all English superstitions is that of the Devonshire Pixies—the pigmies, or, perhaps, pukes—found

“ On hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain or by rushy brook;  
Or on the beached margin of the sea  
To dance their ringlets to the whistling wind.”

They have given grace to the exquisite *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, and been sung by Drayton, Herrick, Dryden, Jonson, and even the grave Milton. The peasant believes them to be the souls of little children who die unchristened. Sometimes they are mischievous; but at Christmas tide, or if the coat of the man who meets them be reversed, they are harmless: “he that speaks to them shall die.” Under the hedges they lie like shapeless bundles; at evening they dance in green habits by the side of the stream; at noon they wield the flail, and labour at the cyder-quern. In the safe recesses of the morass they fold their tiny flocks and milk their wee kine. A wise woman was one night summoned by an ugly messenger to nurse a mother and her new-born infant. The mother was directed to anoint the child’s eyes, and, from sheer curiosity, applied some of the ointment to her own: then the hovel became a palace; the worn woman lovely as a dream; and strange happy little creatures swarmed in every nook. A few days after, she

discovered the secret of her diminished store of eggs (for the pixie is as much maligned as the domestic cat)—there was the ugly messenger, robbing poor chanticleer and Dame Partlet! “Hilloa, sirrah!” cried the woman; up leaped the elf,—“Oh ho!” said he, “you have been using the ointment!” and with the word he struck her a blow upon the eye which blinded the sight for ever. Sprites are, however, grateful: a kind old lady, knowing their love of flowers, planted her garden-plot with gorgeous tulips; great was the pleasure of the pixies; never were such colours, never before such a fragrance; under them elfin nurses carried elfin babies, and sung their lullaby to—perhaps, changelings, but we hope not: under them sat elfin lovers hand in hand; there

“The dapper elves their moonlight sports pursue,  
Their pigmy king and little fairy queen  
In circling dances gambolled on the green,  
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,  
And airy music warbled through the glade.”

The foolish heir of the old lady plucked up the tulips and planted parsley: the pixies cursed the ground, and it produced thistles, in compliment to his long ears. Belemnites are called colepixies’ fingers.

The lamb and the dove, because mentioned in Holy Writ, no fairy nor spirit can harm. In a certain green ring on Dartmoor, dwelt a black hen and a brood of chickens: there was a vicar in the neighbourhood, who, like Mr. Flavell of Mullion, dealt in the forbidden art; and while he was at church, his servant began to read in an old volume that lay upon his desk. To his horror, in stalked the hen and her chickens, and at once began to grow and dilate; the vicar was called down from his pulpit, and he ran as fast as his legs might bear him, and only in time came he; the head of the hen touched the beam overhead: quick as light he emptied a bag of rice, and as the fowls began to peck the grains, he reversed the charm, and sent them home to *Dartmoor*. It is a strange country, that dark moor: its stone circles and avenues,

like those at Carnac in the Breton Damnonia, were made "when wolves were on the hills and winged serpents in the lowlands;" and at *Belstone Tor* there are nine huge granite blocks, that dance at noon to the harping of an invisible Orpheus: and who knows but the filthy fourmarts, hunting in packs, may not after all be sometimes taken for the Pixie-troops or the Wish (Woden's) hounds, which chase their prey at noon on Sundays, and have been exorcised in the open church? Where is the man of the west who will sell a bee-hive, and not rather exchange it for a sack of wheat? who would remove the hive, except on Good Friday; or omit to turn it when the dead are carried out to burial? or who will not bow low when he meets a single magpie?

"One for sorrow, two for mirth,  
Three for a wedding, and four for a birth."

Or who will venture to plant lilies of the valley, when death within a twelvemonth is the forfeit? That is as sure as that the hideous bullfrog haunts the old house; or that where the rainbow rests is hid a crock of gold; or that the adder will not die till sundown. Whoever finds treasure on Ringmere Down may plough with a share and ox-yoke of gold.

Old customs, too, still survive: though the mummers of Tavistock no longer play St. George at Christmas, on the eve of that festival, the farmers go out, with cider-bowl and toast, and sprinkle the orchards; singing as they pass,—

"Health to thee, good apple-tree,  
Well to bear pockets-full, hats-full,  
Pecks-full, bushels, bags-full."

And when the fields are reaped in autumn, a bundle of the choicest wheat-ears is lifted to the spirit of the harvest; each man in chorus "hollas the nack"—"Arnack we haven! Arnack we haven!" (a toy, for the little ones;) "Arnack well cut, bowed, and shaked," and throws his reaping-hook at the little sheaf, which the farmer takes home and hangs above his table. The yellow narcissus

is yet known as the Lent lily. The old folks tell the story of the witch who used to take the form of a hare, and when hard pressed by the hounds was warned by her grandson, "Run, grannie, run!" a call which made the huntsmen push forward the quicker, and run the creature to earth. As they rushed into the witch's cottage, there panting lay the hag; but she vigorously denied the impeachment of having played the hare till a threat of the hounds, and the stroke of a heavy whip, compelled her to confess her magic art. That was a different hare from the frightened creature which had scarcely leaped into a country-woman's basket, as she walked to market, when a tall, dark spirit appeared, and demanded which way the hare had run? As is common in fairy tales, the fiend was dull, and never thought of looking close at hand; but no sooner had he disappeared, than "poor Wat" became a lovely fairy, whose time of transformation was past, and whom the peasant had reason to bless to her dying day! At Tavistock the youths used to beat noisily at the door, inside of which was a merry party, and if one was caught, he was condemned to turn a shoe roasting before a hot fire, until some kind damsel released him. Heavy rain is not attributed to St. Swithin; it is known as St. Margaret's flood. When the snow falls, the fishermen say, "Ah, Widdecombe folks are picking their geese on Dartmoor, faster and faster." Thus runs the Devonshire prophecy—

"Monday's child is fair in face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace.  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go.  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for its living.  
And a child that's born on Christmas day  
Is fair and wise, and good and gay."

The song of harvest-home may still be heard:

"We have ploughed, we have sowed,  
We have reaped, we have mowed,  
We have brought home every load. Hip, hip, huzza."

The three first days of March, called the Blind days, are deemed unfavourable for sowing seed. No person can die, such is the common belief, if any bolt is shot, or any lock in the house is closed, if a beam traverse the roof over the sick, or the bed be stuffed with goose-feathers. As lately as in 1833, a child was "passed through" a cleft ash, to cure the rickets, at Shaugh, near Dartmoor. On Midsummer Eve, the peasantry used to leap over the bonfires; and even recently the Yule log was always burned at Christmas-tide: in West Devon, on the eve of the Nativity, when the priest blessed the chalice at midnight mass, the folks believed that the oxen knelt. At Lydford, on Dartmoor, where the severity of the Stannary jurisdiction gave occasion to the proverb of Lydford law, "Hang first and try afterward," Judge Jeffreys is supposed to haunt the ruinous court-house, in the shape of a black pig.

The walks on the south side of the Teign are common to Torquay, being easily accessible from either that town or Shaldon. On the church doors of *St. Blaise, Haccombe*, are two horse-shoes once belonging to a famous steed on which a bold Carew swam out into the sea for a wager, and won a goodly manor as the prize of his hardihood. There are five brasses or memorials of the family of Carew, the earliest that of Sir Nicholas, 1469; also an effigy of Sir S. de Haccombe on an embattled tomb of the 14th century; and another of a knight of the 13th century.

In *St. Mary's church, Kings Carswell*, are the effigies of Sir John Dynham and his wife, the latter coroneted, of the 14th century; and in the north aisle the effigy and altar tomb of a lady.

At *Milberdown* is an elliptic camp with a triple ditch enclosing six acres of ground, in which William of Orange parked his artillery. The church was built in 1328, and contains the following effigies—a Crusader, a Knight in the nave; Sir Hugh and Lady Courtenay in the chancel; and in the north aisle, Lady Haccombe, of the 14th century: the screen, pulpit and reredos of stone were set up by N. Kendal in 1818.

A short journey of 12 miles by railway conveys the traveller from Teignmouth to

## TORQUAY,

which boasts itself the Montpellier of England. While the channel fleet lay in Torbay, at intervals from 1792 to 1815, the families of the naval officers employed on it found the little village convenient as a residence, and so brought it into repute. It lies,

“ Deep meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns  
And flowery hollows, crowned with summer sea.”

The town is completely sheltered by the Braddons on the north, Park Hill on the east, and Waldon Hill, covered with pines on the west; to the south lies the sea. There are three tiers of buildings facing this front; the lowest encloses three sides of the pier, and is planted with rows of trees before the shops; the middlemost is composed of handsome terraces of stone, till recently, grotesquely enough, deformed by stucco and paint: they are named Park, Montpellier, Higher and Lower Terrace; the third and highest range, called Braddon Hill Villas, is one of beautiful villas. Sir James Clark prefers the climate for invalids, to that of the Undercliff or of Hastings. The myrtle, the aloe, the orange-tree and the citron blossom in the open air, while the hydrangea and rhododendron attain the size of a dwarf tree, and are covered with broad masses of their pale-blue and crimson flowers. The quay was begun by Sir Lawrence Palk in 1804: the eastern arm is 40 feet wide; with the main pier it encloses a basin about 500 feet broad and 300 feet long. The churches are those of S.S. Mark and Michael (J. Hogg, P.C.), St. Mary Magdalene, Upton (R. R. Wolfe, P.C.), and St. John's, Mark Foot (W. G. P. Smith, P.C.); of the latter, Salvin was the architect, 1822. The church of the Holy Trinity, Park Hill (R. Fayle, P.C.), was built 1838. The Assembly Rooms were built 1826. The regatta is held in July or

August. To the west of the town is the Rock Walk on the Warren; eastward, villas and terraces cross *Beacon Hill*, and stretch to the slopes which encircle *Mead Foot Cove* and *Sands*; threatening soon to swallow up even a quaint desecrated little chapel of the 15th century at *Ilsam*. *Ubia peregrina*, *aquilegia vulgaris*, *squilla autumnalis*, *cochlearia danica*, and *lavatera euphorbia* are found here.

The great charm and prominent feature from every point of the landscape is *Torbay*, which, sinking deeply inland, has a circumference of 12 miles, and forms a crescent with winding shores and great ramparts of rock, like a solid colonnade, but fringed with wood. On the inner side rises a shelving beach, gently sloping seaward from the west, but broken by the bluff point of *Roundham Head*. On one part of the shore some heaps of boulders mark the site of the pier used by the old monks of the abbey. The two headlands are, on the east, *Hope's Ness* (Hill Promontory), and on the west *Berry Head*, five miles apart. Leland believed, and rightly, that the bay rolls over a submerged forest, from which he said the fishing-nets often brought up the antlers of deer. The marks of a raised beach are observable on the rocks beyond *Meadfoot*. At times shoals of mackerel fill the whole bay, which gleams and sparkles with the moving masses, even in the sunlight, like a lake of molten silver, and at night is phosphorescent like a tropic sea.

Here the air is soft and balmy; the verdure of that rich emerald green peculiar to this enchanting climate; the scenery varied and charming. The winding belt of golden sand, the bold gorse-crowned promontory, succeeded by soft slopes and oak-clad lawns; the sunny wall of limestone, or the ruddy cliff and red fallow field, with the white yeasty foam at its wave-beaten base contrasting with the luxuriant foliage on its summit, and the stately elm-hedges, forming park-like enclosures further inland, the smooth-worn rock rising sheer from the fretting water which it has breasted for centuries; the background of a fertile country so exquisitely beautiful when the apple-blossom covers the orchards; the picturesque little hamlets



and towns clustering on the shore ; and the glassy sea, like a polished mirror, visibly reflecting every tint and form, or sparkling through the opening in the lofty broken rocks which it splinters and hollows into strange shapes—all these make Torbay one of the finest prospects on the entire sea-board of England. When studded with a fleet of stately men-of-war, or merchant vessels becalmed, its appearance is perhaps without a rival ; with the ever-changeable colours on the surface from dawn to sunset, the deep ruddy glow, the amber-grey, the dark violet shadows cast by the lurid clouds, chasing each other across its smooth bosom, bright gold, pure transparent green, or a soft blue mingling with the sky of evening, deep shadows along the shore line throwing up the misty lights, while the pale shadowy sail on the horizon alone marks the meeting of the ocean with the sky.

“ Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
For thou must die.”

On Nov. 5, 1688, William of Orange cast anchor in the bay. In Sept., 1781, Admiral Darby lay here with only 22 ships, whilst the combined French and Spanish fleets, greatly outnumbering them, cruised off the Scilly Isles ; and but for their fear of the equinoctial gales, the west coast was in their power. Sir John Norris lay for some months here with a large fleet. The great Lord St. Vincent constantly anchored in the bay ; and Napoleon, when the *Bellerophon* lay wind-bound for some hours, came on deck and exclaimed—“ What a beautiful country ! it is very much like Porto Ferrajo, in Elba.” England might have become his foster-home, according to an improbable report. Pascal Paoli is said to have introduced him, as a candidate for service under the English flag, to Admiral Cosby, then Commander-in-chief, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, Viceroy of Corsica, who rejected the adventurous youth ! On Oct. 27, 1850, Deschene's squadron of seven French line-of-battle ships anchored here for some hours.

The coast scenery towards Teignmouth is very lovely. A road of 2 miles in length leads to *Babbacombe Bay* (4 miles from Teignmouth), passing by two interesting spots, *Anstis Cove* and *Kent's Hole*. The little dell is of surpassing beauty : on one side of a pile of rocks is a cove under the limestone head, on the other side a cove with boulders beneath a cliff of slate and shale. Rugged rocks shut it in : on the left is a wall of marble, but in the centre coarse limestone, with long dark wreaths of spiral ivy ; on the right rises a lofty hill, of every rich colour where its craggy height is not dappled with lichen, gorse, or moss, or the copse creeps up to its undercliff, waving with gnarled oak and stunted ash and feathery birch-trees : the waves break in foam upon pebbles and sands scarcely less white than their spray. Above it are the terraces and towers of the Italian palace of the Bishop of Exeter—*Bishopstowe*. Here are found *Galathea rugosa*, *G. strigosa*, *trochus ziziphinus*, *cypræa Europæa*, *pecten distortus*, *P. opercularis*, *pleurobranchus*, *actinia alba*, *polynoe cirrata*, and fossil madrepores.

“ Crushed shells

Rich mosses, tree-like sea-weed, sparkling pebbles

Enchant the eye, and tempt the eager hand

To violate the fairy paradise.”

*Kent's Hole*, (three quarters of a mile) is as strange and wonderful as the *Anstis cove* is romantic. It is entered by a cleft 7 feet wide and 5 feet high. When first explored in 1824 it revealed a maze of chambers, vaults and winding passages, caverns some 30 feet high and 100 feet in length, roofed with stalactites in clusters of cones on a roof like transparent glass, and with floors of stalactite white as a pavement of alabaster. The drip of water charged with lime, the extension of sediment and concretion, gradually formed this wonderful sepulchre. It is closed by a pool of dark water. Gloomy and huge these caves appear in the torch-light of the guide, flashing into the ghastly sides and hollow recesses and along its glimmering bed : they have a deeper interest than mere natural curiosities,

as they contain the fossil remains of the extinct monsters and beasts of prey which once infested Britain—the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the wolf, bear, and hyæna. It is a chasm in the limestone strata. The remains lie in a bed of reddish sandy loam, and cover the bed of the cavern to a depth of 20 feet; the principal fissure is 600 feet long. A layer of hard, solid stalagmite, one to four feet in thickness, is spread over this ossiferous loam, and covered with a thin layer of earth, which breaking through the floor of spar is mixed with bones of the bear, and other carnivora, flint knives, arrows, spear-heads, coarse pottery, and charcoal, the remains of the hunter's feast and arms being intermingled. The legend attributes the name to the knight Sir Kenneth Kent, who escaped from the shrieks of the murdered king at Berkeley, to find a treacherous welcome from Sir Harry Lacey, of Tor Abbey, whose daughter Serena he loved well and truly. Warned by the lady, Sir Kenneth escaped to this cavern, whither the fisherman below watched her ascending, with a lamp, to join him in his flight; but never was either seen to come forth, and years after the folks whispered that one bold man had penetrated the murky recesses, and seen a rusted suit of mail in which was no living form, and a pale shade beside it. On the adjacent farm of *Tor Wood*, once the seat of the Earls of Londonderry, are the remains of a Grange-chapel of Tor Abbey. Sweet oar-weed is found in the lane leading from St. Mary's church to the *Public Gardens*, containing four acres, on the Torwood road. *Babbacombe* is a small inlet with villas scattered through a wood on the hill-side, and peeping out among gardens and shrubberies; they are planted on terraces laid with earth like the artificial soil of the vineyards of the Rhine. On the north the boundary is Petit Tor, a headland of compact limestone covered with moss and grass, honey-combed by *saxicava rugosa*, and fretted by the sea into caves. The precipice has no slope, but in every hollow are tufts of iris bramble and brakes of fern; on the summit the golden gorse blossoms among the evergreen of ivy, and the jackdaw and kestrel find their home. Here are

found *Tortula didymum*, *T. tortiosa*, *actinia crassicornis*, *A. nivia*, *A. anguicoma*, *A. bellis*, *A. mesembryanthemum*, *rhodymenia ciliata*, *R. palmata*, *plocamium coccineum*, *chylocladia articulata*, *laurentia pinnatifida*, *laomedea geniculata*, *iridæa edulis*, *delesseria sanguinea*, *chondrus crispus*, *phyllodoce lamelligera*, *pachymatisma Johnstonii*, *laminaria saccharina*, *L. digitalis*; the rosy featherstar and common coralline, naked-gilled mollusca, *polycera ocellata*, *eolis papillosa*, *E. coronata*, *doris bilamellata*, *D. tuberculata*. Low-water at spring tides occurs at noon, and as the tide rises,

“ Each following billow lifted the last foam  
That trembled on the sand with rainbow-hues :  
The living flower that rooted to the rock,  
Late from the thinner element  
Shrank down within its purple stem to sleep,  
Now feels the water, and again  
Awakening, blossoms out  
All its green anther necks.”

Here, says the fairy tale, discovering the origin of the name, “the Dell of the Babe,” the disconsolate Titania discovered, by the aid of a mystic egg and three grains of gold embedded in the yolk, her lost child Florus, whom Ariel, set free by Prospero in the enchanted isle, had beguiled to earth, and with joy restored to Oberon. Here she held her court of elves in grass-green robes, with caps of folks'-glove and coronets of the bluebell, who all night long, to the star-like light of the glow-worm and the yellow disc of the harvest moon, kept revel and dance which, ere morning broke, printed, to the music of merry little feet, the smooth turf of Mary Church with tiny rings.

The white narrow shingly beach glitters with pebbles of quartz, and beside the red sandstone cliffs appear richly veined and mottled marble, grey limestone, shale and glossy slate : but Torquay is rapidly extending its building towards this once secluded bay. Here are found *Tortula tortiosa* and *lepidum didymum*. Towards Teignmouth lie the picturesque landslips of *Watcombe*, and the cove of *Maiden Combe* (combe means a valley) ; above Babbacombe

is the tall tower, a seamark, of *St. Mary Church* ; near it is found *Lichen lentigerus*, and on Dungeon Cliff *Lithospermum purpureo-cæruleum*.

Upon the land side of Torquay is the mother-church (Perpendicular) of *Tor Mohun* (J. H. Harris, P.C.) ; besides some Jacobean monuments of the Carey family, it contains an effigy in armour of Ridgway, father of the first Earl of Londonderry, and an octagonal Perpendicular font. On the hill (half-a-mile), by the Newton Abbot road, is the ruined chapel of *St. Michael*. *Tor Abbey*, the seat of the Careys, was the Premonstratensian Abbey of *St. Saviour*, founded by William Bruère in 1196. The ruins of the minster are on the north side of the house : the present chapel was the Refectory which, like the gateway, is Decorated ; the grange barn likewise remains. About 4 miles distant, approached through the little village of Cockington (2 miles), the church of which contains an octagonal Perpendicular font, are the ruins of *Compton Castle*, of the 14th century, and formerly a seat of the Poles : the north front tower-gateway and part of the chapel remain. The beach, stretching from Tor Abbey and Livermead to Paignton, is divided by low steep cliffs of red conglomerate, or new red sandstone, worn by the tide into fantastic shapes and caves, like the temples of Ellora, with recess behind recess, and dark vaults supported upon columns, coloured by the hand of nature. Here will be found *Anthea cereus*, *pholas dactylus*, *P. parva*, *doris pilosa*, *asterrina gibbosa* and *trochus ziziphinus* ; and *echinus miliaris*, which the children call "mermaiden's head." Here Dr. Turton, Col. Montagnaud, Mrs. Griffith, Gaertner, Gosse, and Dillwyn prosecuted their curious researches.

The following Table will show the changes in the statistics of the several places on the Coast of North as well as South Devon, effected within the present century.

	Area. Statute Acres.	1841.			1851.		
		Houses.			Houses.		
		Inhab.	Un- inhab.	Bldg.	Inhab.	Un- inhab.	Bldg.
Sidmouth . .	1600	634	77	4	682	39	4
Exmouth, including Littleham and Withycombe }	3651	806	78	9	836	42	..
Dawlish . .	5512	648	80	6	712	35	1
Teignmouth . .	1238	871	143	10	1020	59	26
Torquay and Tormohun }	1560	926	51	22	1624	39	25
Paignton . .	5092	477	24	2	544	66	12
Ilfracombe. .	5583	716	78	1	761	88	3
Bideford . .	3196	1050	116	5	1101	78	3
Clovelly . .	3502	207	10	..	201	26	..
POPULATION.							
	1801	1811	1821	1831	1841	1851	
Sidmouth . .	1252	1688	2747	3126	3309	3,441	
Exmouth, including Littleham and Withycombe }	1909	2301	2841	3189	3927	4,150	
Dawlish . .	1424	1882	2706	3151	3132	3,546	
Teignmouth . .	2012	2893	3980	4688	4459	5,149	
Torquay and Tormohun }	838	1350	1925	3582	5982	11,474	
Paignton . .	1575	1639	1790	1960	2501	2,746	
Ilfracombe. .	1838	1934	2722	3201	3679	3,677	
Bideford . .	2987	3244	4053	4846	5211	5,775	
Clovelly . .	714	836	941	907	950	937	

## PAIGNTON,

Three miles from Torquay southward, possesses a fine sandy beach—broad, firm, and smooth for bathers; but the tract is subject, during easterly winds, to the inconvenience of being encumbered with masses of sea-weed and drift-wood. The place, however, is free from the daily toll of the passing-bell of Torquay, the sad knell of those who have come thither to die of decline. Most melancholy it is in church or street constantly to meet the sight of that terrible decay,—the slow wasting, the cheek with its exquisite flush growing hollow; the hand pale, feverish, and transparently thin; and the keen, brilliantly star-like light of the eyes, so earnest and so sad. All the loveliness of nature cannot compensate for this. The pier was built in 1838. The church of St. John (Perpendicular) (R. Gee, V.) is cruciform; it has a Norman west door, and a fine stone pulpit on the north side. It likewise contains a superb stone screen, Perpendicular, with three arches, parting off the south aisle. Against it are placed the effigies of Sir J. and Lady Kirkham, canopied statues on the tomb, and angels bearing shields in the pinnacles under it, rich and beautiful. There are some walls and a tower of the palace in which stout Miles Coverdale lived. The pier was built in 1838, and cider is exported in large quantities. The steps and shaft of a churchyard cross stand in the garth. *Euphorbia peplis* is found in the lanes. A pleasant walk of five miles leads to *Berry Pomeroy*, famous for *St. Mary's* church (the living of Prince, author of the "Worthies of Devon"), in which are effigies of Lord Edward Seymour, who died 1593, and of Sir Edward Seymour, with other monuments of the same family from the reign of Elizabeth to that of William III. The church contains a good parclose and roodloft. The *Castle*, begirt by a wood and seated on a perpendicular rock (a high ridge, partly covered with oak), is best seen from the

northern bank of the little glen through which a rivulet, a branch of the Dart, frets its way. The ivy-mantled walls, the great gateway, the round tower of St. Margaret, the south Tudor front, built by the Protector Somerset, and part of a Jacobean court of the period of Charles I., are full of rents, unroofed and open. This is all that survives of a once vast and sumptuous structure, originally built by a Norman knight, Ralph de Pomeroy, and held by his descendants, till Sir Thomas buckled on his sword in the rising of Devon, and his fair castle passed to the grasping Somerset. A fantastic legend is attached to the fortunes of the family ; which, according to the tradition, depended on the safe keeping of a mysterious berry given to Audomar de Pomeroy by Ella, mother of Rollo, the night before he sailed with Duke William from Normandy. The last of the name, Constance, was compelled to surrender it to Henry VIII. ; from him it passed to the Protector, Somerset ; and, finally, to Edward VI. On the night the boy-king died, an ancient form appeared before the duchess in this castle, and pronouncing its doom accomplished, buried the kernel in the ground, from which sprang a noble beech-tree, still pointed out. It is, perhaps, needless to say that Berry (Bury) means a fortified place. From the east, or St. Margaret's tower, it is said, the two sons of Henry Pomeroy, who murdered the king's herald, and fled to St. Michael's Mount, leaped on horseback into the glen rather than surrender the castle. It was last inhabited in the reign of James II. Tradition says that the lightning fired it shortly afterwards ; trees and trailing plants conceal the rents, and fill the courts now voiceless and deserted.

“ It stood embosomed in a happy valley,  
Crowned by high woodlands, where the druid oak  
Stood, like Caractacus in act to rally  
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunderstroke ;  
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally  
The dappled foresters ; as day awoke,  
The branching stag swept down with all his herd  
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.”



*Polypodium laceratum* is found here.

TOTNESS (the Look-out Headland) is two miles distant : it was the birthplace of the learned Kennicott, 1718 ; of Edward Lye, the Saxon scholar, 1704 ; and of Brockledon, the artist. The town's folk aver that Brutus of Troy, when he arrived at this spot, said,—

“ Here I sit and here I rest,  
And this town shall be called Totness.”

Here, on Sunday, Oct. 21, 1638, occurred that terrible storm, of which, credulous as the men of his diocese, Bishop Hall said, “It was plainly wrought by a stronger hand than Nature's.” The town was occupied alternately by the Cavaliers and Goring's Roundheads ; but it is most noted for its frantic devotion to the Prince of Orange, on whose arrival it offered 4s. in the pound land tax, and the remaining 16s. if that saturnine foreigner required it. The bridge, built 1825, cost 12,000*l*. The south gate and part of the town walls remain. The old ivied Norman keep of the castle is circular, and crowns a hill. *St. Mary's church*, Perpendicular, was built of red sandstone by Bishop Lacy in 1432 ; it contains a fine stone screen and pulpit. Dogs are ingeniously trained here to drive back the salmon-peel into the fishermen's nets. The town gave the title of Earl, 7th Feb. 1626, to George, Lord Carew : it became extinct with his death. About 1½ miles distant, near the Ashburton Road, is the grand ruin of *Dartington House*. The great hall, roofless, measures 69 ft. by 38 ft. and was once 50 ft. in height ; it has a capacious fireplace of stone, and a porch ; the kitchen and outbuildings remain. Upon the front of the mansion, which is of the time of Richard II., are the arms of Holland, Duke of Exeter : the outer quadrangle 245 ft. by 157 ft., with the tower-gate, is nearly complete ; but the west wall of the inner court alone remains. The church of *St. Mary* has some good stained glass, a Tudor pulpit and rich oak carving and screen-work ; there is the effigy of a lady of the thirteenth century.

A boat daily makes the passage between Totness and

Dartmouth along the exquisite river-scenery of the English Rhine, the Dart—so named from its swiftness—the pride of South Devon. The moorsmen call it proudly “Dart;” and say (with some truth, for it has few fords, and swells as rapidly as the Solway) that never a year passes but the river-spirits drown one victim.

“River of Dart, oh, river of Dart,  
Every year thou claimest a heart,”

The premonitory sign is the deepening blue of the water. “The cry,” of the Dart is the loud sound which it raises at midnight. Spenser alludes to the primary cause of the decay of Dartmouth as a port.

. . . . Dart well nigh choaked with sands of tinny mines ;

but in addition to the silting of the river, the choice of Plymouth by the bold adventurers of the reign of Elizabeth, transferred thither the larger portion of its trade. Dyer, in the *Fleece*, mentions the removal of the cloth trade, which caused great distress in these parts.

“The Dart and sullen Exe, whose murmuring wave  
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won  
The serge and kersey to their branching streams.”

The Dart rises under the tall granitic pillar of Cranmere, beside a pool planted by the earthquake, where the lost spirits wail at night ; and chafing with rapids, sparkling in the sun, or shadowed by trees, winding, ever-varying, a gay inconstant stream, it is hastening onward the swifter where it seems most to linger. Leaving Totness, it flows under steep and dark rocky banks by Sharpham Park (R. Durant), which it sweeps by in a splendid curve : then rounding a headland, it washes the fair enclosures and undulating meadows of Stoke Gabriel and Maisonette (R. P. Hulme), when it widens under wooded slopes—hill and dale, cottage and hamlet, succeeding each other—by the rich woodlands of Dittisham, the echoing banks of Sandridge (Lord Cranstoun) till below, glassy and broad, like a lake, it reflects the lofty hills and shining limestone quarries behind

which rises Watton Court (H. Studdy). Still downward by the trees of Greenway, the birthplace of stout Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and the home of Raleigh, skirting the anchor stone—where the gallant seaman smoked his pipe of Virginia, and mused of El Dorado—it expands into grandeur only to be lost in the foam and billows of the great sea in the bay of

## DARTMOUTH,

Where is the most beautiful of coast scenes. The entrance of the river, and its opening to the sea, seem folded between the banks of an inland lake. These banks are the slopes of lofty hills, luxuriantly green; the lake is a magnificent bay, which will hold 500 sail. Within the harbour-mouth, for the breadth of a mile, the town, rising with terraced streets and flights of steps, lies embosomed in trees, or is seen climbing the grand eminences, below which the quays and dockyards impart a seeming curvature to the strand. The harbour serves as a port of refuge during storms; and in winter-time, when the rivers of Holland and Germany are icebound, steamers and homeward-bound Dutch ships lie here. The town consisted formerly of three districts—Dartmouth, Clifton, and Hardness. The population in 1801 was 2398; in 1831, 4597; and in 1851, 4508. Since the fourteenth year of Edward III. the borough returned two members of Parliament, but only one since the Reform Bill. The exports are cider and barley; the imports, fruit, wine, oil, and salt from the Mediterranean. Dartmouth maintains a considerable trade with Newfoundland. The floating-bridge, established August, 1831, crosses the river, where it has a breadth of 1650 feet. The church of St. Saviour is cruciform, with many Decorated portions, a fine stone pulpit, carved misereres, a rich wooden screen, curious iron ornamental and scroll work on the great south door, and a brass of the fourteenth century to the memory of Sir John Hawley

and his two wives. The altar-piece is by Brockledon. The market-house was built 1825. In the Presbyterian kirk, the devout Flavell was buried in 1691. The picturesque gables, the quaint piazzas, the richly-carved fronts and overhanging stories of the houses of the old town are of the early part of the seventeenth century.

In 1190, the fleet of the Crusaders rode here at anchor ; and while Cœur de Lion was fighting against Saladin, the French burned the town. King John visited the town, Oct. 15, 1214. In 1338, the sailors of Dartmouth took five French ships, and destroyed their crews, so that only nine men escaped across the Channel. In 1347, the port contributed thirty-one ships for the siege of Calais : in 1377, their old enemy burned their houses over their ears. In 1403 the mariners of the Dart made reprisal by destroying forty sail upon the sea-board of France. In 1404, Sir William de Chatel, and the fiercest men of Normandy whom he could collect, came to carry fire and sword up the devoted valley ; but the stout peasants and brave-hearted women of Devon, fighting for life and honour, cut off the private soldiers to a man, and took prisoners the general, three barons, and twenty knights ; while many others sank in their harness. The brother of Chatel, who had escaped, returned about a month after with 400 men ; and having surprised and pillaged the town, continued during eight weeks to ravage the adjoining coast. From the harbour sailed the Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Warwick to Calais, and within four months returned with reinforcements, which landed here, at Plymouth, and at Exmouth. On Oct. 4, 1643, after a siege of a month, the town was compelled to surrender to Prince Maurice, but in 1646 was retaken by Fairfax. Newcomen, the engineer, was born here ; and at Sandridge, Davis, the discoverer of the straits in North America which bear his name. On July 28, 1675, Charles Fitz-Charles was created Baron Dartmouth, and Viscount Totness ; he died 1680. George Legge was raised to the peerage as Earl of Dartmouth, Sept. 5, 1711. At *Townstall* (half a mile) is St. Clement's church, with a tower 69 ft. high ; it was garrisoned by the

Cavaliers for the king with ten guns and one hundred men. At a distance of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles on the Totness road is the old camp of *Woodbury Castle*, and in the neighbourhood of Morleigh (six miles) are *Stanborough* and *Blackdown Camps*, the latter on the Kingsbridge Road.

On the south shore of the bay is *Warfleet*, with the ruins of the *Old Castle* and the tower of *Paradise Fort*, fronting which are *Kingswear* and the fort of *Mount Ridley*, upon the north shore; near the pretty estate of Brookhill (J. Devonport) is *Kingswear Castle*. From a fort at the north entrance of the bay a strong chain or boom was laid to *Dartmouth Castle* on the south side. Below the site of an ancient castle, and under a cliff crowned by a fort called *Gallant's Bower*—which is surrounded by earlier fortifications—stands the parish church of Clifton, *St. Petrock's*, with a tower and spire that groups well with the fortifications on the sea-front. These are composed of two towers—one of them square and more recent, and the other circular, of the Tudor period—both standing on a level rock of glossy, purple mica slate. Two modern platforms, as advanced works, were mounted in the late war, with twelve long 18-pounders: a small fort on the north carried three 6-pounders. The name of Gallant's Bower occurs also at Clovelly. Like Robin Hood's Race or Shepherd's Ring at Snenton, Julian's Bower at Appleby and Aukborough, Julaber's grave at Chilham, and Troy Town, the name has exercised the ingenuity of antiquarians. Some refer it to the time of the Romans, when to double and wind in the maze made the limbs of the youth pliant; other authorities believe these spots to have been the places of midsummer sports at a more recent period; whilst others consider them like the maze at Winchester to have been cut in imitation of those mosaic pavements laid down in cathedrals, on which people were permitted to compound for the performance of an actual pilgrimage to the Holy Land. (See *CANTERBURY*, in *Walcott's Cathedral Guide*.) From this spot the bay presents a most striking scene when the pilchard shoals are chased in by the porpoises; or when they are betrayed by the ravenous

gulls and sea-birds hovering over a ruddy streak upon the sea ; by the cry of the huer, or look-out men on the cliffs, and the motion of the gorse branches in their hands. Then every boat is launched, every net is cast for the capture ; nor on the return of the little flotilla, when the fish are emptied into the boats, from the seines under a calm bright moon, is the scene such as will soon fade from memory.

The road from Dartmouth, passing by *Nethway House* (J. H. Luttrell) and *Lupton House* (Lord Churston), after four miles of hills and descents, with fine views seaward, ends at

### **BRIXHAM,**

A bustling fishing-town, close to the south horn of Torbay ; employing 200 sail of trawlers, of an aggregate of 20,000 tons, and 1500 men. The stout boats and hardy crews of the Brixham boats are famous throughout the English and Bristol Channels. The manor of the lower town or quay was purchased by twelve of these hardy sailors many years since, so that by inheritance, or subdivision of shares, there are few upon the pier who do not challenge the title of a "Brixham lord." The church of St. Mary was built 1824 ; the public rooms were erected 1835 ; the breakwater commenced in 1843, and the pier in 1808. The town counted a population of 5627 in 1851. It had the inconvenience of sending its supplies of fish by water to Portsmouth, and thence by land to London ; but the Great Western Railway now enables it to compete with the Sussex and Kentish fishermen. The Torbay sole was always eminent among gourmands. Quin actually travelled down to Bath expressly to taste the luxury fresh : on awaking next morning he was informed that the market had none, owing to a violent storm of the preceding day. He desired his servant to draw the curtains, and composed himself to sleep, in order that he might enjoy the delicacy on the morrow without feeling the pang of his

present disappointment. An obelisk marks the landing-place of William of Orange, on Nov. 5, 1685 : the stone on which he trod is lodged in the base ; and a piece of it was chipped off, enclosed in a box of heart of oak, and presented to William, Duke of Clarence, who was here in 1823. In the upper town was the famous intermittent Lay-Well, but it no longer ebbs and flows.

On the adjoining promontory of *Berry Head* (one mile) a bluff of pale pinky limestone, are the remains of an ancient Roman camp, and of modern batteries and embraured lines of the close of the last century, now grass grown and crumbling ; forsaken like the dilapidated barrack ranges which lie in the rear. A cavern at *Berry-head* contains relics of bronze, bones, and pottery. The floor is coated with stalagmite, and strewn with vestiges of early races, the rhinoceros, elk, reindeer, horse, and stag. At *Brixham* are found *trochus ziziphinus*, *saxicava rugosa*, and *pecten opercularis*.

Seven miles distant from *Dartmouth*, in the centre of *Start Bay*, and at the southern extremity of the *Slapton sands*, is the small watering-place of

### TOR-CROSS.

The sands, which lie under greenish cliffs, are nearly three miles in length, forming a level of shingle, composed of minute pebbles, with the pinkish petals of the sea bind-weed peering out at intervals, and *corrigiola littoralis*, to relieve the wearisome sameness of the long bank of sand. Behind it is a lake of 300 acres, full of fish, and abounding in wild-fowl, called *Slapton Lea*, which will remind the visitor from *Dorsetshire* of the *Chesil Bank* and *Swannery Fleet*. No one but a disciple of *Zimmerman* on *Solitude*, or of that Roman sage who averred that his own company was the least loneliness which he experienced, can be safely recommended to this very retired neighbourhood. The old tower of *Poole Priory* is within an easy

walk ; it was spared in 1800, when the remainder of the buildings were pulled down. Slapton is 6 miles from Dartmouth. The church of St. Mary (R. Antram, R.) contains a beautiful screen. St. Barnabas, Stokenham (1½ miles) (H. Taylor, V.), is a Perpendicular church, and contains a cinque-foiled double water-drain in the chancel. Stokeley House is the seat of Sir L. Newman, Bart. Stoke Fleming church contains two brasses. The pedestrian can easily visit the Lighthouse of the Start, signifying "the Promontory" (3½ miles), and will observe that instead of the grey slate (grauwacke) of the cliffs, reaching from Dartmouth up to this point, here the dark coped surf-beaten headland is of chlorite mica slate, dotted with veins of quartz ; on the eastern side descending sheer and slippery to the sea, but on the westward torn and rent by the never-resting swell from the Atlantic, roaring and rolling in mighty mountains of foam against the inhospitable rock, seething and hissing as if in impotent wrath, and recoiling only to leap up once more in thunder on the frowning sides, and to burst in surf upon the tiny beach below. It is a grand sight, when the long heaving surges, inky black, rise successively from the great deep beyond, and their crests are touched by the lines of silver moonlight ; the strong outlines making every billow seem immense.

To those who can face a rough walk, the grand and, in places, stupendous scenery of the coast will offer more than a recompense for weary feet ; while the keen bracing air and healthy exercise will nerve and invigorate the whole frame. *Lannacombe Mill*, on its brawling brook, has all the charm of lonely beauty ; and near it are cool shallow pools, left by the tide, glowing with the colours of the sea-anemone and other living ocean-flowers. There are rambles and wanderings to be made to the *Pear-tree* and to *Prawle Point*, the latter a headland of gneiss, on which H. M. S. *Crocodile* was wrecked ; with sharp jagged outlines, piled up crag upon crag, cleft and broken as if every storm-cloud that passed had emptied its quiver and splintered its shining arrows against them. Yet above it is



tufted with pink seathrift and clad with yielding turf; while quarried out below by the constant sapping of the flood into an arch which is outspread like the stony jaws of some gigantic monster of the deep, yawning for its prey. Here in the eleventh century the ships of pilgrims touched, on their voyage from Ripa, in Denmark, to the Holy Land. Then crossing at Portlemouth, the estuary of Salcombe, where Sir Edmund Fortescue held the castle for a siege of four months, like a brave cavalier, and skirting the grounds of *Moult* (late Lord Courtenay's), and the *North* and *South Sands*, in which is buried a hazel-nut wood, petrified years ago, the traveller will reach the majestic *Bolt Head*, wild and desolate, with a certain savage sublimity, the fissures and chasms relieved by the orange lichen and the ivy, and the scattered heather in the hollows of its rocky scalp of mica slate, which rises to a height of 430 feet. From a cave beneath, according to a legend, found also in the Basque Province and on the western shore of India, a huge coal-black bull is said to have found his way beneath the cliffs to a bay two miles distant, where he issued out as white as new-fallen snow.

From this point to the Bolt Tail, under which is *Ramillies Cove*, where H. M. S. *Ramillies* was lost 1760, there is a succession of land slips which yielded after the storms and waves of ages had torn and riven these gloomy rocks, now wild and desolate, now grand and sublime, sometimes richly coloured, sometimes relieved by samphire and ivy, but all a vast solitude, silence on every hand, without a sound or sight of domestic life. There is not even so much as the tinkling of a sheep-bell, or a wreath of smoke curling from the humblest roof, but only the distant roar of the hoarse-sounding sea as it dashes against the echoing steepes, or the melancholy cry of the sea-bird as it flies homeward to its callow brood, safely nestling in their crannies. The pedestrian, proceeding by the coast to Plymouth, from Bolt Head, passes *Stair-hole* and *Falcombe Mewstone*, *Saw Mill Cove*, *Colbury Down*, with the chasms known as *Vincent Pits* and the Smuggler *Ralph's Hole*; by the Bolt Tail, *Ramillies Cove*, *Bigbury Bay*,

the creek of *Hope* ; *Thurlstone*, across the mouth of the *Avon*, with Burr island before it ; by *Ringmore* and *Mothercombe* across the mouth of the *Erme* ; by the wind-worn lonely church of *Revelstoke* ; by the crag and *Stoke Point*, across the mouth of the *Yealm* ; by *Wembury* weather-stained church upon the further shore, where, in 851, Duke Ceorl, of Devon, defeated the Danes—the *Mewstone* far out at sea on the south ; by *Bovisand* and *Hoo lake*, and the ferry across *Catwater* into Plymouth. In St. Lawrence's, *Bigbury*, are a brass of dame Elizabeth de Bigbury ; and a finely-carved pulpit once at Ashburton. In St. Bartholomew, *Yealmpton*, lately restored, there are two sedilia, and a brass of Sir J. Crocker, cup-bearer to Edward IV., died 1508. There are three sedilia, a water-drain, and an octagonal font. If here there are no soft scenes of rural beauty, if there be no ruins which are the history of the past, and the sculptured stone its chronicle, to raise the heart from common-place realities to the purifying effect of storied and poetical association, yet in one respect every spot the most famous in history or fable must yield to these beetling rocks and this wilderness of stone. In their colossal proportions, and their resistance for ages to the tides, which have hollowed out bays on every side but here, they bear a sublime witness to the grandeur and omnipotence of the Creator, and have never been stained by the vices and passions of man.

The railway from Newton Bushel to Plymouth passes through the lovely country of the South Hams. At Newton station passengers bound for Torquay and Paignton proceed by the branch railway. The main line now mounts by sharp steep curves, with a rise of 1 in 38 or 40, through the haunted pass of Stony Coombe, to Dainton Tunnel ; the church tower of Littlehampton is seen on the right before reaching TOTNESS station. The train passes over Rattery viaduct, 50 feet high, and consisting of 6 arches, each of 30-feet span ; through Marley tunnel, three quarters of a mile long, so called from the adjoining Marley Park (Lady Carew) ; on the right rise the basaltic peaks of Dartmoor. The next station is *South Brent* ; St. Patrick's

Church contains a rich parclose and screen; the line crosses the Avon, in winter a fierce torrent, and traverses Glazebrook viaduct, 72 feet high. In the *Pool of Blood* here, barbed fishing-spears with bronze heads have been found. Its next stoppage is at *Kingsbridge road*. *Kingsbridge*, 10 miles south, is built upon a hill-side and in the valley. A fair in July, as at Exeter and Chester, is announced by a glove which is hung up at the market-house. At Dodbrooke was born Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar.) Eight miles distant is *Modbury* on the Plymouth-road. St. George's Church has a beautiful spire, 134 feet in height, built 1621. Here was the seat of the Champernownes, one of whom was the English Cornelia, mother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh. The former founded the trade to Newfoundland, where some Devonshire customs have been reproduced and preserved. St. George's contains effigies of two knights, a Prideaux and a Champernowne. At Ermington ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile), St. Peter's Church spire leans on one side. There is a brass of J. Strachleigh, 1583. Passing over a skew-bridge, of 100 feet span; through a deep cutting in the shale, and over Bittaford viaduct (62 feet high), the train enters *Ivybridge* station: the beauty of the village is the pride of South Devon. The next viaduct is 113 feet above the river Erme, famous for its salmon-peel and trout, but here brawling among blocks of granite; two more viaducts are traversed: like the rest they are of wood, and white-washed to guard against danger of fire by the fall of hot coals or sparks from the engine; they support a single line of rails. They are named Blatchford, 105 feet high, and Slade, 103 feet high. The Hemerdon incline of 1 in 40 conducts to *Plympton St. Mary* station. The views of Saltram Park and the Lara prepare the traveller for the beautiful scenery, which he will visit from the next station.

## PLYMOUTH

Presents a spectacle and panorama far different from the country which we have just described. The natural scenery is of every conceivable variety, and of uncommon beauty; the triumphs of engineering skill in peace are shown at the Breakwater and Eddystone; the terrible defences of war, in the citadel and lines; and the preparations for the destruction of human life, stored in the naval armaments and military arsenals, give cause for the most conflicting emotions of the human heart. Von Raumer was greatly struck with the sight of a British naval port: he writes,—“The immense number of ships—these proud, bold, floating castles, make an impression of energy, power, activity, nay, of beauty, of which no conception can be formed without seeing them together.” Lord Chatham declared that he felt “a magnanimous fear” lest the royal navy should fall below the exigencies of the country; and Lord Bacon called it “the outworks, walls, and impregnable forts of the realm,” and the safe harbours its “redoubts.” “For beauty,” said Lord Coke, “they are so many royal palaces; for strength (no part of the world having such iron and timber as England hath), so many moving castles and barbicans; and for safety, they are the most defensive walls of the realm.” Quin, the actor, however, found in the abundance of its John Doreys and grey mullets, the integral happiness of the inhabitants of Plymouth; but he afterwards corrected himself on discovering, to his intense disgust and contempt, that they were ignorant of the mystery of melted butter. “Sweet country!” he exclaimed, “there is nothing sweet in it but the vinegar!”

The history of Plymouth, unlike that of most other towns upon this coast, is of great interest. In the time of

Edward III. it could furnish 325 ships, and returned two members to Parliament. On May 20, 1339, eighteen piratical galleys burned seven ships in Plymouth harbour; but the townsmen, under Hugh, Earl of Devon, rose in arms, and while they lost 89 men, slew 500 of the enemy: these corsairs, however within two days destroyed all the vessels in the Sound, and some houses of the town. In 1355, the Black Prince was detained here during 40 days, before the glorious campaign which resulted in the victory of Poitiers; and here he landed May 5, 1377, with his royal prisoners, King John and the Dauphin of France. The French again attacked and plundered the town in 1370; in 1403 they burned 600 houses. In 1400, James Bourbon, Earl of March, who was bringing aid to Owen Glendower, being driven in by stress of weather, levied booty on the town, and fired the neighbouring villages; and in 1403, Sir W. de Chatel burned part of the town, but spared the rest on receipt of a large ransom. In 1405, Pedro Nino, afterwards Conde de Buelna, with 40 ships and three galleys, attacked Looe, and subsequently visited Falmouth, Plymouth, Portland, and Southampton, but was repulsed at every point. In 1470, the Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, landed here: on Oct. 2, 1501, Catharine of Arragon. In April 1506, Philip the Fair, of Castile, and Joanna, sailed from the Sound. On July 20, 1588, Lord Howard, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir John Hawkins, assembled here 120 sail, to which Plymouth contributed seven ships and one fly-boat; with this fleet they chased the Spaniards down channel.

“ When the great fleet invincible 'gainst England bore in vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain,  
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day  
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay;  
Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many a mile;  
At sunrise she escaped their van by God's especial grace,  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall.”

" From Eddystone \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Then swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread;  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head.  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves."

On April 8, 1589, Don Antonio, titular king of Portugal, sailed hence for Lisbon with the Earl of Essex and Sir Henry Norris; and the English fleet returned with crews thinned by the plague. In July, 1597, the Earls of Essex and Nottingham, Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Francis Vere, and Sir Walter Raleigh, those paladins and sea-lions of Queen Elizabeth, sailed for Ferrol and Cadiz. From this port, also, the Earl of Essex departed on his ill-fated expedition to Ireland. In 1595, twenty-two Papal bulls, which had been seized in Cornwall, were burned in the market-place. Some French pirates chased four Spanish ships into Plymouth harbour, and Elizabeth seized their freight, which was designed to replenish the Duke of Alva's coffers: the Spaniard laid an embargo on all the English at Antwerp, and the queen retorted by the summary process of making the ambassador, Don Guerran D'Estres, a prisoner in his own house. From Plymouth went forth, in quest of the Spanish argosies and galleons, buccaneering among islands off the Amazon, to find El Dorado in Virginia and Florida, or pierce the frozen barriers of the Arctic Sea, bound for Newfoundland or the South Seas, each on his several voyage, Cumberland, Gilbert, Carlisle, Drake, Hawkins, Cavendish (Sir John, Oct. 1562; Sir Richard, the hero of the ballad of the Spanish Lady, in 1593); Grenville, and Frobisher:—the last gallant seaman died here, 1594. Still later, on voyages round the world, Commodore Byron, sailed on June 21, 1764, with H. M. S. Dolphin and Tamar; and on Aug. 21, 1760, Commodore Wallis in the Dolphin, and Captain Carteret in the Swallow. Captain Cook sailed out of the Sound, July 13, 1772, on his second voyage, and the last time, for Otaheite, July 12, 1776. Sir Lewis Stewkley, to his disgrace, here arrested the heroic Raleigh in 1618 for that trial which will ever be a dishonour to the pedant James I.

In 1620, the *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrim Fathers, touched here on her voyage from Southampton. In 1625, King Charles I., with 120 ships and 6000 men, appeared in the Sound, and to the joy of the loyal hearts of Stonehouse, remained here ten days. Unlike the brave Royalists of the west, the men of Plymouth made it the stronghold of the rebels. For three months they resisted a siege by Prince Maurice; repulsed Sir Richard Grenville; defied the King in person; and in spite of assault and blockade held the walls, from which at times they sallied to harass the weaker garrisons in the neighbourhood. On March 21, 1646, Mount Edgumbe surrendered to Col. Hammond. French pirates and Sallee rovers then infested the channel, and captured prizes under the very guns of the forts. Twenty-seven sail of Sallee rovers were ordinarily lying off the Land's End, so as to prevent the passage of ships; in six days they captured vessels to the value of 5000*l.*, and threatened that they would not leave the King of England master of a single sail. From Mevagissy they took away 60 men and women. In 1636, fifteen sail of Algerine corsairs were the terror of the channel; and so enormous was the bribe required to secure the convoy of a man-of-war, that the merchants along the south coast were compelled to hire Dutch privateers to protect their ships. On Aug. 17, 1657, while entering the Sound with his victorious fleet from Santa Cruz, on board of the *St. George*, the scourge of the Bey, and the vindicator of the honour of the British flag, serving his kingless country with a glorious fidelity, died the immortal Robert Blake, second to none of English admirals. In July, 1671, King Charles II. came from Portsmouth to inspect the new fortifications. After the memorable disgrace of Chatham, De Ruyter and the Dutch sailed proudly by; for that stout arm was low, which, when Von Tromp hoisted the ship-broom at one mast-head, to show he would sweep the seas (still the sign of a vessel for sale), replied by lashing at the maintruck, with no idle vaunt, a long horsewhip, still retained in the form of the pendant. In 1779, the combined French and Spanish fleets made an empty de-

monstration off the Rame head. In 1789, King George III. paid the port a royal visit; and in 1815, H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, anchored in Cawsand Bay, with the great Napoleon on board, on his way to St. Helena:

“ Where he who thousands cast away  
To pave his reckless path,  
Died crownless, homeless, hopeless, lone,  
A mystery of wrath.”

In 1760, W. Cookworthy, a Quaker of Plymouth, discovered china clay in Cornwall; one of the most important events in the commercial history of the western counties. He likewise introduced the use of the divining rod, which he was taught by Captain Ribeira, who deserted from the Spanish service in the reign of Queen Anne, and became Captain Commandant of Plymouth.

The town has been the birthplace and nursery of poets and artists: Carington and Bidlake, Northcote, Prout, Lethbridge, Haydon, and Eastlake. Here also were born Joseph Glanville, the believer in Michael Scott, Agrippa, and witchcraft; the gallant seaman Sir John, and the traveller Sir Richard, Hawkins; the learned Jacob Bryant, Mrs. Parsons the novelist, and General Mudge, who conducted the first trigonometrical survey of England. Plymouth gave the title of Earl to Fitz-Charles, July 28, 1675, and to the Windsor family, 6th Dec. 1682; and Mount Edgumbe the title of Earl, 31st Aug. 1789, to the family of Edgumbe, whose second title is Viscount Valletort, the old name for a portion of Plymouth.

Plymouth was the Tamar-worth of the Saxon, and South town, or Sutton, of the Norman till Henry II.'s time, and then only a poor fishing village. In the reign of Edward I., the town was divided into three districts, Sutton, or Prior, in allusion to Plympton Priory, on the north; Sutton or Southern Regis, or Valletort; and Valletort Ralph, on the east: but, in the 16th year of Henry VI., it was incorporated as Plym-mouth, although that name first appears in 1383. The departure of emigrant ships, the establishment of the Great Western Dock Company and General Screw



Steam Shipping Company, and that of the Eastern Steam Navigation, have been of signal service to the mercantile prosperity of Plymouth, which employs 400 vessels, of 30,000 tons. The South Devon Railway was opened to Lara Bridge May 5, 1848; and to Plymouth April 2, 1849. In 1811-18, at a cost of 60,000*l.*, the corporation built a fine range of buildings, 275 ft. in length, comprising the *Theatre, Assembly Room, and Royal Hotel*, from designs by Foulston. *St. Andrew's Chapel*, by the same architect, was built 1823, and the *Public Library* in 1811. The church of *St. Andrew* (J. Hatchard, V.) consists of a nave, chancel, and west tower; the latter, built by T. Vogge, 1440, contains a peal of eight bells. The chief monuments are those of Charles Matthews, comedian, died 1835; and Dr. Woolcombe, by Chantrey, 1822. *Charles Church* (H. A. Greaves, P.C.), built 1646-58, is named after King Charles I.; the spire was added 1765. The *Hospital* was built in 1838; the *Custom House*, in 1820, cost 8,000*l.*; the *Exchange*, Woolster Street, in 1818; the *Mechanics' Institute* in 1825; the *Athenæum*, 1818; the *Freemasons' Hall*, East Street, 1832; and the *Union Baths*, with the *Devon and Cornwall Natural History Society's Rooms*, in 1829.

In the reigns of Edward I. and II. and Henry IV., and since the latter period, Plymouth has returned two members to parliament. Dr. Johnson, in 1762, accompanied Sir Joshua Reynolds to the house of Dr. Z. Mudge at Plymouth, when the commissioner, Capt. F. Rogers, lent him his yacht for a visit to the Eddystone, when "the magnificence of the navy and ship building and other operations afforded him a grand subject for contemplation." One day, at dinner, he devoured such quantities of new honey and clouted cream, and indulged in such potations of new cider, that his friend Northcote was alarmed for the consequences. It so happened during the visit that "the Dockers" (for their suburb, Devonport, did not then exist) were fruitlessly invoking the inexorable Corporation of Plymouth for some of the superfluous water of the leat, of which they were in great need. Upon this, Alderman Tolcher, one of their chief opponents, came to the

doctor and dwelt long upon the bold request. With ironical vehemence, Dr. Johnson replied, "I would let the rogues die of thirst, for I hate a Docker from my heart." The pompous alderman, on his return, joyfully assured his fellows "that the great Dr. Johnson was on *his* side of the question." Coleridge addressed two of his earliest poems to a Miss Nesbitt, of Plymouth: after his marriage, he adroitly substituted Sara for Nesbitt.

In the Mayoralty House of Plymouth, Woolster Street, lived Page, the miser, whose fatal wealth enabled him to marry the daughter of Judge Glanville. She loved dearly George Standwick, of Tavistock, a lieutenant in the Queen's fleet, which then lay in the Sound. One night a wakeful servant opposite heard a stifled cry from a weak voice, like that of an aged man, "For the love of Heaven, stay your hand!" followed by the sound of a heavy blow; and the words, "The deed is done!" A man leaped down from the window; and before a month was past, so went the country talk, was held the English "Judgment of Brutus:" the inexorable but just judge was compelled to pass sentence of death upon his own child. This terrible scene did really occur between another Devonshire judge, Hody, and his son.

The arms of Plymouth are—Arg. a saltier vert, between four castles triple towered, sable.

Two rivers, the Plym and the Tamar, meet the sea within an interval of three miles between their streams; each forms a bay;—the Tamar that called Hamoaze, the Plym that of Plymouth; their union constitutes the Sound, in the centre of which is St. Nicholas, or Drake's Island. On entering the Sound from the sea, to the east is the round tower of *Mount Batten*, to the west *Mount Edgecumbe*; the *Citadel* and *Hoe* close the view on the north: upon the north-east is the *Catwater*, on the north-west the entrance over the Bridge of Rocks to *Hamoaze*. The *Catwater* (i. e., Cadwater—cad being the British word for a river), 3 miles in length, and capable of holding 1000 sail, is the estuary of the river Plym, or Lara, over which is thrown an iron bridge upon five arches, 500 feet long,

and built by Rendel, at the expense of the Earl of Morley, Aug 23, 1824—July, 1827. On the south-east of the Lara are the *Oreston Quarries*; and on the north-west is the Peninsula of *Catdown*, to the north-west of which is *Sutton* (South-town) *Pool*, forming, like Catwater, the mercantile port, entered between two pier-heads, 90 feet apart, and with quays built 1790-1800. A railway, 25 miles in length, connects the pool with Prince Town, near the prison-of-war on Dartmoor; it was projected by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, and completed in 1820. In 1834, Plymouth was constituted a stannary port. Sir Francis Drake brought a leat, or stream from Dartmoor, 25 miles distant, to supply the town, between the years 1581-90; and the country legend prettily represented the knight spurring on to bring the welcome news to the townsmen, while the waters obediently followed, rippling and sparkling like a thing of life. Being mayor at the time, he is said to have dipped his red robe in the stream for joy as it swept past his door; in the last century, the Mayor and Corporation rode annually, on July 31, to Head-weir in commemoration of the event. A coasting-trade is maintained with Newcastle, Ireland, and South Wales: tin and granite, lead to London, manganese to Scotland, wool to Hull, and pilchards to Italy, are the chief exports; whilst the wharves are laden with timber from the Baltic and North America, and piles of casks full of colonial produce from the West Indies. A romance of real life is related as having occurred on Sutton's quay: a young lad of Tavistock went to sea, and after some years was forgotten by all save his aged mother, whom he himself believed to be dead, having received no tidings of her during that long time. Weary with expectation, at length she left her home, and became a fruit-woman on Sutton quay. A ship arrived from foreign parts, and one of the crew, a weather-beaten man, came off to buy at her stall; at last he said, "I come to you because you remind me so of my dear old mother:" the voice, and a scar upon his forehead, led to a recognition; the fond words, "mother!" "son!" were scarcely interchanged when the joy was too strong for the aged

heart, and it broke as the mother fell and wept upon her child.

The *Barbican* preserves the memory of the strong fort built by Bishop Strafford in the reign of Edward III., which was strengthened by a blockhouse in 1591, but demolished to give place to the present *Citadel*, which in 1670-1, was erected at the east end of the *Hoe*, or Haugh (Hill) Cliff; it consists of three regular, and three irregular bastions, two ravelins, and hornworks. Some fossil remains were found in digging the foundations, and the townsfolk said they were the great jaws and teeth of Gogmagog, whom Corineus, the Cornish giant, slew with a mighty hug. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, the figures of two clubmen, carved on the turf, commemorated the battle; to which Spenser alludes in the *Faerie Queen* :

“ The Western Hough besprinkled with the gore  
Of mighty Goemot, whom in stout fray  
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.”

Corineus is the Cormoran of the veracious history of Jack the Giant-killer. In 1588 the English admiral was informed of the coming of the Spanish Armada whilst playing at bowls on the Hoe; and the Corporation long kept the anniversary on July 19, by wearing scarlet, and offering cake and wine to numerous visitors.

The *Lower Fort* was planned by Capt. Horneck of the Engineers. In the centre of the esplanade is a statue of George II. The west of this hill, on which stood a chapel of St. Catherine, commands *Mill Bay*; to the north of which extends the town of *Stonehouse*, intervening between Plymouth and Devonport. An isthmus, on which stand the *Royal Marine Barracks*, erected 1759-1784, connects with this quarter a promontory bounding the inlet, called Devil Point, and facing *Cremill Point* (a corruption of Crumble): upon it was built, 1826-32, at a cost of 1,500,000*l.*, the *Royal William Victualling Yard*, designed by Rennie. It forms three sides of a quadrangle; over the gateway is a colossal statue of William IV.; the pavement of the courts, which cover 15 acres, is the solid

floor of the soil itself, 300,000 tons of rocks having been hewn out and removed. The sea-wall is 1500 feet long, and was built up to the water's edge by means of diving-bells. The *Bakery and Biscuit Machinery* was invented by Mr. Grant, of Portsmouth: the process has been described in "THE HAMPSHIRE GUIDE," of this series.

The next inlet, *Stonehouse Pool*, the mouth of *Stonehouse Creek*, or Mill Lake, divides Plymouth and Stonehouse from Devonport and Stoke. The bridge was built at the expense of Lord Mount Edgecumbe and Sir John St. Aubyn. On one side of this creek is the *Royal Military Hospital*, built 1797, on the recommendation of the Duke of Richmond, owing to a terrible mortality on board a fleet of transports in the Sound, because there was no accommodation for the sick soldiers on shore. Fronting it is the *Naval Hospital*, built 1762. The next promontory is *Mount Wise*, so called after a former lord of the manor: on the west is *Mutton Cove*, forming the south side of Devonport. The view from the level of this hill is remarkable for its beauty: to the north-west are the huge roofs and broad spaces of the Dockyard, with the shores of Saltram and the noble Hamoaze, studded with the ships in ordinary; and far away northward are the mitred heights of Dartmoor, the Alps of Devon, the round cap of Hingsten, and the peaked head of Brent Tor. On the south-west are Maker Tower and the groves of Mount Edgecumbe: across the imposing range of the government buildings rise the forts of Drake's Island; and still seaward are the faint pale lines of the Breakwater, the blue Sound dotted with sails, and the channel stretching far away to the dim horizon; while, upon the east, the citadel and the rocky steep of Mount Batten close in the imposing prospect. At the entrance of the *Grand Parade* is a large brass Turkish cannon, which was taken by Sir John Duckworth at the passage of the Dardanelles. Guard-mounting or an inspection here is a fine spectacle, when the steady advance of the troops, column on column, or in broad sections, defile past, with the bright bayonets and Minié barrels glittering in the sun, and the rustling silken banners;

while the ramparts and houses give back the sound of the tread of the marching feet, the rattle of the brass drums, and the blare of martial music, with a thousand reverberations. The regatta of the Royal Western Yacht Squadron, or the sailing of a squadron, offers a sight equally inspiring in the Sound. On the Mount are several official buildings: the *Government House*, built for the lieutenant-governor, 1795, whose place of residence was removed from Plymouth in 1725; the house of the Port-Admiral, built 1757; the *Laboratory* of the Ordnance; a battery, and the *Semaphore* for communicating with ships in the Sound or at Hamoaze, once the first of thirty-two similar stations on the road to London. It required only fifteen minutes to communicate the arrival of Napoleon in the Sound to the Admiralty; but the electric telegraph not only occupies less time, but is independent of interruption by darkness or weather. The Duke of Wellington was appointed Governor of Plymouth Dec. 9, 1819.

The fortifications of Plymouth, begun by Bishop Stratford, by permission of a patent roll dated 5th Richard II., and continued in 1430, consisted merely of a curtain, with a square castle and circular bastions at the angles, and forts extending to Millbay: in 1512 and 1595 the defences were augmented. In 1708 they mounted 165 pieces of cannon. At Millbay now are prisons capable of holding 3000 men, and the point is defended by the *West* and *East King's Batteries*. On the opposite shore, at Mount Pleasant, is a redoubt and a Tudor block-house, between which and the castle, until the reign of Charles II., was laid a boom chain. Facing the Sound are Ligonier batteries and the citadel, with the north-west and north-east ravelins, and the breaching battery between them. The Prince of Wales' battery, Stonehouse redoubts, the western King's battery, and Mount Wise command the Hamoaze and approaches to the Dockyard. Staddon battery protects Bovisand; and Maker and Picklecombe defend the west passage. A series of detached forts, projected on the Cornish shore, will render Plymouth impregnable.

## DEVONPORT.

DEVONPORT has only risen into importance since the year 1761, although William III. enlarged a naval arsenal established there in the year 1689. The *Dockyard* of Plymouth was commenced in 1689, and very great improvements were effected in 1698, which included an additional single dry dock, at a cost of 12,245*l.*; a wet dock, 17,489*l.*; outside gates, 5157*l.*; a rope-walk, 5146*l.*; three mast-houses, 1138: the value of the yard and buildings was returned at 67,095*l.* A new dock was opened June 15, 1771. In 1774, Lord Egmont, who then presided at the Board of Admiralty, recommended a further enlargement on an extensive scale; the estimate of the cost was stated to be 379,170*l.*, and by the end of 1773, 153,585*l.* had been actually expended on the works, which included three slips, a double dock, two single docks, and a mast-pound. The number of persons employed in 1774 was 2522; in the yard 1995, and 527 in the ordinary. Under 31st Geo. II. fortifications were commenced, and continued by another act (21st Geo. III.) during the succeeding reign. Until 1824 the town was known as Plymouth Dock, where Frank Mildmay "found middies as plentiful as black boys at Port Royal." It then received by royal permission the name of Devonport, and in 1838 obtained the elective franchise for the return of two members. On the north-east and south the town is enclosed by the *King's Interior Boundary Wall*, 12 ft. high, begun 1787 by the Duke of Richmond, who caused the present sea-walk, *Richmond Walk*, to be constructed. Outside the wall are the *Lines*, with a ditch hewn out of the limestone rock from 12 ft. to 20 ft. in depth, planned by Smelt 1755, and begun 1756. There are three gates:—the *North Barrier*, leading to the Tamar; *Stoke Barrier*, towards Tavistock; and *Stonehouse Barrier*, to Plymouth. In 1779 these works were in bad condition, and General

Dixon, R.E., was in despair for lack of men, when Francis Bassett (afterwards Lord de Dunstanville) appeared at the head of one thousand Cornish miners, and completed the lines in 1783. They were condemned as useless by the Duke of Wellington. On the west side of Devonport are the Dockyard and Gunwharf. The *Dockyard* (of which George Biddlecombe, the author of a valuable professional work, is Master Attendant,) is enclosed from North Corner to Mutton Cove, on the south, by a wall of slate and limestone, 30 ft. high; the establishment covers 96 acres, 40 having been leased of Sir W. Morice and enclosed in 1728, and 31 in 1768; 64 acres are now held from Sir John St. Aubyn, at 50s. an acre. The shore-line to Hamoaze is 3500 ft.; the breadth of the yard in the middle is 1600 ft., and at the extremities 100 ft. The sea-wall was begun Jan. 1816, and the first stone laid Jan. 1819; the structure is raised on piles 60 ft. long; the entrance is in Fore Street. A flat paved road, planted with elms, leads to the *Admiral Superintendent's House*. In front of the thirteen residences of the officials is a double row of lime trees: in this first court are the *Chapel*, built 1700; the *Guard House*, *Navy Pay Office*, and *Dockyard Surgery*. There are five docks—*New Union*, built and faced with Portland stone by Bailby, 1762, 239 ft. by 56 ft. (26 ft. deep); *New North*, built 1789, 272 ft. by 56 ft. (27 ft. deep); *Graving Slip*, Forward Point, 142 ft. by 69 ft.; *South Dock*, 197 ft. by 49 ft. (23 ft. deep); *Head*, 223 ft. by 52 ft.; *Stern*, 192 ft. by 52 ft. William III. constructed the *South Dock* and George III. added other docks, hewn out of slate. At the present time the South Dock admits a line-of-battle ship, being 261 ft. long, with an entrance 65 ft. broad, and a depth of 28 ft. at high-water spring-tides. Northward are two docks in one, with a middle gate to separate them; they are now considered useless, and it is intended to combine them into a dock of 400 ft. in length to admit ships of the largest class. Again northward is a dock 201 ft. long; the fifth measures 234 ft., but it is also to be enlarged. The graving-slip, 169 ft. long, dry at low water



adjoins the Camber, a canal 70 ft. wide, communicating with the *boat pond*, and convenient for the discharge of stores. An iron swing-bridge connects it with the southern part of the Dockyard, where there are building-slips, mast-houses, ponds for spars, timber-sheds, saw-pits, smitheries, hemp and rope houses, &c. A terrible fire in 1840 destroyed the *Talavera* and *Imogene*, and seriously injured the *Minden*; the whole loss was estimated at 80,000*l.* The *Chain Cable Storehouse*, built 1844-8, cost 40,000*l.* The *Anchor Smithery*, fronting the Anchor Wharf, is 210 ft. square; the fierce red glare of forty-eight forges, and the furnaces fanned by steam-worked bellows; the dusky volumes of smoke; the blinding flashes and sparks that leap from the metal as it is wrought; the dark forms of the swarthy smiths; and the reverberation of the blows of their sledge-hammers and the *Nasmyth*—compose a scene and sounds the most unearthly. The *Spinning Houses* are of limestone, three stories high, and each 1200 ft. long; the new *Rope House* is of iron; the *Mould*, or *Model Loft*, contains sections of engines and plans of the lines of ships. Round a square, 450 ft. by 300 ft., are two ranges of iron sheds, *Sail Lofts*, over the *Rigging Houses*, 480 ft. long, with storehouses on the other sides of the square. At the extremity of the Camber was the boundary of the yard till 1763. Near the wharf are three slips (the area of one of the roofs amounts to one acre), and the *Boiling Houses*: to the north of the former is the *Mast House*. A small mound, called *King's Hill*, since the visit of King George III., was the former Bunker's Hill, and had a battery of five 9-pounders. A dockyard, according to the theory of its operations, is presumed to supply yearly three line-of-battle ships, three frigates, six corvettes, and smaller vessels; the rest of the labour is devoted to fitting ships and accidental works. A line-of-battle ship costs 115,000*l.*, a frigate 90,000*l.*, a sloop 40,000*l.*, taking the finest specimens of each class. At Portsmouth the expenses of the yard for 1858 were 21,274*l.*; at Devonport, 23,253*l.* The wages of 2593 artificers at Portsmouth, 165,604*l.*; at Devon-

port, 2565 workmen were employed, at a cost of 155,659*l*. The Steam Factory at Portsmouth, with 739 men, cost 2150*l*. : at Keyham, with 625 men, 1,893*l*. The Victualing Yard at Weovil, with 120 men, cost 4,006*l*. at Cremill, with 114 men, 4,555*l*. The Hospital at Haslar cost 6184*l*. ; at Stonehouse 4060*l*. The gradual increase of the British fleet is of great interest: in 1546, there were 58 vessels; in 1578, 24, of 10,506 tonnage; in 1641, 42, tonnage 22,411; in 1658, 157, tonnage 56,000; in 1760, 412, tonnage 321,134; in 1793, 498, tonnage, 433,226; in 1859, 402, tonnage 420,159, guns 8,202. In 1578 the largest ship was of 1,000 tons. The Duke of Wellington cost in hull and labour, 30,652*l*. ; materials, 75,639*l*. ; masts, &c., 19,224*l*. ; engines, 46,220*l*. ; her annual cost, exclusive of the pay of the crew, is 14,325*l*. There are, of the important rates, in 1859, 95 ships of the line, 96 frigates, 214 corvettes, &c., and 162 gunboats. The *Gun Wharf*, separated from the dockyard by Corner Street, occupies 4½ acres of ground, and was dug down into the schistose rock 30 ft. deep. It contains the guns and carriages of ships in ordinary: in the upper story of the buildings, constructed by Sir John Vanbrugh, 1718-25, is an armoury.

A tunnel, 900 yards long, leads from the north side of the Dockyard to Keyham yard. The first stone of this establishment was laid by Lord Auckland in 1846. The entrance is from Morice Town. On entering the yard, the Admiral Superintendent's house, and the reservoirs to be used in case of fire, are observable. There are three spacious docks, fitted with caissons, hewn out of the slate, and faced with granite; the south dock is 370 ft. by 80 ft., at the entrance; the second, 307 ft. by 80 ft.; the third of equal size, but 4 ft. deeper, and so capable of receiving H.M.S. Duke of Wellington with her guns and stores aboard. It occupies 72 acres, the site of Moon Cove: the south basin, 600 ft. long by 450 ft. broad, entered from the river, with an area of 6 acres, and an entrance 80 ft. broad, has a quay line of 1570 ft., and the north basin will have one of 2240 ft. When complete it will measure 1,000 ft. by 450 ft. and communicate with the river and south basin.

Eastward is the factory; 30 ft. of rock were removed to secure a foundation; the quadrangle, 800 ft. by 350 ft., covered with iron roofing and glazed, contains smitheries and workshops. The smoke ascends two chimneys, 180 ft. high. The west front contains storehouses and offices of the Engineer department; the north wing, the boiler-making shops; the south wing, erecting shops and those for repair of engines; the east side, the foundry. There are two engines of 50-horse power at either end of the east side, one of which can drive all the work. The sheers on the wharves, driven by steam, with their enormous cranes, can lift 60 tons. A branch railway will be introduced into the Yard; the whole expenditure will not be much less than one million and a half sterling.

The adjoining suburb of *Morice Town* is so called from Sir William Morice, who, in 1667, purchased the manor from Sir T. Wise, whose mansion stood upon Mount Wise: the land subsequently passed to Sir John St. Aubyn. Across the *Hamoaze* (the Hamlet by the Ouse), which is four miles long by half a mile broad with moorings for 92 line-of-battle ships, but at its narrow entrance, are laid the chains of the *Steam Floating Bridge*, 60 ft. by 50 ft., which is propelled by two engines, maintaining a communication with Torpoint, on the Cornish shore: it was established in 1834. At high water the depth is 20 fathoms; at low water 15 fathoms. The guard-ship, Royal William, 120, of 2698 tons, was built here, by Rule, in 1833; the flag-ship the *Impregnable*, 104, of 2406 tons, was built at Chatham, by Rule, in 1810. The Block House at Higher Stoke was built by order of George II. A line of fortifications, consisting of detached forts, ramparts, and a fosse, is now in course of construction at the peninsula of Tregantle, which will command Plymouth and Devonport. A breastwork, 6 ft. high, will be made on the redoubt of Mount Wise, and two of Armstrong's guns mounted on the angle.

Devonport lies in Stoke Damerel parish. The principal buildings are a noble gateway in Fore Street; the *Post Office*, by J. Wightwick; the *Mechanics' Institute*, by A.

Norman ; the *Town Hall*, George Street, built 1821, at a cost of 2902*l.*, with a County Meeting Hall 75 ft. by 40 ft. : the *Columb*, of Devonshire granite, on Windmill Hill, 124 ft. high, built 1824 to commemorate the change of name of the suburb from Dock to Devonport, cost 2750*l.* ; the *Library*, in 1823, cost 1560*l.* The church of *St. Aubyn* (H. B. Lennard, P.C.) was built 1771 ; *St John's* (W. I. S. Aubyn, V.) in 1799. The other churches are *St. James's*, Stoke (J. Bliss, P.C.), built by J. St. Aubyn ; *St. Peter's* (G. R. Prynne, P.C.) 1830 ; *St. Paul's* (J. Adams, P.C.), 1850 ; *St. Mary's* (A. Swain, P.C.), 1854 ; *St. Stephen's* (G. W. Proctor, P.C.) ; *St. Michael's* (R. Gardner, P.C.) ; *St. Andrew's* (J. C. Street, P.C.) ; *Holy Trinity*, built 1841 (F. Barnes, P.C.) ; *Christchurch*, built 1846 (T. G. Postlethwaite, P.C.) ; *Charles Chapel* (G. D. Doudney, P.C.) ; *Sutton* (G. G. Carrington, P.C.)

STONEHOUSE derives its name from Joel de Stonehouse, lord of the manor in the reign of Henry III. : it was formerly called Hippeston. *St. George's Church* (W. H. Nantes, P.C.) was built 1789 : *St. Paul's* (G. Gnowling, P.C.), by J. Foulston, in 1831. The men of Stonehouse were staunch royalists during the civil wars.

*Drake's*, or *St. Nicholas, Island* is strongly fortified ; it once possessed a chapel of St. Michael. In it, after a long imprisonment, the rebel General Lambert died 1683.

	Area. Statute Miles.	1841.			1851.		
		HOUSES.			HOUSES,		
		Inhb.	Un- inhabtd.	Bldg.	Inhabtd.	Un- inhabtd.	Bldg.
Plymouth :—							
Charles M. .	1116	1656	83	15	2012	127	61
St. Andrew .	519	2665	148	23	3159	120	115
Stoke Damerel :—							
St. Aubyn .	2380	657	18	5	646	61	8
Clowance .		889	26	2	907	23	..
Morice . .		746	28	..	846	51	6
Stoke . . .		559	28	7	725	31	37
Tamar . . .		598	12	1	665	12	9
Stonehouse . .	385	1069	48	8	1172	49	6
POPULATION.							
	1801	1811	1821	1831	1841	1851	
Plymouth :—							
Charles M. .	7,313	8,464	9,385	12,196	12,956	19,157	
S. Andrew .	8,727	12,339	12,206	18,884	23,564	33,064	
Stoke Damerel :—							
St. Aubyn .	23,747	30,083	33,578	34,883	6,207	6,185	
Clowance .					8,941	9,687	
Morice . .					8,517	9,372	
Stoke . . .					3,970	5,487	
Tamer . . .					6,185	7,449	
Stonehouse . .	3,407	5,174	6,043	9,571	9,712	11,979	

Between Mount Edgecumbe and the Rame- (a headland) Head, the scene of the wreck of H.M.S. ships Coronation and Harwich in 1693, (facing Stoke Point, from which it is distant  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles,) is *Cawsand Bay*, once notorious for

smugglers. Except at this point, the west shore is iron-bound, huge rocks rising almost sheer from the water. The Sound is about three miles wide, and runs nearly as deep inland: the tremendous swell of the Channel under a southerly wind was formerly the cause of considerable injury to vessels at anchor. The depth of water varies from about five to twelve fathoms; the area is about 4800 acres, and could contain 2000 vessels. It is land-locked by hills rising in places to a height of 400 feet; Staddon Height, Wembury Point, and the Mewstone in Devon, and Redding Point and Penlee, being on the west shore, while seaward is the Cornish Rame Head, distant from the eastern headland, Stoke Point, nearly nine miles. In 1806 it was determined, on the earnest recommendation of Lord St. Vincent, to protect the roadstead by a stupendous undertaking, demanding the highest mechanical skill—the creation of a barrier which might for ever defy the fearful surge of the Atlantic. During thirty-four years 200 men were annually employed: the result was the erection of this grand monument of national enterprise, the *Breakwater*, a line of stonework 1,700 yards in length, with two arms 350 yards long, inclining northward at an angle of  $120^{\circ}$  at each extremity. The plan, in imitation of a coral reef, was drawn by Rennie, with the assistance of Whidbey, master attendant at Woolwich Dockyard. At the base the width varies from 300 to 400 feet, the depth being from 40 to 80 feet; the slope is so steep that at the summit the breadth is only 15 yards, and the elevation of the surface above high water at spring tides, is 2 feet. The sea-slope is an inclination of five to one, the land slope of two to one. An entire quarry of close-grained marble having been purchased from the Duke of Bedford for 10,000*l.*, the first stone was laid Aug. 12, 1812, and then for months vessels continued to discharge blocks of half a ton to seven tons in weight on the line of the embankment. On March 30, 1813, a small portion became visible at low water; on July 30, an extent of 720 yards was dry at ebb tide. In March, 1814, line-of-battle ships anchored under its lee, instead of lying at their old moorings in

Cawsand Bay. Fearful storms occurred in Jan. 1817, when H.M.S. the "Jasper" and "Telegraph" were driven on shore; and in Nov. 1824, Feb. and Nov. 1838, when stones of twenty tons weight were carried over the top of the wall by the waves. On Feb. 22, 1841, the lighthouse at the west end, of white granite from Par, was commenced by Walker and Burgess. It is 55 ft. high, and 114 ft. in diameter at the base. In 1845, a beacon with a hollow globe, for the escape of shipwrecked seamen, was erected at the east end. About four million tons of granite have been deposited in this haven of safety, at a cost of 1,582,000*l*.

A still more wonderful work of enterprising skill looms far out at sea, twelve miles from shore. In a line between the Start and Lizard lies a group of rocks stretching for 100 fathoms across the Channel, sloping about 24 feet 11 inches to the north-east, and receiving the whole fury of waves from the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay—the scene of the wreck of many a gallant ship. The continual whirlpool which circles round it gave origin to its name of the *Eddy-stone*. The shape and position augment the power of the seas. On this rock, Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury, Essex, the Merlin of his age, accomplished, in 1696, the grand project of erecting a lighthouse. The structure was of wood, resembling a Chinese pagoda, and sailors said a six-oared galley might be carried through its open gallery on the top of a sea. The ingenious constructor, however, was sanguine of its stability, and openly professed his readiness to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew. On November 26, 1703, while he was there superintending some repairs, his bold wish was only too fatally fulfilled; the next morning beheld the vacant rock swept clear of every vestige of the wooden tower. Gay, in his *Trivia*, alludes to the calamity:

" Famed Eddystone's far shooting ray,  
That led the sailor through the stormy way,  
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,  
And the huge turret in the whirlwind borne."

Another amateur engineer, John Rudyerd, a silk mercer of Ludgate Hill, was more fortunate. His lighthouse of

timber and stone, simple, and without projections, was the frustrum of a cone. Begun in 1706, and completed in 1709, an element which had not been feared caused its destruction. On the morning of December 2, 1755, at 2 A.M. some Cawsand fishermen, and shortly afterwards the watch in Admiral West's fleet then at anchor in the Sound, gave the alarm of fire at the Eddystone. A man-of-war's launch proceeded to the assistance of the keepers; but the engine-hose broke, the lighthouse was left to its fate, the wooden beams heated the moorstone, and there the ruin glowed for hours, a pillar of living flame rising out of the sea. On December 7, a few iron cramps in the rock were its only memorial. The three keepers were discovered, after the fire had lasted eight hours, cowering in a hole on the east side of the rock, almost stupefied, and were with difficulty removed. One, a poor old man of ninety-four years, Henry Hall, while watching the bursting flames above his head, saw to his horror a shower of melted lead fall from the roof, and some of the liquid metal actually passed down his throat. The statement seemed incredible, but the surgeons after his agonizing death, within twelve days, found his story true; he had swallowed 7 ozs. and 5 drs.

The bole of a forest oak suggested the form of a new structure to Mr. Smeaton. The work was begun on June 1, 1757, and completed August 24, 1759. A circular tower, set in a socket three inches deep in the solid rock, and built of Portland stone and of granite, in dovetailed courses, with framework of copper and cast-iron, sweeps up with a gentle curve from the base, and a gradual diminution at the top, 85 ft. 7 in. high, in all; is 61 ft. 7 in. to the summit of the lantern; 26 ft. 9 in. in diameter at the base; 19 ft. 9 in. at the top of the solid masonry, which is 13 ft. from the rock, and 15 ft. below the cornice. The distance of the land, the narrowness of the rock, and the swell of the sea, rendered the workmen's toil full of extreme difficulty; and one day a privateer swept them away with their tools to a French prison, the captain expecting a reward; but Louis XV. at once released them, with an ample remuneration, and ordered their



captors to occupy their vacant cells, "For," said he, "though I am at war with England, I am not so with all mankind." Round the upper store-room is the devout inscription, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. LAUS DEO." The horrors of a keeper who was left here for weeks with his dead comrade, determined the authorities to increase the number to three. The salary is 25*l.* a year; their only amusement is fishing in fine weather; in storms they sit in darkness. One of the men declined to take his ordinary holiday during two succeeding summers, contented with his lot; the next year he was over-persuaded to accept his month's turn on shore. For fourteen years he had led a quiet, sober life, but on this occasion he spent all his days in an alehouse, and, having been carried back half-dead and insensible from intoxication, died shortly afterwards. Another keeper was Jacob, a shoemaker, who volunteered for the employment, giving as his reason, that he "disliked confinement!" that is, he explained, to be confined to work. Lord North related in the House of Commons, that on one occasion when some visitors landed on the rock, one of the company observed to the lightkeeper how comfortably they must live there, secured in competency, at a distance from the turmoil of the world. "Yes," replied the man, "very comfortably, if we could but have the use of our tongues; but it is now a full month since my partner and I have spoken to each other."

" Miles away

The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry;  
A pillar of fire by night, a cloud by day,  
The startled waves leap over it; the storm  
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain;  
And steadily against its solid form,  
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.  
The sea-bird wheeling round it with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
Dashes himself against the glare and dies.  
A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
It does not hear the cry nor heed the shock,  
But hails the mariner with words of love."

At the *Oreston Quarries* is a cave in the solid limestone rock, 20 feet long, 10 feet high, and 70 feet wide, 1,000 feet from the edge of the sea, 70 feet above high water, and 35 feet below the surface of the field; it had no aperture when the workmen opened upon it. It is full of teeth and bones of lions, tigers, elephants, horses, rhinoceroses, hyenas, and other animals. One unprecedented discovery was made of the jaw of a horse fossilized in stalagmite. *Bovisand Bay*, opposite the Breakwater on the Devon shore, and from which the Eddystone is seen like a tiny dusky speck, is a favourite spot with the visitor. *Eryngium campestre* is found in the neighbourhood.

The high road to Ashburton, passing by Saltram House, the seat of the Earl of Morley, leads to Plympton St. Mary and Plympton Maurice. At Saltram, George III. was the guest of Lord Boringdon, August 15 to 21, 1789, and on August 18, a grand naval review was held in the Sound. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Lady C. Parker removed to this spot from Boringdon, and the house, which stands on a lawn of 300 acres, was subsequently enlarged; it is 170 feet long on the west, and the east and south fronts are 135 feet in length; the rooms contain a fine collection of paintings by Reynolds, Wilson, and Northcote, Guido (*St. Catherine*), Titian (*Bacchanalian*), Canaletto (*St. Mark's, Venice*), Correggio (*Tribute Money*), M. Angelo, Albano, Guercino (*Beheading of St. Paul*), Paul Veronese, Carlo Dolce (*Adoration of the Shepherds*), Domenichino, Poussin (*Flight into Egypt*), Salvator Rosa, Caracci (*St. Anthony*), Rubens, Vandyke, Snyders, Vanderfelde, Cuyp, Berghem, and Wouvermans. On the staircase is the *Assumption* by Sabatini; Zucchi painted the ceilings of the grand saloon and dining-room. There is an exquisite *Hebe* by Canova, besides a bust of Lord Morley, by Nollekens. The house may be reached also by water up the Lara, landing at the river lodge in the Park. In the neighbourhood is found *geranium rotundifolium*.

In the church of *Plympton St. Mary*, ( $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles), is an effigy of Sir W. Strode; died 1637. In the south aisle is a canopied altar tomb with tabernacle-work and

the effigy of a knight. In the north aisle, under a triple canopy, is an effigy and tomb of the 14th century. There are three sedilia and a water-drain. Near the town is the old mansion of *Boringdon*, of the 14th century, now a farm-house: the hall is still standing in the midst of a fine deer park, at the north-east corner of which are the trenches of a circular camp. *Plympton Maurice*, or *Earl*, is so called from having been the honour held by the Redvers, Earls of Devon. It boasts a church of St. Maurice, the mound of the castle keep, the school founded 1664, in which Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was born here July 16th, 1723, was educated. Some of his boyish drawings were on the walls till a bricklayer coated them with whitewash. These are the outskirts of that lovely district which extends to Teignmouth, known anciently as the South Hams, and now as the most fertile tract in this garden of England. The Plympton men say—

“ When Plymouth was a furzy down,  
Plympton was a borough town.”

The road to Tavistock passes through a country full of interest, midway between the lovely vale of Bickleigh, (3 miles) and Shaugh Bridge on the right, and the Tamar on the left hand. In Bickleigh church is an altar tomb, with the effigies of Sir Nicholas Stanning and his wife; the knight's helmet and gauntlet are hung above it. In the garth is a cemetery cross. In Shaugh churchyard, lying in the midst of the sombre moorland, is an old tomb, sculptured with two hearts, the touching memorial of two fond sisters, one of whom pined away on the death of the other, so that they were not long divided, and here sleep side by side. In the adjoining valley, strewn with granite, and echoing to the impatient stream of the Cad, is the cliff called the Dewerstone, the haunt of the poet Carrington, and where the old folks say the snow is printed with the marks of unearthly feet, and the tracks of a black headless dog; and in the night when the storm-winds are loosed on Dartmoor, sweeps down a ghastly chase,—the wild huntsman on his coal-black steed, with his goblin

train, the baying of the hound and the blast of the horn. In Pixie's house, a cave of the Sheepstor, Colonel Elford, the Royalist, lay hid from his rebel pursuers.

Those who explore the great table land of Dartmoor, a stony desert 20 miles square, must have strong limbs and sound health to traverse its sunburnt, bare, and rugged heights. But, with a keen, bracing mountain air, it is picturesque enough in spring with its ferny glens and shadow-swept expanse, and the smoke of the turf fires curling round tor and granite peak—resembling a sea of breakers, heaving and becoming stone before they fell; while the huge boulders seem its stranded monsters crouching when they were petrified. The sedgy morasses are the cradle of the Teign, the Tavy, and the Dart. Under the peat are found traces of the primeval forest which once clad this wasteness and desolation. The osprey and the hovering falcon catch their prey amongst the many strange birds which find safety here from the hand of man; and circle round the soaring tors,—so grand when, peak behind peak, they stand out black and clear against the white flickering sheets of summer lightning. There are few days in the year but the folds of the mist gather, floating like a robe, or the clouds from the Atlantic pour down a deluge which soon turns every trout stream into a roaring torrent. Nor of less interest are the Cyclopean bridge, the stone avenue, the hut-circles ringed with moorstone, the rock basins, landmark granite pillars, and burial-places of our forefathers, which for the imaginative traveller redeem the wilderness of its dreariness. There is scarcely a spot in this romantic country but has its ancient and quaint,—its terrible or beautiful traditions or associations,—its poetry, — its memories, — imaginary tenants and supernatural visitants. At *Buckland Abbey* (T. Gill), 4 miles from Tavistock, lived Sir Francis Drake, and here are still preserved his sword, his drum, and that Holy Bible which was his companion in every voyage. *Morwell*, now a farm-house, was the hunting lodge of the Abbots of Tavistock.

The interesting town of TAVISTOCK, "the town on the Tavy," (Tau Vechan, "little Tau," as the Tamar is Tau

More, "great Tau") is full of reminiscences and antiquities. The borough has had among its representatives Pym and Lord William Russell. Here the refuse ore of the smelting houses of the Phœnicians is frequently exhumed. Ordulph the giant, who tore off the barred gates of Exeter from their hinges, when the sleepy porter could not be woke to open them to the royal Confessor, and Brown the English Virgil, who sung the loves of the Walla and Tavy, and Britannia's Pastorals, were natives of the town. Sir Francis Drake was born at Crowndale, less than a mile distant; and in the vicarage resides that charming writer, Mrs. Bray. In the church of Saint Eustace is the effigy of Judge Glanville and the tomb of Earl Orgar. A melancholy superstition long and recently prevailed: persons sought to be freed from fits by creeping under the altar at midnight on Christmas Eve; and it is on record that two brothers named Luggar watched on Midsummer Eve in the church porch to look on the legendary procession of all the souls that should depart during the year. Their heated fancy imagined the scene, and picturing themselves among the doomed number in a few days they died raving mad. The most eminent abbat was Aldred the Palmer, who offered a chalice of gold at the Holy Sepulchre, and afterwards, as Archbishop of York, crowned both Harold and his conqueror William.

About four miles on the road to Oakhampton rises the tall cone of Brent Tor (the Burning Hill), having the appearance of being the crater of an extinct volcano. The Tor bears on its precipitous brow St. Michael's Church, only 37 ft. long and 14 ft. 6 in. wide, the votive-chapel of a merchant of Plymouth, in gratitude for his preservation from shipwreck, and one which, but for the interposition of St. Michael, says the legend, the fiend would have had built below. Guile, or Abbey, Bridge, commemorates the manner in which the monks gained the lands of Plymstock. In the reign of Edward III. a gallant hunter, John Childe, was benighted on Fox Tor; in vain he slew his horse and crept within it for heat. The monks, hearing of his long absence from home, went out

upon the dreary moors, a region of old druidical avenues and cromlechs, and there found the dead gentleman, with his will written in the blood of his horse, bequeathing his manors to those who should bury him. The men of Plymstock waited at the ford to seize the bier from the monks; but the wary abbat changed his road, and, hastily throwing a bridge across the Tavy, entered his gates, to the discomfiture of the weary watchers. Of this ancient abbey there are considerable remains: the great north gate; the refectory, now a Socinian meeting-house; the battlemented walls, belting a raised terrace-walk along the river bank; the orchard gate, an arch with a polygonal tower clustered with ivy and wild flowers; the ivied still-house, a portal with four lofty pinnacles; a solitary arch of the cloister, and Betsy Grimbald's Tower, with a stair still stained by the blood, and haunted, as the folks say, by the spirit of the guilty woman, the associate of Mrs. Page, who was shot down by a soldier as she fled up the steps. On the Plymouth road are the ruined gateway and barton of the Fitzfords, one of whom, the astrologer, was, with his wife, pixie-led, and, when half dead with thirst, discovered the well which still bears his name on the moor: out of the relics of their mansion the market-house at Tavistock was built. As soon as evening falls, from the porch speeds a spectral hound, the shade of Lady Howard, to Oakhampton Park, where it plucks one spray of grass nightly, till not a blade shall be left on its broad lawns. This lady was the wife of Sir Richard Granville, having had three husbands in succession who all strangely died. She was the heiress of Sir John Fitzford, who slew Sir John Slanning, the father of one of those four loyal cavaliers of the West who were called "Charles' Wain." On his way to London to sue for the royal pardon, he shot his faithful servant, who came to warn him of some danger: horrified at this second murder, he threw himself upon his sword. So feared in life was this dame that a benevolent lady stole her infant daughter; and when the girl was grown up to womanhood, introduced her as a stranger to her mother. The child threw herself into Lady Howard's arms,

who, frenzied at being thus reminded of her age, hurled the child back between the large folding-doors, and crushing her arm till it was broke, then thrust her out of the hall door. Down House is also believed to be haunted.

At *Kilworthy* (one mile and a half north) lived Judge Glanville. His closing years were saddened by domestic affliction: his daughter died on the scaffold, as a murderess; and his reckless son Francis he disinherited. Serjeant John Glanville, his second son, became lord of his broad lands; but, years after, came one day a miserably-clad penitent to his doors and craved for food. The brothers stood face to face! Great was the rejoicing: a splendid banquet was spread; friends and neighbours thronged in to welcome the prodigal; and, as the first cover was removed to the sound of happy music, Francis beheld a yellow roll of parchments. "Take them, dear brother," said the serjeant; "they are the title deeds of Kilworthy. Nay, no thanks, Francis; would that our father had seen this day, and bestowed them himself; I only do that which he would have done." At Harewood House (Sir Wm. Trelawney, Bart.) Mason laid the scene of his "*Elfrida*." King Edgar sent Earl Ethelwold to woo for him *Elfrida*, the fair daughter of Earl Orgar, of Tavistock. The ambassador, falling deeply in love with the lady, reported that her beauty was inferior to her fame, and the wily earl with the king's consent, made her his wife. But still the tale of her beauty spread from lip to lip; and the king, on pretence of hunting, came to see for himself. Ethelwold conjured his wife to shield him from the imminent peril that would ensue; but, far from that, decked in her richest ornaments, *Elfrida* came and stood before the king: the chase was followed that day by king and earl. At nightfall, under the trees of Wilverley lay Ethelwold, with an arrow in his heart; and on the brow of his treacherous widow King Edgar set the crown—a ceremonial which, as Mr. Bray prettily imagined, gave name to Crown-dale.

Opposite to the New Passage at Torpoint, is *Thankes* (so called from the ancient family of Thank in the reign

of Henry V.), once the seat of Admiral Lord Graves. In the neighbourhood are found *Hypericum androsaemum*, *ulva purpurascens*, *U. rubens*, and *fucus hypoglossum*.

On the west side of Plymouth Sound is the promontory of *Mount Edgumbe*, 4 to 5 miles in length, and 3 miles broad, forming a high chine, sloping on either side to the sea. The house, built of red sandstone by Sir R. Edgumbe, who removed from Cothele in 1550, is square with circular towers, at the angles made octagonal, 1762, and is so romantically and beautifully situated that the Duke of Medina Sidonia resolved to make it his own when the Armada had conquered England. It contains family pictures by Lely and Reynolds, and some portraits of the Stuarts.

One night, when Sir Richard kept revel and dance in the old hall, a body of armed maskers from Plymouth appeared coming up the avenues. At once the doughty old knight called in his servants to resist with sword and buckler; but the lighted torches revealed only armour of paper and helmets of tin, and he merrily invited them to take part in the measure. On retiring, their chief courteously bowed, thanked the knight for his good cheer, and assured him that of an enemy he was converted into his chief friend, commending at the same time to his notice a nephew, heir to his broad lands, who was there disguised as a nymph. Months passed away, and the young man was married before the altar at Maker to Sir Richard's fair daughter. It was a fitting place for a lover's tryst, with its lawns of soft velvet turf, its pines and chesnuts, broad groves of cedar, oak, and beech; on the upland, arbutus, laurestinus, Portugal laurel, and dark-leaved myrtle; pleasant shades and recesses for repose, opening inward from sunny glades; wild paths along the brink of dark ravines; beauty mingled with the grandeur of majestic heights; and over all the freshness of the sea and air, as the flowing waves climbed the black reefs of rock below. In 1779, the Earl of Mount Edgumbe cut down all his fine trees, as an alarm of a French invasion very generally prevailed. The grounds still are very attrac-



tive, but disfigured by silly artificial ruins: the orangery was designed by Lord Camelford. The ivied remains of the old Block-house at Barnpool, by the water-side, are of the time of Elizabeth. Below it is the saluting battery, restored 1747, and in 1800 mounted with 21 French cannon. King George III. visited the house Aug. 21, 1789. Garrick wrote an epigram upon it, beginning—

“ This mount all the mounts of Great Britain surpasses,  
’Tis the haunt of the muses—this mount of Parnassus.”

Maker heights, which derive their name from the adjoining church of St. Macra, are to the southward, and 402 feet high. There is a ruined chapel on the Rame Head.

The estuary of the Hamoaze, which lies between Devon and Cornwall, is now crossed by a remarkable tubular bridge, designed by Brunel, for the West Cornwall railway. The bridge is 2240 ft. long, by 30 ft. broad, and rises 260 ft. from the foundations to the summit, so that line-of-battle ships can sail under it. It consists of 19 spans—double chains, composed of 15 bars; 17 of them are wider than the arches of Westminster Bridge; and the two central spans cross the Tamar with a leap of 900 feet. The latter rest upon the main central pillar, built into the solid rock, which was reached through 70 feet of sea and 20 feet of mud and gravel, by means of a coffer-dam: on this are four octagonal columns, 10 feet in diameter, and 100 feet high. On this the great spans are laid, composed of two bows: the lower, with a curve of 28 feet, carries the roadway; the upper, a tube of wrought iron, is attached to the lower by supports. Each span was floated out and lifted into its place by hydraulic presses. The main columns, on either side of the river, are built of solid masonry, 11 feet square, which rests on granite piers, measuring 29 ft. by 17 ft. They are 190 feet from the foundation to the summit. In the construction of this wonderful structure, 2700 tons of wrought iron, 1300 of cast iron, 17,000 cubic yards of masonry, and 14,000 cubic yards of timber have been used. It is 300 feet longer than the Britannia Bridge, and 60 feet higher than the Monu-

ment. The railway has a length of 60 miles, and passes over 5 miles of viaducts, and under 7 tunnels: the viaducts are of great height—that of Combe Lake rising 120 feet, and one at St. Austell 156 feet. The Albert Bridge was opened by the Prince Consort on May 2, 1859. Plymouth has now become the main entrance to Cornwall, a country not remarkable for manufactures or agriculture, possessing a large extent of coasts without much ship-building; producing no coal, and but a small amount of iron. It is isolated, has few canals, and is only now beginning to be intersected by railways, one of which is the rudest in the kingdom. Minerals and Celtic antiquities form its main features of interest.

## CORNWALL.

FROM Poundstock to Chasewater, a huge highland chine effectually bisects the county; and limits the accommodation by railway to the southern half. For those who adopt this mode of travelling, we shall notice the stations as they occur, but in all instances, as before, take our way along the coast.

Cornwall derives its name from Corn, a headland, and Wealles, the name given by the Saxons to the ancient Britons, imagining that they had driven the entire race across the Severn. Some of them passing over to Bretagne, bestowed upon it their father-land name of Cornouailles, Ke-ren-av, "the horn by the sea."

The heraldic arms traditionally borne by the county are, Sable, fifteen bezants in pale, or. Motto, "*One and all.*" This western peninsula formed, with part of Devonshire, an independent kingdom, till Cadwallader resigning the crown went to die at Rome; and it was still independent to the time when King Athelstane subdued the Britons on Hingston Down. Then passed under the rule of the kings of Wessex the land of the Cromlech and the Loganstone, thickly covered with the relics of the Druid, and

the camps which were the last stronghold of the Briton against Roman, Saxon, and Dane ; the home in which lingered latest the ancient British church ; and whose native tongue was, like the Welsh and Breton kindred dialects, but a few generations since a spoken language. Dr. Moreman, Vicar of Menherriot in the reign of Henry VIII., first taught his parishioners the Lord's Prayer in English ; and the last sermon was preached in Cornish in 1678. The final stand of the Lancastrians, after the fatal field of Tewkesbury, was made here in the Wars of the Roses : within it Charles and his Cavaliers rode triumphant for the last time ; and Cornishmen won the day at Broadoak, Stratton, and Lansdowne. To its primitive people, far removed out of the reach of the frequented highway, a great change is coming : the manly wrestling-match, like the hurling of former days, the traditional festival, and that belief in charm and spell and pixie—so picturesque, but still a relic of deadly superstition—will give place to the school-feast, the ploughing-match, the flower-show ; as the iron roads promote that rapidity and ease of communication, with the interchange of mind and opinion, and identity of interest, which promise to make the future of England more glorious than its past.

The title of Earl of Cornwall has been held by Robert, Count de Mortain, a follower of William I. ; Reginald de Dunstanville ; John Plantagenet ; Richard Fitz-Count ; Richard, King of the Romans ; John of Eltham ; and the glorious Black Prince, was created Duke of Cornwall, March 17, 1337 ; which title has ever since attached as a birthright, with the seignory of the Duchy for his appanage, to the eldest son of the reigning sovereign.

The tin-mines of Cornwall are mentioned by Herodotus, 450 B.C., and by Diodorus ; they produced large revenues to the Earls of Cornwall, who frequently assigned them as securities for loans to the Jews. Charters were granted to the earls by King John and Edward I. ; but in the 13th century the discovery of tin in Bohemia caused a great loss to the English trade.

From Cremill Point to Mount Edgecumbe runs *the*

*Bridge*, a chain of submarine rocks, which bound the Hamoaze. The next station to Plymouth, on the Cornwall railway, is Devonport,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles; the distance thence to *Saltash* (formerly Ash), is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles: it was the scene of many a hard-fought skirmish in the civil wars, in which the Cavaliers were victorious. Its women rowers are eminent for strength and skill, and frequently bear off prizes at the regatta. Waller and Lord Clarendon in turn represented the borough, which was disfranchised by the Reform Bill. The tower of St. Nicholas' church rises 57 feet in height. Above the town, which, in an ill-advised terror of poor-rates, opposed the formation of the Dockyard within its limits, the Tamar becomes as broad as a lake; villages, each with its grey tower, peep out along the banks from the feathery woods, up to the oak-crowned crest of Warleigh, under whose shadow it is mingled with the Tavy, fresh from the swelling hills of Maristow; while the granite Tors of the distant Dartmoor, by their rugged contrast, heighten the gentle beauty of the valley.

Thus runs the legend of the rivers. Tamara was a naiad of the cave, whom the rivals Tavy and Torridge loved: they went in quest of the nymph, and found her sleeping under a tree in Moorwinstow. Wearied with their journey, they fell asleep; and when Tamara woke, silently she stole away southward. Tavy was the first to rise, and quickly and softly he pursued her. Then Torridge, finding himself alone, ran in haste and anger northward, fretting and foaming till he found the glorious Sabrina. Little streams, as messengers and watchers, poor Tavy sent across to court and follow the coy beauty, who never slackens till she finds safe refuge in the waters of the Sound.

In *Tamarton* church are the effigies of Sir Roger de Gages and his dame: and among the tall trees stands the Coplestone oak, so called after a member of one of the three Devon families,

“Cocker, Cruwys, and Coplestone,  
When the Conqueror came, were found at home.”

A distich as famous as another relating to this county—

“ By Tre (town), Pol (pool), and Pen (headland),  
You may know the Cornishmen ”

In the reign of Elizabeth, John Coplestone pursued from his bench in the church, his godson, who had remonstrated with him on his evil life ; and throwing a dagger as the youth ran away, murdered him beneath the “ fatal oak.” He then lived at *Warleigh House* (now the seat of the Rev. W. Radcliffe), a mansion built in the reign of the Norman kings, and enlarged in the time of the first Tudors ; it has an old hall of the latter period : within the domain King Edgar slew Ethelwold. Near *Maristow* (Sir M. Lopes) stands the ancient church of St. Peter, set upon a hill, and approached through an avenue of fragrant limes ; it contains a square font, two sedilia of stone, and the effigies of Sir T. Wyse and his wife, of the 17th century. He built the house at *Sydenham*, in the form of Elizabeth’s cipher, E : it lies nearer Tavistock, in a wild hilly country, and contains some armour and old damask hangings. The children, on Shrove Tuesday, go from door to door, singing,

“ Pancake, pancake, a penny for my trouble,  
I see by the string there’s a good dame within,  
I see by the latch I shall have a good catch,  
Give me a penny and away I be gone.”

The children at Llandewednack, in Cornwall, on the same day go about asking for a “ colperra.”

Passenger-boats ply between Devonport and Morwellham. Passing up the Tamar (Oak Cove), appear St. Budeaux’s Tower, held by the Cavaliers, 1646, as a fort for the king ; the towers of Landulph and Botus Fleming ; the mansion of Moditonham, and the hamlet of Cargreen ; *Hall’s Hole*, also, with its smelting-works and mines. Then, in the centre of a deep bend, rise, over a grand belt of woods, the pinnacles of *Pentillie Castle* (A. Coryton), built by Wilkins, with a tower on the hill above (called Mount Ararat), in which was buried, according to his fantastic desire, Sir James Tillie, who died 1712. An excursion

may be made inland to St. Thomas' church, Callington, where there is a brass of Judge Asheton, 1465, besides an effigy of Lord William de Broke, steward to Henry VII., and a remarkable Norman font, with masks at the corners, and mystical circles, serpents, and stars on each face :— or to *St. Mellion's*, with a church containing the effigies, in their eternal sleep, of the Corytons, whose helmets and sword, with gauntlets and waving pennon, borne in many a charge, hang above their resting-place. About three miles further is *Dupash Well*, where Gothies and Colan fought for their lady-love : the ancient Baptistery is worthy of a visit. On a wooded knoll, looking down upon the Tamar, where it winds under green banks and slopes, in early spring covered with the rich blossom of the orchards, rise the towers of *Cothele Castle* (Lord Mount Edgecumbe), the cradle of that noble family. The oak, and other forest trees of great size and beauty, and venerable with age, harmonize well with this ancient structure, in which since the days of the first Tudor king, no change appears to have been made. A noble avenue of fragrant chestnuts forms the approach from the river. The buildings are ranged round a quadrangle, built of granite, by Sir Richard Mount Edgecumbe, in the reign of Henry VII. A square gateway tower forms the entrance to the south ; to the north of the court is attached another tower, which retains its fire-dogs of brass, and stiff ebony chairs, and tapestries portraying the love of Hero and Leander. The old baronial hall, 42 ft. by 22 ft.,

“ Is hung about with guns and pikes and bows,  
And swords and good old bucklers which had stood against old foes ;”

armour of the Plantagenets and the Cavaliers side by side, with the antlers of the stag and the tusks of the elephant curiously near. In the windows are some fragments of heraldic glass. The furniture of old time, the faded tapestry, the antique arm-chair by the hearth, all the accessories of the apartments produce a peculiar impression. The former occupants seem only to have left the hall for the chase or battle-field, and as the door opens, the visitor

almost expects to see the stately dame and gallant knight re-entering. The chapel has similar remains and paintings on the walls; and in it are still preserved some ancient copes, which were subsequently used as coverings for the altar. One of gold and violet, has the figure of Jeremiah, and is blazoned with devices; the other is of royal violet and gold powdered with fleur de lys, and bears the figures of the Apostles standing under canopies. The state bed-chamber is hung with tapestry of Arras, the subjects being Romulus contending with Remus, and the Rape of the Sabines. The various works of metal and earthenware are very interesting. Here Charles II. slept two nights: on August 25, 1788, George III. and Queen Charlotte visited Cothele, and more recently her present Majesty. On a little promontory in the river stands St. Mary's chapel, a votive offering by Sir Richard Edgecumbe, who, being pursued by the followers of King Crookback, fled to this spot on his way to Brittany; the rangers were at his heels, when he cast his bonnet and cloak into the stream. They floated down the river, and distracting his enemies enabled him to escape in safety. *Mellitis grandiflora* is found here. At Calstock, marked by a granite church tower standing on a steep wooded hill, the parsonage was built by Lancelot Blackburne, afterwards archbishop of York, of whom his enemies said that he had been a buccaneer, while the sarcastic Wharton wrote yet severer charges.

At the north-west extremity of Hamoaze the river Lynher, which flows down from St. German's, is entered. A creek, running northerly, has on the east side *St. Stephen's*, the mother-church of Saltash, with a lych stone at the entrance gate: on the west bank, seated upon a high hill, is *Trematon* (Three-hill place) *Castle*, which Sir Richard Grenville gallantly held against the Cornish miners in 1549, till they beguiled him outside the walls and made him prisoner. The castle dates from the Conquest, and was long a fief of the Valletorts, which gave the title of viscount, July 27, 1726, to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. Valletort is now the second title borne by courtesy by the

eldest son of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe. The castle has a base court with an embattled wall and ditch: on the east is an Early English gateway with grooves for the portcullis; above it hangs the bell of the San Salvador del Mundo, taken by Sir John Jervis in 1797. The keep, 66 by 32 feet, entered under a simple round arch, is of oval shape, and built upon a mount 30 feet high upon the north-east. The crenellated walls are 10 feet thick and 30 feet in height. Opposite to the entrance of this creek are the woods of *East Anthony House* (R. W. P. Carew), which was built in 1721, of Pentuan stone, by Gibbs, for Sir W. Carew. Sir Alexander Carew, of Anthony, and Sir Richard Buller, of Morval, were the chief Republican Cornish leaders in the civil war. The gallery contains a portrait of Dr. Butts, by Holbein; Van Tromp and Sir Kenelm Digby, by Vandyke, and R. P. Carew, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Below the ferry from Anthony to Trematon is *Beggar's Island*, so named after the notorious Bampffield Moore Carew, "King of the Gipsies." Another member of this ancient family, Richard Carew, F.S.A., the historian of Cornwall, lies buried in the adjoining church, built in the 15th century, which also contains a brass of Margery Arundel, died 1420. The rude style of piled slabs of stone is peculiar to Cornwall: the yard is furnished with formidable stocks, such as might have horrified Dr. Riccabocca, although he would have been accommodated with a low stool. The high road from Torpoint to Looe (18 miles), now passes on by Sheviock; the church, of the 14th century, contains the effigies of Sir Edward Courtenay and his lady (Emmeline Dawnay). It was erected by a knightly Dawnay, while his dame built a barn which cost three half-pence more, says R. Carew. On reaching Polbathieck a circuitous path leads to

### ST. GERMAN'S,

so called from Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre in the 8th century, who twice visited Britain and was the champion



of the faith against the heretic Pelagius. It is situated on a hill, sloping down to the river Tidi. The manor was ingeniously obtained by a Champernowne, who knelt down behind two successful suitors for confiscated property, and then rose up and claimed his share. The first church here was founded by King Athelstane, in memory of his victory over Howel, king of Cornwall, in 930. King Canute erected it into a collegiate church, 1020; and Leofric, Bishop of Exeter, introduced Austin Canons. St. German's was the ancient see of Cornwall, 850-1049; although it was temporarily removed to both Bodmin and St. Petrock's. The church is 104 ft. 6 in. by 67 ft. 6 in. The nave, built of stone from Tarton Down, and two western towers, only remain. The *north-west tower* is octagonal of the 13th century. The upper part of the Perpendicular *south-west tower* is square, having a battlemented parapet, and nearly enveloped with ivy. The *west front* contains a grand, deeply recessed portal, 16 feet high and 20 feet high, of four orders. There are four pillars, 7 feet 6 in., on either side, with seven mouldings in the arches above; the two inner, 3 feet by 4, plain and round, the outer 6 feet 7 inches, with chevron mouldings, foliage surrounds the whole; the door is 10 feet high, over this is a pediment with a cross; on each side is a small pointed light, and above that three small narrow round-headed windows. In the *nave*, the *north aisle* is divided off by five short thick round pillars, the capitals cushion-shaped with square abaci, and sculptured, the arches are recessed, with plain soffits, the vaulting rests on responds; and in the windows are a few fragments of heraldic glass: the south aisle was begun 1261, but completed in the 14th century. On the *south side* are six pointed arches; the two westernmost, acutely pointed, springing from round massive pillars: the four to the east are higher, with round capitals. In the south wall is an arch, but the monument is gone; the slab, 7 feet 6 inches long, remains. There are Early Geometrical windows and a piscina. The only monument of interest is of an Eliot (died 1723), by Rysbrack. At the east end is the rude seat called the *Bishop's Chair*, 3 feet high, with a carving

of a hunter in the chase. The chair is set beneath, on a tessellated pavement, 10 feet square, discovered at a distance of 150 feet from the present east window; 10 feet more to the eastward was found the old choir wall. There is a good Norman *font*. The *choir*, 65 ft. by 24 ft., was dedicated August 28, 1261; it fell down in 1592. *Arms*: Or 3 lions heads erased, gules on a chevron az., 3 annulets, or. The prior's house, under the name of Port Eliot, strangely modernised, became the seat of the Eliots. It contains some good pictures by Opie, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Rembrandt, (*Bel and the Dragon*,) and Q. Matsys. Port Eliot gave the title of baron, Jan. 30, 1784; and St. German's that of earl, Nov. 28, 1815, to the family of Eliot. At *Cudden-beke* (the wooded headland) was the country-house of the bishops of Exeter; and within an easy walk is *Ince Castle*. Paderbury Top is a fine ancient camp, 297 ft. by 231 ft.

The Looe road, near its junction with that to Liskeard, commands a view of *Morval House* (Fenny Vale) (J. F. Buller), an Elizabethan mansion. There is a large camp, oval, doubly trenched, 363 ft. by 264 ft., at Blacketon. The road then passes *St. Martin's*, the mother-church of East Looe, which has a Norman doorway. In the vicarage, Jonathan Toup, the editor of "*Longinus*," lived for upwards of thirty years. A steep descent leads into

## LOOE,

(the *Lough*, or low watering place), nine miles from Liskeard. On either side of a tidal river rise the straggling towns of East and West Looe, with old quays, and wooded hills and cottages peering among the trees, or set in gardens on the slopes, in the poorest of which bloom the hydrangea, fuchsia, myrtle, and tamarisk. King Charles averred, that when the sun shone elsewhere, there was rain at Tavistock: for nine months in Cornwall rain falls; but the soft climate is some compensation. Looe

supplied 20 vessels and 315 men to the fleet of King Edward III.; now its chief support consists in the pilchard fishery and exports of granite and minerals. A battery of four guns once defended the two towns. Their chief ornament, a fine old bridge of the fifteenth century, 384 ft. long, with fourteen arches, its triangular refuges for foot passengers, and wayside chapel of St. Anne, was destroyed in 1855. The Austin Friars' church of St. Nicholas is now the Guildhall. The present small church of West Looe is dedicated to St. Keyne; that of East Looe to St. Mary. Off the harbour lies St. George's Island, now famous for waterfowl, and once crowned with a little chapel. At one time the island was infested with huge rats escaped from a wreck, which the fishermen vainly endeavoured to destroy: at length extermination was decided on, and every man, woman, and child came to the massacre, and to insure their fate, devoured their enemies as if they were rabbits smothered in onions. Sir Charles Wager was born here, and represented West Looe, formerly known as Porthvyan (Little Creek). Under Sander's Lane, but often covered by the tide or sand, is a rock of white marble, which is naturally hollowed out like the so-called Druidical basins of Dartmoor. About a league from the shore, off Seaton, in Whitsand Bay, says Scawen, may be seen, under the waves, a whole wood lying on its side, undecayed.

On the bank of the river opposite St. Martin's is *Trenant* (Valley-town) *Park* (W. Peel), once the residence of H. Hope, the author of "*Anastasius*:" at the northern end, on the heights, is a Danish work, the *Giant's Hedge*, which extended to Fowey. On the south side of a creek running out of the main river, in a westerly direction, is the ancient mansion of the Trelawneys. The road from Looe passes by TALLAND (the Church on the Hill), two miles, with a church set in a grove of trees, which has some good carving and a detached steeple, to POLPERRO (the Pool with the Pier). Two peculiarities are observable in Cornish churches: the north aisle of the nave was invariably a chantry, and the garth was almost universally

known as the "centry," a contraction of the word "cemetery." Dried whittings are here called "buckhorn." The rocks along the little bay of Talland have green and red crystalline veins. There is a fine walk on the seaward front along the schistose cliffs of red and variegated slate, in which are found bones of fish resembling Silurian fossils, encrinurites, bivalves, and corals. The path leads to this picturesque fishing village, one of the chief on the coast. Over the deep, narrow inlet, so wild and rugged, yet, in the early months of the year, with a climate soft as that of Naples, incline tall hills formed of trap, limestone, and slate, 400 to 500 feet in height, claret-coloured and purplish gray: on the westernmost are the ruins of St. Peter's chapel. Near Talland lived a family of the name of Morth, the last of whom engaged a Breton miller to grind his corn. After a time the man craved leave to visit his kinsfolk; but, on Christmas Eve, when the misletoe was hung in the hall, and the yule log sparkled on the hearth, and the wassail cup was passed down the happy board, suddenly burst in the miller and his Bretons and pillaged the place till daybreak, and, carrying off his old master to Brittany, detained him till he had secured a large pension for his ransom. The last owner of the old house, Sir William Beville, had a serving man, who possessed such a wonderful gift of fire-eating that it is a marvel it did not bring him to the stake in those days of superstition.

Many a quaint superstition lingers about these remote villages. The most mischievous stripling will not harm a robin or a wren; the robin, they say, crimsoned his breast as he tried to draw out with his beak one of the nails of the Cross of Calvary. The reaper, when he has cut his last handful of corn, holds it aloft, crying, "I have it!" his fellows ask, "What have you?" and then three times he cries "A neck!" after which they wreath the little sheaf with flowers and carry it in procession. The extinct game of hurling somewhat resembled football, and was played with twenty or thirty men upon a side; a silvered ball of wood was thrown from hand to hand, or

caught up and carried through the opposed lines of players in triumph to the goal. Such a ball of wood, plated,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. in diameter, given by Col. Onslow to the parish of Gulvall in the 17th century, is still preserved. In the churches they used to sing carols at Christmas, with the burden, "Noel, Noel, good news, good news of the Gospel." On the open downs, the rude crags and grassy banks held the audience, who listened to the impassioned orator, or observed the solemn acting of some scriptural story. At Launceston the people used to collect fern seed on Midsummer Eve. Mr. Hawker relates a curious instance of superstition. An old woman, whose bees were unproductive, with gross impiety laid before the hive a portion of the Holy Sacrament which she brought with her from church; before the next morning the bees had entirely concealed the consecrated element in a tabernacle of pure wax. The miner starts, as he hears the mischievous Gathon answering, blow for blow, the stroke of his pickaxe, or deluding him with false fires, noises, and flames, which are caused by the bursting of hollow crystalline masses containing confined gases. The miner will never work on Midsummer's Eve, or New-year's Day or Eve. On Christmas Eve, down in the deepest mine, the Pixies assemble to hear the midnight mass. Voices of unearthly sweetness sing the solemn service; and as the grand music swells and shakes the depths, the rough surface scales off from the rocky sides, and discloses walls diapered with ore and glittering like gold in the light of a myriad torches.

Yet these superstitious men make the best and most gallant of seamen. In the first naval action of the French revolutionary war, one third of the crew of Capt. Pellew's ship, the *Nymph*, was composed of Cornishmen. The peasant carries a slip of ash, as a talisman against snake and fiend; above the chimney, as a charm against fire, is hung the slough of an adder; against the mast or over the lintel is nailed a horseshoe for luck, for it is imagined that evil spirits can only travel in circles, and consequently are brought to a stand on reaching the heels of the shoe. A straw suffices to cut them through. The chirp of a

cricket bodes good fortune ; a child's sad song portends a mournful gap by the hearthside ; the tingling ear sudden tidings ; a shiver, the tread of a foot above the spot destined to be the last home of the chilled limb. None die but at the ebb-tide, and then the favourite flowers are hung with crape and the bees in the hive are informed of their loss. The mother dreads to nurse a changeling, and will pass her child through holes in trees or under the Tolmen. The magic hazel rod writhes in the expert's hand when he stands over the spring of water or the mineral vein of which he is in search. The glass annulets and blue stone rings of the Romans, which the miner digs up, he calls snake-glass, and believes that they are sure antidotes to poison, having been formed by a serpent's breathing on a hazel-bough. If the fisherman is wounded by a hook, as long as the wound is unhealed he will jealously guard the steel from rust : before the storm he is warned by a white hare that trips across the quay ; at night he may be roused by the shrill cry of " Robin, your boat's adrift," and having rushed with all speed to secure his craft, finds it secure, and returns home amid the laughter of the little people. But there was an old weather-beaten fisherman who was sorely wearied of these midnight interruptions of his sleep, and looked forward to find his revenge. The opportunity came : deceived once more, he gloomily turned from the water side, and before him sat in a wide circle an assembly of little folks clad in Lincoln green, with straw hats or tiny red caps in their hands held out to catch a sparking shower of gold, which the pixie in the centre dealt, from a heap by his side, to each comrade in turn. The eyes of the sailor glistened with delight ; down he crouched and put out his old worn tarpaulin hat, and into its shallow crown duly fell the coin. As soon as the heap grew low, off stole the fisherman, and after him, with a scream of rage, ran the pixies. Run fisherman, run pixies ; it was a sharp chase, but the sailor scrambled through his window and closed it before his pursuers could overtake him. The names of the pixies are seldom divulged ; Jock-o'-the-Lantern and Joan-the-Wad have

been less taciturn. One miserable night a peasant found a poor little manikin sitting, wet, starved, and shivering, upon a stone on the moor; he kindly took the child home; months went by, and at length a cry was heard at the window; up started the elf-boy, screaming, "Colman Grey, Colman Grey, my daddy is come." The pixie hates sluts and lazy people—

"Where fires thou findest unraked, and hearths unswept,  
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry."

Two sisters had gone to rest, wearied with toil, when suddenly was heard a pixie cry for water; one girl, though the other ridiculed her good nature, rose to fill the bucket at the well. Next morning, and many a day afterwards, she found a piece of silver as the fairy's mark of gratitude, while the sluggard was bedridden for seven years following, till a squint-elf stroked her paralysed limbs and restored them to vigour. When the farmer, who has drained a tankard too deep at market or fair, stables his nag in the furze and falls asleep in a hollow, the poor pixie bears the blame; he is accused of riding the colts till they sink, like Shakspeare's Mab, of plaiting their manes in flocks, or tangling them with burdock.

But then the fairies are generous at times. A peasant boy of Portallow, returning from an errand, answered a pixie-call; and, repeating their words, "I am for Portallow Green," "for Seaton Beach," and for "the King of France's cellar," was carried to each place and back again; finding his bag where he left it, and bringing home a silver goblet which he had thieved from the royal cellar of the Most Christian King. The pixie's flail will beat out more corn in a night than ten labourers could thrash in a day; an operation anticipating and rivalling the marvels of steam. A farmer, as the tradition runs, hearing the sound of the flail when his men were snoring, went down to his barn to see the unknown workmen. There, peeping through the keyhole, he discovered two merry little fellows, with their jackets off, working like madmen, while one chirped out to his mate, "I tweat;

you tweat!" "Thank ye, my little men; don't work so hard," cried the good-natured farmer. Down went the flails, and away flew the indignant pixies. Another good man beheld a similar sight; but, as the poor little fairy was tattered and torn, and decidedly out at elbows, the kind-hearted farmer determined to give the workman his reward; so he had a charming little suit made, doublet, hat, bombasted trunk-hose and shoes, all of green, for his industrious friend. Much did the pixie admire himself as he donned and surveyed his finery; but the ungrateful little creature quickly vanished, crying—

“ Piskey fine, and Piskey gay,  
Piskey now will fly away.”

No fisherman of the Lizard will sail in his boat when any quadruped is named. The ninth wave, supposed to be invariably the largest in volume—that which draws back the poor shipwrecked sailor from the slippery rock into the sea—is called the “death-wave.” The fishermen’s rhyme runs thus :—

“ When the corn is in the shock  
The fish are at the rock.”

The road to Liskeard skirts *Trelawney House* (the Oak Grove Isle), which still preserves the chapel, reconstructed by Bishop Trelawney 1701, with its beautiful oak roof, as well as two battlemented towers, built by Lord Bonville in the time of Henry VI. The south side of the mansion was built in the reign of Queen Anne by Edward Trelawney, governor of Jamaica. Here are preserved the staff of office bestowed on Sir Jonathan by Queen Elizabeth; and some relics of Sir Matthew, one of Edward III.’s gallant knights, who made a romantic escape from the merciless Count de Blois, to whom his captor, a Spanish noble, was compelled to resign him. Here, too, is the laurel walk where Harry Trelawney told his tale of love to his fair cousin Letitia. She was the daughter of that famous bishop, one of the seven, for whom, when King James immured him in the Tower, rose the chorus of the



Cornish miners, re-echoed by the shouts of the London populace—

“ And shall Trelawney die? And shall Trelawney die?

There’s thirty thousand underground shall know the reason why.”

His portrait, by Kneller, is on the wall of the dining-room. Here, too, is the room which for twelve long months was hung with black, while that same Letitia worked the dark tapestry which recorded the untimely death of Charles, her first-born son, at Westminster. Here too, hopeless as her mother, another Letitia was wooed by another cousin, Captain William Trelawney, and married by stealth at Pelynt, that ancient church hard by, where the mitre and staff of her grandfather hang among the gauntlets, swords, and helmets of the Bullen and Trelawney. Of this, and two other great Cornish families, it was said, there never was a Granville known to want loyalty, a Godolphin wit, or a Trelawney courage. Near the village is an ancient camp, with a single vallum.

The road passes by the cruciform church of *St. Cuby, Duloe* (the black lake, or derived from *St. Teleiau*, who was King of Cornwall, as was also *St. Mellion*). In the church are sculptured slabs of blue slate, to the memory of *Arundels* and *Killiows*; an effigy of *Sir John Coleshull* (died 1483); and the grave of *John Anstis*, the historian of the Order of the Garter; with the screen of a rood loft. In the village was born the learned *Dean Milles*; near it are the remains of a *Druidical circle*. About two miles further, is the famous well of *St. Keyne*, the subject of *Southey’s* ballad:

“A well there is in the west country, and a clearer one never was seen,  
There is not a wife in the west country but has heard of the Well of  
*St. Keyne*.

An oak and elm tree stand beside, and behind does an ash tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above droops in the water below.  
If the husband at this gifted well shall drink before his wife,  
A happy man henceforth is he, for he shall be master for life.”

The poet insinuates that brides take a flask of the precious water to church with them.

LISKEARD (the place of the fort), 2 miles, partly climbs a rugged hill, and partly lies in the valley near the canal to Looe. It is the nearest station to St. German's, from which it is distant  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The borough was represented by Coke (1620,) and Gibbon (1773): it now returns only one member. In its Grammar School was educated the scurrilous Dr. Wolcot, "Peter Pindar," and Dean Prideaux. Charles I. was here in 1644. The church of St. Martin was despoiled of its two western towers in 1627. The houses in the Great Place are formed out of a nunnery of Poor Clares. Sir R. Hopton here defeated the rebels, Jan. 19, 1643. To the north of the town are many objects of interest; the ivied front of the Baptistery, and the cross of St. Clare, with fragments of sculpture lying among the ferns and long grass; the copper-mines of Caradon; the gigantic Cheese-wring (or press), a Druidical idol, formed of a pile of stones, 32 feet high, the four uppermost overhanging those nearest to the ground—a form probably caused by the decomposition of the granite: it is said to turn round thrice when the cock crows at Hay-farm:—the Hurlers, a triple Druidical circle, are, as the peasants say, petrified ball-players, who made merry on the Lord's-day; and the great Kistvaen (stone chest), of Trevethy stone (the place of graves), consisting of six large slabs, roofed with a seventh, the Cromlech (flat, or flagstone), marking the burial-place of some British Chief.

At St. Clare are found lichen *fragilis*, and *l. exilis*.

No scenes can be more striking than those upon this wild barren plain—a highland pass among the soaring Tors, which rise on either hand; the tall pillars of stone, the Druid idol, balanced on the brow of a hill; the granite sepulchre; the huge, but simple monuments of a race extinct, stand solitary in their rugged grandeur, and with a majesty caught from the loneliness and stillness of all around; where there is nothing but moor, undulating like a sea, overspread with patches of dry brown grass and coarse furze, and strown with masses of granite, as if a guilty city had been here suddenly torn into a thousand

fragments. From some of the higher points, the two blue lines seen on the northern and southern horizon mark the Bristol and British Channel. Near the Cheese-wring are pointed out the stone cabins of Daniel Gumb, who, from an abhorrence of taxes and a love of Euclid and the mathematics, made his home in a cave. His wife and family lived with him. Near Liskeard are found *Anchusa sempervirens*, *viola lactea*, *vaccinium myrtillus*, *geranium columbinum*, *lichen articulatus*, *l. scrobiculatus*, *l. plumbeus*, and *l. vulpinus*.

On Bradock (Broad-oak) Down, Sir R. Hopton signally defeated Ruthen and the rebels, Jan. 19, 1643. Five miles north-west from Liskeard is *St. Neots*, with a noble granite church, built 1480, famous for its rich stained glass, set up 1200-1532, which fills 15 windows. The oak-ribbed roof bears the date 1593. In the chancel is preserved a curious reliquary chest of stone, measuring 18 in. by 14 in. On Bury Down is an oblong camp, with a single trench, 330 ft. by 200 ft.

The bridle-road from Polpence to FOWEY (Foy's Fenton, the walled spring), 7 miles from Lostwithiel, passes the church of Llansaloes and the tall cliffs of Polruan (Roman's Pool), near which are a blockhouse and the ruins of the Baptistery, and a cross of St. Saviour. In the neighbourhood of the town are beautiful walks. The river rises on the eastward of the grand Brown Wily, the highest land of Cornwall, which soars to an elevation of 1368 feet. Captain Grose, the antiquarian, enthusiastically declared that he found a haunch of venison, metaphorically speaking, at every ten yards in Fowey.

By arms or piracy, this seaport rose into importance during the wars of the Edwards and Henry V., when commerce, enterprise, and daring, made its seamen great and wealthy. In the reign of Edward III., their ships refused to veil bonnet to the galleys of Rye and Winchelsea; and a minor civil war ensuing, the Sussex men had to yield to the stout Cornish sailors, who ever after quartered, without leave, the arms of the Cinque Ports on their ensigns, and were proudly known as the "Fowey gal-

lants." The townsmen, however, averred that they bore the cognisance, in honour of their having rescued the merchantmen of Rye from Norman pirates in the time of Henry III. In the reign of Edward IV., when the war was ended, they continued to plunder the French ships; the king remonstrated, but they slit the ears of his pursuivants. Such a daring insult, with other excesses, provoked a cruel revenge; the ringleaders were inveigled to Lostwithiel, on the pretence that the king required them for his fleet, and some were put to death; the purses of the townsmen were drained, and their chain was given to Dartmouth, 1478. In the reign of Edward III., a romantic incident occurred: Sir Reginald de Mohun anchored at Fowey, and while lying windbound, on his way to Ireland with his company of soldiers, he, for pastime, let fly a hawk. The bird flew to Hall Gardens. The knight pursued it, and entering the avenue, there met the lovely heiress of Sir John Fitzwilliam; Sir Reginald gave up the wars and won the lady. Formerly on May-day, the men of Polruan and Fowey used to send out their champions, clad in white, and standing on the forecastles of 6-oared galleys, to joust on the water. The boats were rowed fiercely together, and the battle seldom ended till most of the warriors had sounded the depth of the harbour.

In July, 1644, the Earl of Essex fixed his head-quarters at Fowey, but he was compelled ignominiously to fly to Plymouth, leaving a garrison of 5000 men to surrender to King Charles. In 1646, Fairfax occupied the town. In July 1666, the rich Virginian fleet was chased into the harbour by Dutchmen, who were compelled to sheer off by the fire of the forts. De Ruyter, in 1667, suffered a similar repulse. The fort of St. David, on St. Catharine's Point, built by the townsfolk in the reign of Henry VIII., mounts four guns: a blockhouse and two smaller forts with six guns intervene between it and the town. The rocks here are of hard bluish slate, with broad veins of fat quartz, and contain zoophytes, encrinites, and some rare shells. The harbour, which has three fathoms of water, is entered between two square blockhouses, built by

Edward IV : between them, as late as 1680, a chain of 200 feet was laid. In 1776, two links, now in a grotto at Menabilly (W. Rashleigh,) (two miles west on Greber Head), were recovered by the fishermen in their nets. The French burned Fowey in 1457 ; but the brave-hearted dame of Thomas Trewry, of Place, though her husband was absent, vigorously drove them out of her house. In the time of Edward III., the town was a member of the Cinque Ports, and could furnish 47 ships and 770 men. The port has now 118 vessels. The town-hall was built by P. Rashleigh and Viscount Valletort. The church of St. Nicholas, originally dedicated to St. Finbar of Cork, was rebuilt—the north aisle 1336, the rest in 1456 ; the tower 1446 ; the oak-roof is good ; the pulpit of the 15th century : there are slate effigies in outline of three brothers Treffrey, who died in the reign of Henry VIII., and a brass of a civilian and his wife, 1440.

The borough was incorporated by James II. and William III., and received a new charter in 1819 ; it has returned members from the 13th year of Elizabeth. The chief ornament of the town is *Place* (the Palace), a frequent Cornish name of chief mansions, as Court is in Devon and Somerset. It was built in the reign of Henry VI., but greatly enlarged, and adorned with a tower 108 feet high by its late proprietor, Mr. Treffrey, a great benefactor of this part of the county. One room is lined with oak, once forming part of H.M.S. Bellerophon which conveyed Bonaparte to St. Helena. Mr. Treffrey built the granite viaduct, which bears his name ; and formed the breakwater, 450 feet long, at Par Harbour, near *St. Blazey* (so called from St. Blaize of Sebaste, patron of woolcombers, who is said to have landed here). This great engineer also raised the copper mines of Par Consols to their present importance and value. At St. Blazey was born Robert Allen, afterwards of Prior Park, near Bath, the friend of Warburton, and who introduced the system of Cross Posts. At the time when Sydney Godolphin, a Cornishman, was Lord-Treasurer, there was no post beyond Exeter ; and letters were only forwarded when a large mass had accumulated.

The Minister, however, received his despatches by a weekly messenger, on whose arrival all the gentry of the neighbourhood assembled to hear the newspaper read.

Near Luxilian (St. Julian's Church) is a remarkable whispering valley. The coast from Fowey to Falmouth between Greber Head and Zone, or St. Anne's Point, forms the bays of St. Blazey, St. Austell, Mevagissey, "the mare's hill" (where there is a large Danish camp), Verryan and Gerran, which has a raised beach; with the intervening headlands—Black Head, Chapel Point, with Bodrigan's Leap, a grassy plot on which Sir Harry, a knight of that name, leaped from the rock above to escape his enemies, the Edgecumbes and Trevanions, whose sword and gauntlets hang in St. Michael's, Carhays. Next come Dodman Point (Place of Much Ore), 379 feet high, and Penare Head. Bodrigan means the "hill by the ebbing tide." At Tywardreth (House on the Sand), the rich rood-screen, painted with angels and the instruments of the Passion, no longer remains. The high road from Liskeard to Fowey runs through LOSTWITHIEL (12½ miles from Liskeard, by road or railway; by river the distance is 6 miles). Half-way is St. Winnow's church, which contains some old stained glass. The name of Lostwithiel, a town incorporated 1623, signifies the High Palace of the Earls of Cornwall; their Stannary Court being held in the old Hall, built by Earl Edmund. The church of St. Bartholomew has—a remarkable feature in Cornwall—a clearestory; an Early English tower, an octagonal lantern, and Decorated spire; an octagonal font, standing on five shafts, with curious sculptures of a bishop, huntsman, lion, and apes. It was occupied as a barrack by the troopers of Essex in 1644. A curious custom prevails upon Low Sunday: the freeholders elect a king; and after attending Divine service, make merry at the mock-monarch's feast. In the neighbourhood are found *Sibthorpia Europæa*, and *Lichen paschalis*. One mile north is *Restormel Castle*, of the time of Cœur de Lion, and the palace of Richard, king of the Romans. It was last occupied by the Roundheads, who were driven out by Sir R.

Grenville, Aug. 21, 1644 ; the ivied keep is surrounded by a moat, now dry ; the owl and the bat are its sole tenants ; and the silence is only broken by the rushing of the Fowey river beneath. Three miles north-west is *Lanhydrock House* (T. J. A. Robartes, M.P.), a Jacobean mansion, and Glynn, on the Fowey (Lord Vivian) ; and four miles east, is *Boconnoc House* (Hon. G. M. Fortescue), a plain structure, but full of melancholy interest. It was the headquarters of Prince Maurice ; and of the King, Aug. 9—Sep. 4, 1644. Prince Charles was here, 1646. Near the Rookwood-grove Gate is the stump of a noble oak, under which King Charles knelt to receive the Holy Sacrament : an assassin fired upon him with an arquebuse, and the ball glancing from the tree, killed a poor fisherman in the Hall walk. Ever afterwards, said the peasants, the leaves grew ruddy and variegated, at an act little less than sacrilege. Here lived Lord Mohun, slain in a duel by the Duke of Hamilton in 1712 ; Lord Camelford also (who built the gallery, 110 feet long) fell, under similar circumstances, in 1804. Boconnoc was afterwards the residence of T. Pitt, Governor of Madras, the fortunate possessor of the famous diamond, which he purchased for 24,000*l.*, and sold for 135,000*l.*, eventually to glitter on the hilt of Napoleon's sword. Also Lord Grenville resided here. The great Earl of Chatham was born at Boconnoc Nov. 15, 1708. Two chairs of ebony, made out of Queen Elizabeth's cradle, are preserved here. In the gallery are portraits of Governor Pitt, Bishop Lyttleton, and Earl Stanhope, the gallant English General in Spain, by Kneller ; of Sir R. Mohun, by C. James ; the Duchess of Cleveland, by Lely ; George Grenville, and Richard, Earl Temple, by Sir J. Reynolds ; and the bust of the Earl of Chatham, by Wilson. There is a column in the park in honour of Sir R. Lyttleton, 1771. On St. Nighton's (Nectan's) Beacon was the king's camp. The church is of the period of Henry VI., and is remarkable for a small belfry and a fine Norman font.

Bodmin-road station is 9½ miles from Liskeard, or 3½ miles from Lostwithiel.

**BODMIN**

(The Preacher's Town) was once distinguished by a priory of Austin canons, founded in 1125. The site passed at the Reformation to Sternhold, the first versifier of the Psalms, who imagined, like Tate and Brady afterwards, that he could improve upon David. The borough returns two members. The town-hall is part of the refectory of the Grey Friars monastery. The priory church of St. Mary and St. Petrock was built in 1470 near a spring, of which St. Guron, the Cornish hermit, drank before he resigned his cell to St. Petrock. Its dimensions are 151 ft. by 63 ft., it has a Norman font 3 feet 7 inches high, standing on five shafts, and an octagonal piscina, with an altar tomb and effigy of the last prior, Vivian Bishop of Megara, who died June 1, 1533. The organ is dated 1775. The spire was destroyed by lightning December 9, 1699. The prior's house of Rialton is still standing at St. Columb Minor. Jasper Wood, the vicar, who died in 1716, firmly believed in witches. On a hill one mile north-west of the town is Berrytower, the last relic of the *chapel of Holy Cross*, built in 1501. Of *St. Lawrence's Lazar House* there are a few remains. Near the vicarage is St. Thomas' chantry, 44 ft. 9 in. by 19 ft., built over a crypt, and now used as a schoolhouse. In 1496, Perkin Warbeck gathered his troops at Bodmin for his march upon Exeter. In 1495 the Cornish men rose in rebellion, led by Lord Audley and Michael Joseph, a smith of the town, to resist a tax levied for the war with Scotland. In 1549 the Cornish rebels compelled Boyer the chief magistrate to furnish them with rations; shortly after, the king's provost-marshal, Sir A. Kingston, entered the town, and invited himself to dine with the mayor. In the midst of the entertainment he desired that a gallows should be built with all speed, as on that night a certain criminal must die. The dinner over, arm-in-arm came



forth the host and his guest to see the horrible preparations. Sir Anthony then asked the mayor if he thought the gallows were sufficiently strong; on his replying "Yes"—"Master Boyer," coolly said the cruel official, "be pleased to mount, it is for you." "What!" cried the wretched man, "you mean not what you say." "There is no remedy, thou wert a busy rebel,—mount," was Sir Anthony's brutal answer. On Halgaver, near Lostwithiel, was formerly held, in July, a court of carnival before a mock mayor; the culprit was charged with some fault of dress or manner, and the neighbouring quagmire or a ducking-pond afforded the instant means of condign punishment. This custom has been referred to the time of the Saxons.

Here are found lichen plicatus, lichen fuliginosus, and sphæria nitida. Three miles on the Truro road are the remains of St. Benet's monastery, *Lanivet* (under a wood), an ivied tower, and a two-storied range of buildings with broad stone-mullioned windows and low oak-ribbed ceilings; in the churchyard are two stone crosses about eleven feet in height. Tregross moor, once King Arthur's hunting-ground, was Tregeagle's deer-park.

Near the village of *Roche*, the church of which, rebuilt 1822, contains a Norman font, is a wishing well, where the village-girls still, on Ascension Day, divine their fortunes by dropping pins. It was used for the immersion of poor lunatics—the last traces of a savage credulity and deadly ignorance, which tinged the philosophy even of Bacon; but which, with all its fanciful terrors, omens, and spectres, it is to be hoped will shortly disappear. At a short distance are the Roche rocks, of white sparry quartz, and schorl, which appears in crystals. The rocks are 100 feet high, crowned with a ruined chapel of St. Michael, and a deserted hermitage. The peasantry believe that hither flies from his fiendish pursuer across Bodmin moor, the hapless giant Tregeagle, the murderer of his nephew, whose quoits may be seen near Penare Head, and his staff on St. Austell Down. He is the modern Danaid, who is doomed to the hopeless task of baling Dozmare (tidal)

Pool empty with a single limpet shell, which is bored through. In some places the giant is known as Tregeagle the wrecker, whose punishment is to spin endless ropes of sand. The family of this Cornish Orestes was established at Trevorder in St. Breock's parish: the reason of their unpopularity is lost; the actual giant lived in the reign of Charles II.

Hensbarrow, about a mile to the south, is 1034 feet high. There are several large camps near Bodmin;—Castle Kynock (King's castle), with a double vallum, and measuring 950 ft. by 800 ft.; Dummeer Wood, an oval with a single trench 450 ft. by 375 ft.; and Pencarrow (the Head of the Brooks), likewise oval, but with a double vallum 250 ft. by 200 ft. *Ligusticum Cornubiense* is found at St. Margaret's near Bodmin.

The West-Cornish railway runs from Liskeard 18 miles through Lostwithiel  $30\frac{1}{2}$  miles, Par  $34\frac{1}{2}$  miles, to *St. Austell*  $39\frac{1}{2}$  miles, by *Grampound*  $46\frac{1}{2}$  miles, from which *Probus* is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, to Truro  $53\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The great tin mine of Polgooth (Old Pool) has been the source of the eminence of the town of ST. AUSTELL, which lies on the side of a hill and slopes down to a little stream which waters a narrow valley. At the west end of the town are three blowing-houses for smelting copper ore, which for years were the only furnaces of the kind in the county. The stream tinworks of Happy Union, opened in 1780, and Wheal Virgin in Pentuan Vale, have an excavation of 18,200 square fathoms, each of which has produced on an average 186 lbs. of black tin. The china works are worthy of a visit. King Charles I. occupied the town in 1644. In the market place is the Menegew (grey rock) stone where stray cattle were sold. The church of St. Austin is remarkable for a curious font elaborately carved with grotesques, three cradle roofs, and a tower of the 15th century richly ornamented with sculptures. The church contains eighteen effigies standing in niches; over the south porch, is written in Cornish, *giben to God*. The chancel is of the 13th century. About two miles north distant, in a wild moor, is *Carclaze* tin mine, which has been yielding the ore from its lodes of

quartz and schorl for nearly four centuries. The mine is an open quarry hewn in the soft growan (decomposed granite), a mile in circuit, and 130 feet in depth. The decomposing granite, a soft growan of the neighbourhood, is exported as china clay. The far-off figures of the miners will remind the visitor of the wild legend of the elves of the Hartz, and the mannikins toiling with tiny spade and axe. The peasants believe that here at midnight, with the blare of horns wound loud and clear, the ringing of horses' hoofs in full chase, the baying of hounds and the wild cry of huntsmen, sweeps by a goblin train, pursuing a phantom beast—all black as the starless sky. A poor wanderer crossing these dismal moors heard the cry of the demon-hunt behind him, and at once took to flight; at length his strength was spent, and he fell upon his knees and prayed; scarcely did he dare to raise his eyes, but when he did, the weird leader shook his hand with a menacing gesture, and exclaimed, "Bo shrove," (the lad prays); in a moment all were gone, "the fiend and his dandy-dogs," and the last sound of the dark array was lost in the distance.

The shafts of the deserted mines, with which the moors are burrowed like a warren, are far more dangerous than the vast quarry, forming terrible trapfalls, which are concealed by bundles of gorse and broken pieces of timber. In this neighbourhood are "stream works," diluvial beds of tin ore, where the rivulets are used to separate the metal from common pebbles. Above the tin ground at Pentewan is a black stratum, with stumps of trees and roots thrust into gravel, 48 feet above high-water mark. Silt succeeds, with deer horns and other remains of land animals; above this is deep siliceous sand with marine relics; the uppermost silt is defended from the sea by a sandy beach.

On the Down is the *Longstone*, 12 feet high, known also as the giant's staff, planted here by Tregeagle when he ran after the broad bonnet which the tempest had swept away from his head, and he could not find.

The town of GRAMPOUND, which can only boast of a

granite cross and an ancient chapel, and was once represented by Hampden, is seated in the midst of six old entrenchments, each within a walk of a mile. The borough was disfranchised for bribery in 1821. From this town the road to St. Mawes runs through Tregony, near which is RUAN LANGHORNE, where John Whitaker, author of the "History of Manchester," and of the "Cornish Cathedral," &c., was rector, and *St. Just* in Roseland (church valley). The road commands a fine view over Gerran's (King Gerenius') Bay. At Golden, a gateway and chapel, Perpendicular, remains. Probus church possesses the most beautiful church tower in the county; one which bears a distant resemblance to that of Magdalen College, Oxford. It is of granite and 108 feet high: in the lower story are three canopied niches; over these is in each face a single window, and below the embattled parapet a pair of windows, Perpendicular. There is a brass to I. J. Wolverdon, 1515. The dreary squalor of the cottages offers a remarkable contrast to this beautiful structure. The road now passes Tresilian bridge, where the royal cause was lost in Cornwall by the surrender of the Cavaliers to Fairfax 1646; and Tregothnan (built by Wilkins), the seat of Viscount Falmouth: it contains some pictures by Opie.

## TRURO

(Population in 1851, 10,733) was the birthplace of Polwhele, of Lord Vivian, Samuel Foote (at the Red Lion Inn), R. and J. Lander, who first explored the Niger (a column was erected here to their memory in 1835); of Sir John Arundel, who captured the noted Scottish pirate Duncan Campbell; of Bode the painter; and Martyn the author of the Persian translation of the Holy Bible. Here Opie was encouraged by Wolcot to proceed to London as a painter. The town stands in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, in a hollow among the hills, through which run little valleys, each watered by a lively brook. Truro was the head-quarters of Sir R. Hopton in 1642 and

1646. Prince Charles was here in 1645, and in the winter of 1647. The lords of the manor used to levy smoke money on every hearth; and, as at Chester and Kingsbridge, a glove is still hung out to mark the opening of the annual fair. The borough returns two members. The town gave the title of baron to Chief Justice Sir T. Wilde, July 15, 1850. The church of St. Mary, built 1518, contains a reredos of Caen stone, and some stained glass by Warrington; the octagonal spire was added in the middle of the last century. In the chancel is the monument of the gallant Owen Phippen (died 1634), a Dorsetshire man, who, with ten other Christian captives, escaped from Algiers and defeated sixty-five Turks in their own ship, which they carried into Gibraltar. There is a brass of a civilian, 1680. At St. Clement's, two miles east, is an inscribed stone. St. George's, 135 feet long, built by Haslam, was consecrated October 28, 1851; the glass is by Warrington.

A young man of Truro, C. Warrick, used in 1780 to paddle down the river to Falmouth in a canoe worked by a wheel with a double crank, and could distance every boat. This was the principle of the paddle wheel, and yet no one thought of applying the invention to larger vessels.

At St. Michael's Penkivel, 3 miles south-east, is a monument to Admiral Boscawen, by Rysbrack: there are several brasses,—Trenarth, 1497; Trembras, a priest, 1515; a knight, John Boscawen, 1564; and two others of the same family. Eight miles north are the remains of the long-buried ancient British church of St. Piran, who, says the legend, sailed to St. Ives from Ireland astride of a millstone. *Perranzabuloe* (St. Piran's in the Sand) was laid bare by W. Michel of Perranporth in 1835; its dimensions being only 29 ft. by 16 ft. This curious church was built in the sixth, and overwhelmed in the ninth, century. China-clay supplied the place of lime, and slate and granite were used for worked stone. It is the one architectural link between England and the quaint architecture on the rock of Cashel, and the churches of Glendalough, ten

centuries old. St. Piran, the patron of miners, who was born in Ossory, 352, brought hither his mother, with St. Ia, and other saints, after whom the Cornish named almost all their towns. It is a strange scene :—the visitor crosses over an interminable waste of undulating sand ; the long bleak shore, the grey cheerless sea, wear a desolate aspect ; while the screams of the gull, and the low moan of the waves on the Cligga, are equally mournful to the ear. The only plants are *Geranium maritimum*, *hyoscyamus niger*, *cynoglossum officinale*, *euphorbia paralias*, and the *calamagrostis arenaria* which binds the sand together and arrests their progress. The lines of the poet are true of these melancholy sands and shifting graves :—

“ Here lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea wind sings  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam.”

The walls of the two primitive churches at Perranzabuloe are of solid and compact masonry : the round-headed doorway, without capital or shaft, was ornamented with a zigzag pattern. On the keystone of elvan was a tiger's head, on the corbels were carved two human heads, now in Truro museum. There was only one side window. The east wall on the north side was pierced with a priest's door and window. The font of granite was octagonal ; a bench table ran round the walls. Beneath the simple stone altar, before which King Alfred knelt as a pilgrim, lay the Saint and his mother Wingela. The cell of the saint adjoined it. In 1805, the third church of St. Piran was built at Lambourne, three miles distant. On the site of the second church, erected 1100, rebuilt in the 15th century, and deserted owing to the sand in 1800, is a granite cross thirteen feet high. One and a half mile north is Perran Round, a *Plan au Guarre* (Place of Sport), being an amphitheatre 130 feet in diameter, with a terrace formed by a bank of earth ten feet high, on which sat the spectators of the miracle plays, which were acted in the enclosure. At *St. Gluvias*, as we proceed to Falmouth, is a barn on the site of a house called *Bohethland*, which was

the scene of Lillo's "Penryn Tragedy" and Colman's "Fatal Curiosity." In the reign of King James I., the youngest son of the farmer who resided here went to sea in a privateer: after robbing many a Saltee corsair, he was blown up off the Isle of Rhodes, but escaped by swimming to the shore. Here a Jew, to whom he offered some of his spoils, detected a jewel belonging to the Dey of Algiers, and betrayed the fugitive. He was sold for a galley-slave; but after years of suffering he struck off his irons and fled: his next voyage was with a surgeon to the East Indies. Fifteen years had gone by when, with a belt containing all his rich earnings, he was wrecked on his homeward voyage on this coast. Approaching the nearest house to crave food and shelter, the door was opened to him by his sister, to whom he showed his gold and gems. Once more he set forth to see his parents at Bohethland: he found them poor and sorrowful, but would not reveal himself till his sister could come from her home in the morning to make a joyous meeting. Before he slept he placed in the old woman's hand a piece of gold. Very early came the sister asking for the poor sailor her brother: the aged pair denied him. "He is your own son!" she cried. They had murdered him in his sleep! He was recognised by a scar upon his arm; and when the neighbours, attracted by the cries, ran in, they found father and mother lying dead by their own hand, and the sister lifeless at the horror of the sight.

The church has a brass of T. Killigrew (died 1484), and his wives. At *Penryn* (a projecting hill), situated on a hill sloping down to a creek, and a borough returning two members, is preserved a silver cup, the gift of Lady Jane Killigrew, and the produce, said her enemies, of the spoil of a Dutch merchantman. The Waterloo monument, Waterloo Bridge, London and Chatham Docks were built of Penryn granite. *Antirrhinum repens* is found here. Four miles south is the *Tolmen* (the Holed Stone), an oval block of granite, 33 feet long, and 14 ft. 6 in. high, with a passage beneath it. The stone is set upon a lofty bleak and was a centre of Druidical superstition.

## FALMOUTH

(Population in 1861, 4,953) was not even a fishing village in Leland's or Camden's time; but the importance of its magnificent harbour, four miles long by one mile in extent, capable of accommodating 500 sail, with an average depth of 12 to 18 fathoms, full of convenient creeks, and sheltered by highlands, was first pointed out by Sir Walter Raleigh on his homeward voyage from Guiana. On landing, he found only ten miserable fishermen's cottages on the shore. Becoming the guest of Sir John Killigrew, at Arwinnack (on the marsh), at the western end of the harbour, Raleigh pointed out its capabilities, and the knight began to build a town in 1613. The present name is derived from Valemouth. The place, in old times, was called Cassiter, the wood-land, which the Greeks rendered into Cassiterides. The Dutch were among the first traders to the place; and the village of Flushing, and range of houses called Amsterdam, commemorate their traffic. "Penny-come-quick," as the first inhabitants called it, derived its name, they said, from the speed with which the keeper of the little ale-house by the shore, which still preserves some marks of age, made his fortune by supplying the thirsty Hollanders with English beer. The name is really Pen-coom-ick, the "head of the narrow dingle, or the valley on the creek," and was afterwards Smith-ick (the smithy on the Creek), from a forge that stood near the market strand. Falmouth means the mouth of the fall of the watershed, through the broad estuary of Carrick Roads, and the name first appears in the charter of Charles II., 1661. In 1662, it returned representatives to Parliament: with Penryn, it now elects two members. The arms of the town are—Arg. a double-headed eagle, sable, ensigned on either wing, and on the breast, with a castle triple-towered of the field. On March



17, 1664, the new town gave the title of Earl to Charles Berkeley, who died 1665 ; of Viscount, Oct. 1, 1674-1716, to the family of Fitzroy—renewed June 9, 1720, to the Boscawens ; of Earl to the same family, July 14, 1821 ;—but since Aug. 29, 1852, of Viscount only, the earldom having become extinct. In 1679, John Lord Robartes received, said the courtiers, a patent of earldom, taking the title from this town ; but his lady being saluted as Countess Penny-come-quick, he resigned the inharmonious honour within six days. The church (W. J. Coope, R.) was erected immediately after the Restoration, and bears the name of Charles the Martyr. Under the east window, which contains some foreign glass, is an illuminated reredos by White.

In 1676, Sir Peter Killigrew built the quay : a packet-station, shortly afterwards established, consummated the welfare of the town. In 1688, communication was opened with Lisbon once a week, and in 1696 to the Groyne ; in 1705, by 5 ships of 150 tons each, and with crews of 30 men, to the West Indies ; in 1706, to Gibraltar ; in 1764, to Savannah and Charlestown. In 1776 there were 9 packets, and in 1803 20, on the establishment, with 14 used for temporary and general employment. In 1846, Falmouth had 576 ships, of 24,703 tons : in 1700 there were 350 ; in 1750, 500 ; and in 1811, 647 inhabited houses. It has ceased to be a foreign packet station, but steam communication is now maintained with London, Dublin, Liverpool, Southampton, Plymouth, and Penzance.

On Jan. 18, 1403, Joan of Navarre landed here on her way to her marriage with Henry IV. On June 30, 1644, Queen Henrietta embarked here, in a Dutch vessel, for France. This shore was the scene of the story of the Cornish Lovers. Poor, but of an ancient and honourable family, after a long hindrance by their friends, they were married ; but soon after the wedding the bridegroom had to proceed to foreign parts to take possession of a fortune most opportunely bequeathed to him by an unknown relative. To afford his wife a happy surprise, he lamented, by letter, that he must yet delay his departure for some

time longer, while he was joyously on his return. It was in the cool of the evening, after a storm, that his bride and a kinswoman walked along the shore, and watched a floating object on the sea, which at first appeared like a coffer, but proved to be a human body. The gentle-hearted wife turned to summon help to pay the last rites to the dead, when the corpse was thrown at the feet of her cousin, who fell upon the ground with a wild shriek. The wife stooped to raise her swooning friend, when she saw lying by her side her own husband! An aged woman, who had been the nurse of the shipwrecked youth, coming to call the ladies to supper, found the three senseless bodies. She woke the cousin from her trance and chafed the husband's limbs to life; but the bride was gone for ever, his only, even to the grave!

In the French revolutionary war, a squadron of frigates was stationed here, under the command of Lord Hugh Seymour and Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth. In 1748, a family intending to embark here, was compelled, owing to the scanty stage accommodation, to engage a coach and horses from London. A party of young men took the back fare, stipulating that the vehicle should bide their pleasure in any town where there was a cock-fight. In the time of the Stuarts, the only mode of travelling, except for persons of fortune, to the north of York and the west of Exeter, was by pack-horses, seated between the panniers.

In Dec. 1795, Southey sailed from this port to Corunna. Lord Byron was here from June 22 to July 2, 1809, and thus describes the place: "St. Mawes is garrisoned by an able-bodied person of fourscore, a widower; he has the whole command and sole management of six most unmanageable pieces of ordnance, admirably adapted for the destruction of Pendennis, a like tower of strength on the opposite side of the Channel. The town contains many Quakers and salt fish: the oysters have a taste of copper, owing to the soil of a mining country; the women (blessed be the corporation therefor!) are flogged at the cart's tail when they pick and steal." Byron embarked

here for the Mediterranean, on the pilgrimage of Childe Harold.

At Trefusis Point, the Queen transport was wrecked, on Jan. 14, 1814, when 195 lives were lost.

In 1833, the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society was instituted at Falmouth, to promote emulation in the fine and useful arts among all classes.

The botany includes *Beta maritima*, *Campanula hederacea*, *Sibthorpia Europæa*, *Fucus ovalis*, *F. loreus*, *linum usitatissimum*, *Lichen paschalis*, besides the other rare plants of Cornwall, *Ænanthe crocata*, *Silene amœna*, *Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*, *Sedum Anglicum*, and *Bryum crispum*. The *Erica vagans*, the "white heath," which grows only on serpentine, will add from hence a treasure to the botanist's box. The hornblende here is schistose and compact as at Fowey and Llanteglos, and indeed always when the calcareous series forms a junction with the porphyritic.

The windmill, an invention introduced by the Crusaders, was first erected here in the 13th century: the site of the original structure is still occupied by a building which would have provoked the Knight of La Mancha.

Carlyle, in his 'Memoirs of Sterling,' has vigorously sketched, in a few lines, the appearance of the town. One of the most striking features is Pendennis Castle, at the west entrance, seated on a rock 300 feet high, with an area of three acres. It retains traces of horn and crown work, erected by Cromwell; and on the south side is the granite round tower built by Henry VIII. In 1644-5, the Duke of Hamilton was imprisoned in the gloomy cells of this castle. Col. Fortescue and Admiral Batten besieged it by sea and land during the spring and summer of 1646. Prince Charles was here in 1645; and his father's loyal follower, Sir John Arundel, of Trevice, imitating the defence of Raglan Castle, held the forts of Pendennis and St. Mawes, the last over which the royal standard floated, until he had but 24 hours' provision left in the wasted garrison. He then surrendered, but marched out with the honours of war, a gallant veteran with flowing hair, white with the

snows of 85 years, at the head of a handful of men, with drums beating and colours flying. The castle was struck by lightning Nov. 1717. The town of St. Mawes, on the opposite shore, which terminates in St. Anthony's Head with a lighthouse, and an Early Decorated chapel on the summit, bears the name of an Irish recluse. The castle round a keep, with circular bastions, was built about 1540; the church, by the Marquis of Buckingham, in July 1812.

*Gyllan-Vaes* (William's Grave) is said to be the burial-place of that Prince William, son of Henry I., who, with his brother and sister and many Norman nobles, perished by the shipwreck of the *Blanche Nef*, off Barfleur, in December 1130, after whose untimely death his father never smiled again. The Black Rock which lies between the two castles is considered by Borlase to have been the place of traffic for tin between the Phœnician and the Briton. At *Mylor* (so called after a Cornish prince), which stands on one of the numerous creeks, is a detached steeple. The church, of the time of Henry VI., contains an effigy of a Trefusis, a brass of T. Killygrave, gent., 1500, and a Norman doorway. Four miles distant is the church of *St. Feock*, in which prayers were, for the last time, said in Cornish: near it is a cross. *Tregothnan* House, near Truro, was built by Wilkins: it is a seat of Viscount Falmouth.

From Falmouth to the Lizard Point occur the headlands of Pendennis Point and Rosemullion Head, which enclose Falmouth Bay: the estuary of the Helford river intervenes between the latter promontory and Nare Point. To these (off which are the Manacles rock, and may be heard the bells of St. Keverne, within sound of which no metal can be found) succeed Dranna Point and Chynals Point, and Black and Innis Head. Southward from the line of Helford river (near the mouth of which is Manaccan, once the residence of Polwhele, the county historian) projects the English Chersonese, terminating in the *Lizard Point* (Cornish, 'a jutting headland'). It is a stern, wild district, scarcely relieved by tamarisk (*Tamarix*

Gallica is found at Coverack Cove) and myrtle, and the rare white heath, *Erica vagans*, and plants as seldom met with, the hairy green-weed, *Genista pilosa*, *Lotus hispidus*, Autumnal squill, *Raphanus maritimus*, and *Vicia lutea*; *Herniaria glabra*; and the three trefoils, known as *strictum*, *Mollineri*, and *Bocconi*; *Fucus esculentus*, *F. jubatus*, *Geranium sanguineum*; *G. maritimum*, *Lichen rupicola*, *L. crenularius*, *L. obscurus*. The footpaths, for the most part, are stone walls four feet high, but with a line of coast formed of serpentine, of every various form, set with nature's own sparkling jewellery, red, brown, creamy gray, yellow, and green-olive, or brilliant as malachite; glittering on rocks like purple velvet, wavy and streaked like the skin of the snake, from which it derives its name. The coast is perforated with innumerable caverns (here called *hugos*), obscure and horrible enough, through which the sea hurls its waves with a deep booming like thunder, and pours, when winds are fierce and strong, the thick spray like smoke-wreaths, and clouds of foam, like a shower of silver, high over the dripping headlands above, as if trying to regain its ancient margin, the traces of which are yet visible on their tremendous front. It is from the force of these sea-winds, and the brine which they deposit, that this district, so soft in temperature that snow will scarcely rest for a night, is a mere desert; while the soil is rendered barren by the nature of the underlying rocks and the prevailing magnesia. The solitary exception is at the Lizard, where the tall hornblende and mica slate decompose, and yield a rich harvest of barley, which is, however, sorely wind-tossed and scattered. It is only of recent years that the serpentine has been in demand, although there are three monuments in Westminster Abbey of the beginning of the last century wrought of this superb material. At Carminoe Cove is found *Ruppia maritima*, and, at Gunwalloe, *Ranunculus lingua*.

The table-land, once covered by the Cornish Nemæan forest, was more lately known as Goonhilly Downs. Here Thomas Flavel, vicar of Mullion, who died 1682, professed

to be a ghost-layer, and charged five guineas as the price of his incantations. Two envious parishioners had concealed themselves behind some stones, with the same intent, but without privity, to observe his exorcism, when the prudent vicar, as a preliminary action, smacked a stout whip, which frightened the intruders, so that each took to his heels his own way, shrieking at the sight of his fellow, amid the laughter of Mr. Flavel. Evelyn's Mrs. Godolphin lived in this neighbourhood. Pilchards, which elsewhere are known as "fair maids," are here called *fumados*; and it has long been surmised that the inhabitants of this part of Cornwall are of Spanish extraction. Off the Lizard, July 5, 1744, Prince Charles Stuart, with the *La Doutelle* and the *Elizabeth*, engaged a British cruiser. The *Elizabeth* was so crippled as to be compelled to return to Brest; but the prince pursued his course, as he said, to find a crown or a grave in Scotland. The *Gue Graze*, or soap rock, to the west, is formed of steatite (tallow), which was long employed in the porcelain works of Worcester, before the discovery of the white kaolin or china clay of St. Austell: it is of white or pale straw colour, and streaked with green veins. At *Kynance Cove*, and along the shore on the east of the Lizard, the basaltic caves form submarine grottoes and deep vaults, so cool and full of repose, as contrasted with the glare without:—some spanned with stone roofs of infinite richness, and solid walls burnished by the surge of centuries, accessible at low tides, into which the huge fissures and chasms admit gleams of fairy light, wavering with the course of the sun; others resounding with hollow echoes from the hoarse plash and gurgling of the restless waters which form in places rock-pools clear as crystal; and under them lie the yellow sand and waving snake-locks of sea-weed, and brackish wells where the sunlight sleeps a fathom deep. Here may be found the pink wrack, the sensitive sea-weed, and the crimson sea-dock; delicate corallines, and those other sea-wonders, living plants that mock the flowers of earth, chrysanthemums, anemones, and dahlias of the deep, scarlet or purple, damasked,

starred, or shot with gold, brown and gray, floating in broad palms, tangled in graceful curves, sliding below the blue water or branching across the gorgeously-coloured pebbles.

“ Look how the golden ocean shines above  
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth ;  
So does the bright and blessed light of love  
Its own things glorify and raise their worth ;  
As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering brine,  
And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed,  
E'en so our tokens shine.”

*Kynance Cove*, divided from Gue Graze by the Rill-head (where the stones for a demon-causeway over the channel are shown), lies on the west side of the Lizard. A lofty steeple-rock in the centre ; a pyramidal-shaped island covered with wild asparagus ; rocks of felspar, asbestos and granite, jade and diallage (the latter is a laminar mineral, with spangled crystals of metallic lustre, gray or bronze) jagged like pinnacles. The deep caves, glittering within like the halls of romance or the homes of genii, are incrustated with natural gems ; and a shore bespread, too, with delicate shells and the foam-bells of the rippling tide, on which grow the sea-holly and beet, camomile, samphire, and fennel, leaves no taste ungratified. It is a spot where Glaucus might woo his mermaidens. In one part of the island is a ghastly chasm through which may be seen, far below the slippery edge and the rising of the tide, a broad sheet of tumbling foam like a seething caldron : and seaward is a rent through which the waves boil up in one great broad jet, and fall back in sparkling cataracts, eddying and rushing round and over the rock below. The cliff of the Lizard is 186 ft. high, with its brow of talc and mica slate crowned by two lighthouses built 1792 by T. Fonnereau. Near it lies the Pistol Meadow, on which, years ago, were cast up from a wreck the bodies of 200 seamen, with their arms. The ill-fated ship was a man-of-war, carrying a governor and 700 troops to a West Indian colony : two Cornishmen, who earnestly pointed out the

danger of the shore, shared the fate of Cassandra. They were put in irons by the stubborn commander, and, thus manacled, the poor fellows were found dead upon the rocks. Hounds of strange ferocity came down to prey, but were hunted out of the country by the peasants, and many a mile may yet be traversed without hearing the bark of a watch-dog. The other two points of interest are a monster landslip which occurred Feb. 1847 :—the *Lions' Den*, a chasm 100 ft. in circuit and 70 ft. in depth ; and *Daw's Hugo*, a cave lit by two lights crossing like network, rent deep into the rock ; with receding arches, and sea-plants in its little cells and crannies for its natural tapestry, where the silence is only broken by the murmur of the swell subdued to a dreamy whisper and the chime of the soft rain dropping through the cells of the overhanging roof.

HELSTON (the town on the Heyl, or marsh) was made a borough by King John 1201, by a bribe of 40 marks and a palfrey : it returns one member to Parliament. The church of St. Michael was built of white moorstone from Tregoning, by Earl Godolphin, 1763. The town has only a population of 3355, but returns one member to parliament. On May 8 (the Apparition of St. Michael) is still observed the Furry (fair, or Flora's) day, when the townsfolk go out in the morning into the fields and return with garlands and flowers at noon ; and then till sunset dance to the music of a traditional tune, from time to time bursting out into a song and chorus. In former years any person not keeping the holiday was summarily cooled in the Heyl. Hall Monday, preceding Shrove Tuesday, is kept as a carnival. On May-day the lads go into the fields to gather the hawthorn. The following song is chanted lustily : it was evidently composed after the descent of the Spaniards in Mount's Bay, or subsequently to the defeat of the Armada :—

“ Robin Hood and Little John  
They both are gone to the fair,  
And we'll go to the merry greenwood  
To see what they do there.



“ For we were up as soon as day  
For to fetch the summer home,  
The summer and the May oh !  
For the summer now is come.

“ Where are those Spaniards  
That made so great a boast ?  
They shall eat the grey-goose feather,  
And we will eat the roast.”

Every person wears a sprig of white blossom, or a badge of the narrow-leaved elm, and any offender against these time-honoured customs is soundly drenched ; and so the festival is known as Dripping-day. The Maypole is not yet, in Cornwall, quite a relic of the past. Two miles distant is *Loo Pool*, famous for trout, a lake of seven miles in circuit, formed by the waters of the Cobra (a serpent-like stream), which are penned up by a line of pebbles cast up by the sea : *Corrigiola littoralis* is found on the shore. The scene is very beautiful : a narrow bar of sand and shingle separates the still water of the river from the incessant din of the breakers outside ; cliff and strand, slope and wood, all so different in character, unite to form a picture unequalled in its kind. Such a spot must needs have its legend, and the bar is said to have been formed owing to Tregeagle letting fall a sack of sand as he fled from his unearthly pursuer. On this bar was lost H.M.S. *Anson*, Capt. Lydiard, with most of her crew, Jan. 28, 1807. When the water accumulates, the mill wheels are stopped ; and, according to custom, the millers then present, through the mayor of Helston, three leathern purses, each containing three halfpence, to the lord of the manor, requesting his permission to cut through the bar. The meeting of the waters is described as grand and impressive, when the land-flood, with an impetuous torrent, beats back the waves, seething and roaring, with deep troughs and eddies, as it sweeps on like a charge of horse. Near the Pool is Penrose House (Rev. Canon Rogers).

The road from Helston to Marazion passes through BREAGE, which bears the name of an Irish saint, Breacca. In the church rests Mrs. Godolphin : the old family house

of granite is in the neighbourhood. *Pengersick* is the remnant of a Tudor castle, in which a gentleman, who had slain a friend in hot blood, immured himself for the rest of his life. Inside of *Cuddan Point* is *Prussia Cove*, where a noted smuggler, professedly Mine Host of the King of Prussia, actually built a battery mounting long six-pounder guns, in days when cutters and luggers were heavily armed. Having had the temerity in 1785 to fire upon H.M.S. *Fairy*, marines and seamen were at once landed, and now scarcely a vestige remains of the redoubt except a low broken mound. At *Perranuthnoe* (Little Pirans) is the cave into which, according to tradition, the Trelawney swam his white barb, still the cognisance of the family, the only survivor when *Lionesse* sank beneath the waves. *Lychnoscopes*, or low side windows, prevail in the district within 15 miles north of the Lizard, in the cruciform churches of *Mawgan*, *Grade*, *Carey*, *Llandewednack* and *Wendrow*, being invariably connected with the junction of the rood loft and walls of the chancel and transept. The railway leaving *Truro* passes by *Chacewater* ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.), *Scorrier* ( $3\frac{1}{4}$  m.), *Redruth* ("the Druid's town") ( $2\frac{1}{4}$  m.), *Pool* ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.), *Camborne* ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.), *Gwinnear* ( $2\frac{1}{4}$  m.), to *Hayle* (3 m.)

## HAYLE.

The neighbourhood of *Hayle* is remarkable for sands composed of shells, the towans, which are blown in by the north-west gales in spring. These sandhills, which vary from 100 to 300 feet in height, are supposed to have been increasing ever since the time of the Romans. In 1609 King James I. allowed the people to dig the sands for manure, under high-water mark. Upwards of 5,600,000 cubic feet of these comminuted shells are annually conveyed into the interior. *St. Phillack's Church* is almost overwhelmed; and at *St. Gwythian's* is buried a church resembling that of *Peranzabuloe*. The name of *Lelant* has some affinity to *Les Landes* in France. The *Arundo arenaria* is now suc-

cessfully planted to prevent the spread of the sands. The adjoining country is rich in minerals, but desolate and destitute of beauty: on the road to Camborne the ground is strewn with slate, poisonous rubble, iris-tinted refuse of the copper ore, and pierced with tall chimney-shafts. The clack of the enormous revolving wheel, the pant of the engine, the oscillating piston, the grating chain on the skeleton platform, the hoarse rolling of the locomotive, the discoloured streams, and coarse grass and gorse, offer sounds and sights agreeable to neither ear nor eye. Yet under this stony desolation, savage and mournful as it is, lie treasures which would ransom all the kings of the earth. Wealth, to which green wood and pastoral lea can offer no comparison, is hid under this waste,—veins of metal, the best channel of electric agency, and which, in its various uses, make the mines an English Golconda, and one of the chief supports of British strength. And out further on the moor, the motionless tors and stern granite-blocks seen in the misty twilight, stretching away miles upon miles, look like the pillars of a Tadmor—some ruined desert-city, full of the temples of the cruel Druids. Their scarred forms, wonderfully soft and mysterious, under the full hunter's moon, assume a terrible aspect, when the heaven above is black with thunder, and the wild fierce storm-wind wails and shrieks like the voices of fallen spirits, the forked lightning leaps down and splinters into fragments the massive unhewn pillars, and leaves the black imprint of its touch upon the rocks that stood here before man was. And yet that adamantine granite on these moors, whence the slab is hewn to pave the pathways or front the palaces of London, and continue unworn by the passing feet of thousands, or the decay of time—the granite which, at the Land's End, the ceaseless sap of the Atlantic cannot undermine, is gently decomposed by the soft hand of Nature into the china clay of the fragile teacup which we guard from an infant's touch. Even the sterile desert proclaims the glory of the Creator and the wonders of His hand.

The next station, distant  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, is MARAZION (the

*island-mart*, in allusion to the Mount in the neighbouring bay). The town, situated on the slope of a hill, has constantly been known as Market-Jew; the miners, who will not whistle under ground for fear of the spirits, believing that here the ore was first dug by the Jews who had stood on Calvary when the sun grew dark at noon-day, and were condemned by the Romans to toil in the mines here. The old smelting-houses they call Jew-houses, and the refuse ore occasionally found, Jews' tin; and in the same way the ancient name of the town is often interpreted according to its modern corruption, "the Bitterness of Zion." The miners also believe that the subterranean noises are the work of the "knockers" in the "Attal Sarasin," confounding the Hebrew and the Saracen. Don Quixote alludes to the old tradition of the veneration paid to the Cornish chough, which is believed to embody glorious King Arthur, who, after all, was not wafted from Tintagel to the lake of Camelot. The town was plundered by the French; and in 1549, by Humphrey Arundel of Lanherne and the Cornish rebels. *Brassica oleracea* is found in the neighbourhood. From this spot to Chyandour the sands have a bluish tinge. Borlase relates a marvellous story of this shore, on what he describes as respectable authority. Having dilated on the sea-magpie, the soldier-crab or hermit-shrimp, which unscrupulously takes possession of a vacant tenement, he describes the close siege laid to an unhappy oyster by a voracious lobster: the closed valves baffled the warrior in black mail for some time, but the creature happening to gape, the enemy, by a flip of his claw, adroitly inserted some little pebbles, which made the oyster an easy prey!

At Porthleven, between 1806 and 1810, eleven ships were wrecked, with the loss of 250 lives and of 300,000*l*.

The chief ornament of the bay is—

**ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.**

“ Majestic Michael rises, he whose brow  
 Is crowned with castles, and whose rocky sides  
 Are clad with dusky ivy ; he whose base,  
 Beat by the storm of ages, stands unmoved  
 Amidst the wreck of things, the change of times.  
 That base, encircled by the azure waves,  
 Was once with verdure clad ; the sacred oaks,  
 Whose awful shades among the Druids strayed  
 To cut the hallowed mistletoe, and hold  
 High converse with their gods.”—H. DAVY.

Bowles has likewise sung of this remarkable hill, finely imagining around it the “ sounds of mighty generations past ;” its name in Cornish signifies “ the gray rock in the wood ;” for, once bosomed in wood, the intermediate land, called Lionesse, covered with 140 churches, between St. Michael's and the Scilly Isles, is said to have been overwhelmed by a fearful deluge in the 10th century, like the Irish Lough Neagh, and Plato's isle of Atlantis ; and the fishermen averred that, on calm sunny days, far down in the clear blue depths, they could see the towers of a lost city gleaming under the waves. Trees—oak, willow, and hazel—are found now under the sands between the Mount and Penzance. St. Kevin, in the 5th century, came hither as a pilgrim from Ireland. Craggy and barren, a peak of Teneriffe in miniature—on one side a steep precipice, on the other a gentle declivity—St. Michael's Mount is a huge irregular pile of granite rocks and stupendous cliffs, dappled with a few firs, a mile in circuit, and 231 feet high from the sea-level to the platform of the tower. Granite forms the summit and south side ; towards Marazion the base is of slate. One shapeless crag bears the name of the “ Giant's chair,” and a cavern is called the “ Cave with the voice.” From the Mount is often witnessed the “ Calling

of the sea," a mist rising in the quarter from which the wind will shortly blow. Tremendous as sudden is the furious sea which bursts in unawares, rendering the passage from the mainland a continual peril to the passenger; the main is only accessible at low water.

" Who knows not Michael's mount and chair,  
The pilgrim's holy vaunt;  
Both land and island twice a day,  
Both fort and port of haunt?"

The Mount took its name from an apparition of the archangel to some hermits; and Milton, in *Lycidas*, alludes to the legend:—

" Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward, angel! now, and melt with ruth."

A grand prospect indeed—the British Channel, the Irish Sea, the broad Atlantic, all meeting at this spot, while the Lizard Point and Land's End close in the bay. A Cistercian abbey, a Gilbertine nunnery, with a chapel of St. Mary, stood on the north-west. Edward the Confessor founded here a Benedictine priory, which Robert, Earl of Mortaigne, subjected as a cell to St. Michael's-of-the-Peril-of-the-Sea in Normandy. In Richard the First's reign, a Devonshire knight, named Henry Pomeroy, having murdered a king's messenger, fled hither to his sister, expelled the monks, and fortified the hill: when pressed by the pursuers, on the return of Cœur de Lion, he had his veins opened, or as others say, mounted his horse and leaped into the sea. John, Earl of Oxford, in the disguise of a pilgrim, seized the place, and for some time held out against Henry VI. in 1471. Lady Catherine Gordon took sanctuary here, but was compelled to surrender to Lord Daubeney. On the rising of the Cornishmen, in the time of Edward VI., the chief families who had taken refuge at the Mount were made prisoners by the rebels, who advanced under shelter of the hues of hay. In July, 1676, the castle was struck by a huge meteor, a

blue metallic fireball : it broke down the walls, and crashed through the roof of the room in which sat Lady Catherine St. Aubyn, by whose side it shivered and fell harmless !

The church is composed of a nave, 48 ft. by 20 ft., with a rood-screen, painted with the story of the Passion ; and a choir, 21 ft. long, which had three stalls on either side ; and on the right of the altar, 12 stairs to the vaulted crypt, 12 feet square. In it lies Sir John Arundel, who, in the time of Henry IV., was killed on the strand below. The refectory in the south court, 33ft. by 16 ft., and 18 ft. high, has an oak timber roof and kitchen adjoining. On the tower is an ancient lantern, in which a light was kept burning, as a beacon to fishermen. There is a recess called *St. Michael's Chair*, in which pilgrims used to seat themselves, as a proof to the neighbours that they had accomplished their errand : it was long a piece of folklore, that the husband or bride who first occupied it would be supreme ever after. King Charles II. lodged in the Mount. On the rock is found the white topaz. The botany includes fucus esculentus, *F. tamariscifolius*, *F. tormentosus*, *F. tuberculosus*, *F. loreus*, and *F. bulbosus*. Southey walked hither on foot in 1799, and was again here on his last journey to the West, Dec. 1836.

The next station to Marazion is

## PENZANCE

(the Holy Headland), the birthplace of Sir Humphry Davy, Gilbert Davies, Lord Exmouth, and Mary Kalynack, the old woman of 84 years, who walked all the way to the Great Exhibition. The town has a population of 9500, and a climate in which there is no real winter. It stands in the hollow extremity of a deep bay, which to the east sweeps in broad curves as far as the Lizard, with its long dark level line, and southward bends in a convex form towards Mouse-hole and St. Clement's Island. St. Mary's Church (H. Batten, P.C.) was consecrated 1680 ; St. Paul's was built of granite by Matthews, in 1835 ; the glazing is by Willement. The esplanade was formed in 1844. St. Paul de Leon was a Cornishman, but the town of the name

in the vicinity is called after Pol, a lake. St. Pol was the lake saint, St. Denys the hill saint, and St. Allan the moor saint. In 1791, a poor miner, named Thomas Curtis conceived the bold idea of sinking the Huel (hole) mine under a shoal 720 feet from the shore. Three summers were spent in the arduous undertaking, for the rock was of elvan (porphyritic rock), covered with water during ten months of the year, with a depth of 19 feet at spring-tides. Ore to the value of 70,000*l.* was raised; when an American vessel, breaking from her moorings, demolished the machinery, and put an end to an adventure unprecedented for ingenuity. At Penzance the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall have their museum, founded in 1814 by Dr. Paris. On the Eves of St. John and St. Peter, bonfires (boon or contribution fires) are kindled, and torches brandished by the people going in long procession, while the younger folk keep up a fantastic dance, in which threading the needle forms the prominent feature; while on St. John's day, the poles that mark the boundaries of the mine are garlanded with flowers. The botany is rich; including the lady's tresses, sea spurge, *alisma damasonium* and *ranunculoides*, *scutellaria minor*, *Drosera longifolia*, *hypericum androsæmum*, *panicum dactylon*, *silene Anglica*, *Campanula hederacea*, *Santolina maritima*, *exacum filiforme*, *Eriophorum vaginatum*, *Sibthorpia Europæa*, *Bartsia viscosa*, *senecio Jacobcæa*, *euphorbia pepulus*, *anthemis nobilis*, *ulex nanus*, and *lichen caperatus*.

Here, too, that remarkable sight, "the Briony," is not unfrequent, when the gentle swell appears barred with shining paths of liquid fire, and the whole bay gleams with the soft sparks of the glow-worms of the sea:

"The lamps of the sea-nymphs,

Myriad fiery globes, swim heaving and panting; and rainbows,  
Crimson, azure, and emerald, are broken in star-showers, lighting  
Far through the now dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of  
Nereus,

Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the bloom and the palms of the ocean."

In 1525, and again on 23 July, 1595, the Spaniards burned the town: so superstitious were the people, that they



allowed these pirates to fulfil an old prophecy, while they looked on ; but no sooner was it accomplished, than they drove the ruffians into the sea. In 1646, Fairfax plundered the place. On Sept. 4, 1846, the Queen and Prince Albert cast anchor in the bay, on board the royal yacht. From *Newlyn*, seven fishermen sailed to Australia in a small cutter, and at *Mousehole* (2½ miles), died in 1788, aged 102 years, Dolly Pentreath, whom Daines Barrington came to visit in 1768, as Peter Pindar says—

“ Hail Mousehole, birthplace of old Doll Pentreath,  
The last who jabbered Cornish, so says Daines.”

She could only scold in it.

On this coast, the fishermen still call seven rugged slabs “the city,” in remembrance of the buried towns, and the time when here

“ All day long the noise of battle rolled  
Among the mountains by the winter sea,  
Until King Arthur’s table, man by man,  
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord.”

In the storm of Jan. 1807, serious fears were felt that the sea would burst in, and join St. Ives’ Bay.

To the north of Penzance is *Madron* (1½ mile), with a fine cross, a ruined baptistery, and holy well. On Corpus Christi day, the sick folks used to lay an offering upon the altar, having kept vigil and fast all night, and drinking the water in the morning. Bishop Hall vouched for the reality of the cure of a cripple who was warned in a dream to try the virtue of the well, and obeyed the call. The other objects of interest are the *Lanyon*, or Giant’s *Quoit*, a cromlech (flat stone), 40 ft. by 12 ft., resting on three rocks, under which a horseman could ride ; the Druidical circle called *Nine Maidens*, *Castle Chun*, and *Pendeen*, the birthplace of Borlase, who was buried at Ludgvan, near Penzance, and compared by Pope to his native Cornish diamond, “in the shade, but shining.” At Pendrea was born Noy, the notorious attorney-general of Charles I. The road to Castle Treryn and the famous Logan Stone passes by the Deanery church of St. Burian’s (an Irish saint), with its tall Perpendicular tower and two ancient holed crosses ;

the noble rood-screen and loft have been barbarously destroyed: between it and Lamorna Cove, near Boleigh ("the slaughter of oxen"), the scene of the last struggle of the Britons against King Athelstane, are a group of curious remains. They consist of the *Dawnsmen* (the stone dance), two holed stones a furlong apart, one 10 the other 15 feet high; the *Pipers*, or giant's grave, two huge sepulchral pillars, through which the ancient Cornish mothers passed their children; and the *Merry Maidens* (from *modereng*, a circle), who were said to have been petrified when dancing on the Lord's day. *Castle Treryn* (high town) is a massive headland of granite jutting out 600 feet into the sea, with soft turf, feathery fern, and verdant moss, growing over banks and mounds which formed an ancient camp; its height varying from 50ft. to 100ft. above the sea. Lamorna Cove, now disfigured by granite quarries, was, according to the legend, the home of a Druid, whose fair pupil, Arven, daughter of Rothmar, was violently carried away from it to Castle Treryn by Oscar, who slew the aged priest when endeavouring to protect her. The favoured lover, Conrad the brave, followed on the trail, and having recovered his bride, smote the ruffian through the heart, and levelled his castle even with the rocks. In the lanes may be found *Sibthorpia Europæa*. On this coast, from the wreck of a French merchant-vessel, several butts of champagne were cast up; the neighbours thought the wine was ginger-pop, and for weeks were in a state of intoxication. In the centre of the promontory is the *Logan* (moving) *Stone*, 17 ft. high and 30 ft. round; a block of granite, which weighs 36 tons.

"Behold yon huge

And unhewn sphere of living adamant,  
Which poised by magic rests its central weight  
On yonder pointed rock; firm as it seems,  
Such is its strange and virtuous property,  
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch  
Of him whose heart is pure; but to a traitor,  
Though e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm,  
It stands as fixed as Snowdon."

Lieut. Goldsmith, R.N., a relative of the poet, in 1824 upheaved this stone from its base, having been told no human force could throw it off its poise. The outraged Cornishmen appealed to the Admiralty, and the rash officer being ordered to replace the stone, the expenses of the undertaking were scarcely paid for at his death. On Friday began the tremendous operation: three capstans, worked by seamen, began to lift the stone, on which waved the British flag; it was not, however, till twenty minutes past four o'clock on the following Tuesday afternoon that it was hoisted into its groove; then the lieutenant, baring his head, and gathering his men about him, knelt down upon the ground and offered his thanksgiving aloud before he suffered a cheer to rise from the multitudes that thronged the wide moor and clustered on every rock. *Stellaria saxifraga* is found on this headland.

Pliny mentions a rocking-stone at Harpasa, and Hephæstion speaks of another by the sea, which moved when struck by the day-lily. Apollonius Rhodius records another at Tenos, which tradition attributed to the Argonauts; and there are rocking-stones in China. Near Poonah are stone circles. Near Sithney, the Puritan and rebel governor of Pendennis, Shrubsall, undermined a large logan, and of course never thought of replacing it, but gloried in the act.

In this wild district are memorials which connect us with a people who trafficked with the Syrian and the Greek. The name of Britain, Bre-tin, the Isle of Tin, is Phœnician. Roughly-hewn obelisks, standing in pairs, are found above their graves at Dryft in Sancreet, and Trewren in Maddern. Such memorials are also found in the circles of BOSKEDNAN and BOSCAWEN-UN (down), the latter still retaining 16 out of 19 stones with a central leaning pillar; at TREDINECK in Gulval; at CRELLAS in Sancreet; and KERRIS ROUNDAGO, near Penzance, an oval with four stone pillars at the west end, marking out a square. The amphitheatre of S. JUST, of 6 flights of stone galleries, has an area of 126 feet in diameter. In it was acted the old Cornish drama, a kind of miracle-play, or mystery, with characters drawn from Holy Scripture. As those Guiremeears ("great speeches")

or conventions fell into disuse, the Cornish language decayed.

The great Western Roman road, passing Liskeard, Lost-withiel, and Grampound, ended at Penzance; and no less than seven cliff camps in this neighbourhood mark the scenes of the latest struggles of the Briton, till, in the seventh century, the last of their kings, the great Cadwallader, laid down his crown and went to Rome, there to die. These camps were afterwards occupied by the Danes, the rampart and ditch being strengthened with uncemented walls: the principal are CASTLE AN DINAS in Ludgvan, CAER BRAN (Brennus) in Sancreet, and CASTLE CHUN; the latter oval, once surrounded by a curtain 15 feet high, inclosing a space 125 ft. by 110 ft.; and further strengthened by an outer wall and ditch. CARN-BRE, 60 ft. by 10 ft. wide, is built on a ledge so uneven that there were at one point three stories, and at another there was only room for a single apartment. There are two small ancient chapels at Carn-bré and Parken, the latter measuring only 45 ft. by 13 ft. At MEAN, in Sennen parish, the folks show the stone where seven kings banqueted together in the year 600; Ethelbert of Kent and Cissa of Sussex being the chief among them. In this neighbourhood are found *Daucus maritimus*, *asplenium marinum*, *scilla verna*, *lichen tartareus*, *illecebrum verticillatrum*, *L. scopulorum*. The scawens or elders, the only approach to a tree in this wild region, gave origin to the name of Boscawen. On the south shore of this district, more than a century and a half ago, eleven sail of merchant vessels homeward bound were wrecked. Some of them were richly laden with bullion and Spanish pieces of eight: after stormy weather the money is driven upon the beach; and in Defoe's time, not only did the people "go ashoring on the sands to find the gold pieces, but several engineers and projectors, with diving engines, were attempting to recover what had been lost, and that not always unsuccessfully." The name of the DOLLAR ROCK still remains.

The finest headland between the Logan and Land's End is *Tol-Peden-Penwith* (the caverned headland on the left), with the long thin grass whistling to the wind upon the brink of its precipitous steep; and pathless moors and desolate rocks on the one hand, on the other the wide wild sea rolling in long swelling hills with white ridges from the Atlantic and the three channels which here meet, sweeping from infinite distance on the dark ledges below, with a booming softened by the height. Here were breathed the "Groans of the Britons," invoking help that never came against their barbarian invaders.

The granite is in this place traversed with porphyry and elvan (the stone of the brook), of which the churches are built: it is close and gritty. Whitesand has testaceous sands.

On reaching the *Land's End*, 387 feet high, northward sweeps the magnificent crescent of *Whitesand Bay*, with its smooth dazzling sands, on which have landed Athelstane from the Isles of Scilly ("the conger eels"), Stephen from France, King John from Ireland, and Perkin Warbeck for his insane attempt on the crown of England. On the other side of Cape Cornwall, which is 280 feet high, is *Botallack Mine*, 425 feet deep, a work worthy of Virgil's Vulcan and his smiths of Lipari. The mine forms a picturesque sight, with its smoking chimney, rough platform scaffolding, busy men and descending mules, boarded houses at the pit's mouth, its clanking steam-pump and gush of the chain-pipe, rustling cables, conduits and wheels, and winding machinery, like the meshes of a gigantic spider's web. It needs a strong head and a sure foot to descend the dark shaft, stretched over bell-cranks and posts, down which ladders with uneven rounds afford the only access to its sunless galleries, which no eye but that of man has seen; with treasures of buried wealth—bands of pure copper—lining the walls, and waggons full of ruddy ore rolling over the tramways; while there is not a cranny in the metallic roof, green with the ocean ooze, but is echoing to the low mysterious muffled sound, with its mingled sadness and sublimity, of the surf beating on the

shelf of rock 120 feet above the dimly-lighted recesses, and so unspeakably awful when the fierce roar of the waves in a storm booms overhead, that the miners instinctively mount to upper ground. The visitor must don a flannel suit before he descends into the hot atmosphere below, with a candle fixed in a clay socket on the front of his hat, to leave his hands at liberty. The miners work for 8 hours in 24; sometimes by contract, sometimes on tribute earning a per centage on the lode, or otherwise receiving wages varying from 40s. to 50s. by the month. The thermometer often stands at 85°; and consumption ensues, owing to the sudden exposure of a body fresh from that reeking heat to the bleak wind, sleet, and mists that spread out like a shroud over the dripping heath: strains and decline ordinarily break down the miner before he reaches fifty years of age. There was for a long time an old blind man in Botallack, who, if the lights went out, was able to guide the miners through the intricate galleries. The sons of Louis Philippe visited Botallack in 1851; and in 1846 Her Majesty descended Polbero.

Such a mine, so beautifully described by Job, is certainly no less wonderful than the pyramid of Egypt—which it equals in size—as an achievement of labour: but the one was built at the cost of human life for the tomb of a mummy, the other dug for the benefit of an entire country by voluntary labourers, who numbered in 1854, 28,000. Incredible is the toil: 20 or 30 men could excavate only a few inches daily of the galleries and shafts which now extend over miles of ground. One mine is 1800 feet deep; another has produced 200 tons of metal daily. The dismal, smoky candle-light, the drip of water, the dust, the noise of hammers and picks, and the explosions when rocks are blasted, confound eye and ear. It was only in the 17th century that gunpowder was employed. The heat and oppression in breathing are very trying.

The practical director of the Cornish mine is a superior workman, *captain*, who is denominated “underground,” or “grass,” according as the mine is subterranean, or consists of surface works. A chief captain, or manager, presides

over the subordinate officials; the "*purser*" is the pay-master.

Again we stand upon the bluff western buttress of England, a solid mountain of smooth red granite, strong as adamant; below are the quaintly named rocks, called the Armed Knight, the Irish Lady, the Johnson's Head, with the hissing foam and whirlpools wildly pouring between; and the Longships rock, 60 feet high and 2 miles distant, with a lighthouse built of granite, by Smyth in 1797, 52 feet high, and with a circumference of 60 feet at the base.

"Like the great giant Christopher, it stands  
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

"And the great ships sail outward and return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells."

Sadly enough, the last trace of man here, on the extreme verge of the great ocean, tells of his folly and presumption. Almost effaced, still may be discovered the mark of a horse's hoof in the smooth turf on the brink of the cliff: In 1808, a Captain Arbuthnot, then quartered at Pendennis Castle, undertook for a wager to ride his horse to the Land's End: he actually accomplished the feat, but the frightened animal reared and plunged, and he had scarcely time to disengage his feet from the stirrups, and throw himself on the ground, when the noble creature fell over the precipice, a sacrifice to his rider's senseless hardihood. The ancient name of the Land's End was Pen-ringhuard, the Headland of Blood. Davies Gilbert relates that here a lady and relative of a former vicar of St. Erth, following out a dream, prepared a magic goblet, and with incantations poured out its contents over the cliff, expecting to see the buried Lionesse and its inhabitants rise up once more to bind Cornwall to the Scilly Isles.

On the face of the Land's End is an upheaved beach of

pebbles and boulders, embedded in the cliff 20 feet above the sea: tufts of gray lichen and green moss, violet heath and yellow furze dapple its sides or fringe its edges of rocks heaved upon rocks: noble, impressive, grand always, but sublime when on the tumultuous deep below, with its unbroken vastness of extent and breadth of outline, appear the labouring ship and the monstrous waves, and the only sounds, besides the roar of the winds and the thunder of the sea, is the scream of the sea-mew and cormorant, as the gale whirls them past, or dashes them down into the breaker. And very beautiful it is also when the sky is bright and the waves ripple dreamily in the bay, as the setting sun bathes in violet hues the whole landscape, and flushes, as with the smile of the Creator, weather-beaten rock, distant cape and headland below. Above, in the deep vault of blue, floats cloud piled on cloud in ever-changing forms, with rainbow-tinted flame, itself mirrored in the sea, all on fire upon the horizon, about which lies a pathway of molten gold; this only ending where the soft-drawn islands in the west seem the fairy land in which yet lives the glory of Cornishmen, King Arthur—but only a faint image of that better country where there shall be no night—shall be no sea.

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Having completed our tour of the South Coast, making our starting-place from a point above the North Foreland in Kent, we propose now, in order to render our GUIDE-BOOK as complete as possible for tourists in the West of England, to round the Land's End, and direct their attention to the still more romantic scenery of the northern coasts of Cornwall and Devon. In this trip the tourist may avail himself of the facilities afforded by the steamers which ply to Bristol from Penzance for visiting the places of interest on those varied shores.



**NORTH COAST OF CORNWALL AND DEVON.****ST. IVES.**

St. Ives, so called from an Irish saint—Ia, St. Piran's companion,—stands in a district of tin-mines, and though picturesque at a distance, with its white sands and finely-curved bay, is an ugly, narrow, dirty, dull town, full of nauseous scents. It was the birthplace of the learned Jonathan Toup. The churches of Camborne and St. Ives contain Norman fonts, with four lions couching at the bases. The pilchard fishery is the staple of St. Ives. It is supposed that there are 10,000 regular fishermen in Cornwall. The history of the pilchard is a mystery: the shoals appear in July off the Scilly Islands; in November they disappear. Pilchards are sometimes caught on the south-west of Devon, or to the south of Ireland, but not elsewhere in these seas. Twenty-two thousand hogsheads of these fish are exported annually to Italy and Spain. The largest fishing-boat is about 15 tons burthen; the seine net is 193 fathoms long, and costs 170*l*. The "shooters" cast this net; the "tuckers" throw the tuck, a smaller net, within the seine, to bring the fish to the surface; the "huers" are the look-out men, who watch for the shoal: when the pilchards are first seen, the fishermen cry loudly, "Heva! heva!"

**NEW QUAY,**

Situated on a beautiful bay, with sands three miles in extent, under a range of cliffs of limestone abounding in fossils, and lying upon slate, has of late years been much frequented by summer visitors: a railway to connect it

with Par, near Fowey (20 miles), designed by Mr. Treffry, is in course of completion. The towan, or blown sand, here forms a concretion which is used for building purposes. The gradual formation of the sandstone can be traced, the fragments of shells in this interesting district undergoing the process of induration. At Lower St. Columb Port is a blow-hole, through which the pent-up air throws up cascades. The force of the sea has hollowed out the cliffs into caverns. About four miles distant is *St. Columb*: on the road from St. Columb Major (4 miles) (which possesses a cruciform church and an ancient parsonage) is the priory of Rialton, built by Vivian, prior of Bodmin in the reign of Henry VIII. *Mawgan* may be reached by the cliff path which skirts the red and variegated slate cliffs of Watermouth bay. The church contains a rood-screen, with vignette pattern and figures, a circular Norman font, and three brasses of the Arundel family, dated 1580 and 1578; a brass of an ecclesiastic, 1480; and a Tregonon of the 17th century. In the south transept is an effigy of a crusader (Carminow). In the garth stands an ancient cross, overshadowing a fragment of a boat's stern, set up to the memory of a crew which, drifting on shore in it, was frozen to death in 1846.

A braided cross, brought from the barton of Rosworthy, in Gwinnear, stands in the garden of the nunnery of *Lanherne*. This Elizabethan mansion was hospitably granted by the eighth Lord Arundell of Wardour to sixteen Carmelite nuns, who escaped as emigrants from Antwerp during the French Revolution. *Trerice*, an Elizabethan building, is three and a half miles distant: it belonged to the Arundells, but was sold to Sir T. Acland. Two miles south-east of St. Columb is Castle-an-Dinas, a triple entrenchment on a hill 729 feet high. It is of elliptic form, and of two lines, the lesser diameter being 1500 feet, the larger 1700 feet. It is known as King Arthur's Castle, the barren moors of Tregoeze being called his hunting-ground. A little cove, called Bedruthan Steps, one mile north-west of Mawgan Point, forms one of the finest points on the coast. Trevoze Head, six miles further, commands a most

extensive view, reaching from Lundy Island to Cape Cornwall. It is crowned with a lighthouse 200 feet above the sea, built in 1847. Near it is the tower of the ruined church of St. Constantine. The rocks are trappean (step-like), with sand and marly slate. A walk of four miles will conduct the pedestrian to

## PADSTOW.

This town (the name of which is a corruption of Patrick's or Petrock's Stow), is an ancient sea-port, with a raised beach at the entrance of the harbour. There is a bar across, which affords the only shelter to vessels on this coast. Here have been found a porcelain seal, with characters, like those in Irish specimens, on the under side of a cube; also remains of fictile vessels of unusual make; with bronze ornaments, glass, and Roman coins. In the church (R. Tyacke. V.) is a Norman font, with the images of the Twelve Apostles. Those who have been baptized in it, the folks say, will never be hanged. The pulpit, like that of Camborne, is of the 16th century, and sculptured with the emblems of the Crucifixion. Above the water-drain in the chancel, is a niched statue of St. Petrock. At *Place* (C. P. Brune), built in the reign of Charles I., Dean Prideaux resided: in it are some of Opie's earliest paintings. St. Enodock's church, at Rock, under Bray Hill, and fronting Padstow, is almost buried in the sand, which renders the scene dreary and desolate. It was rebuilt 1430, and is cruciform, containing a rood-screen, some carved open seats, and a Norman font.

A high road through Wadebridge (8 miles), with its ancient bridge of seventeen arches, built by Lovebone, Vicar of Egloshayle, in 1485 (the stone pulpit from which he preached still remaining), passes by Lanteglos, the parish in which Wallis the circumnavigator was born (in the church of St. Thomas à Becket is an altar-tomb, with the effigy of Sir Thomas de Mohun, who died 1400), and CAMELFORD (11 m.), "the crooked river, Cam-alan," once

represented by Macpherson, author or translator of Ossian. Thence the traveller can visit Delabole (2 miles), Tintagel (4 miles), and proceed to Bude Haven (18 miles). Camelford gave the title of Baron to the Pitt family, Jan. 5, 1784, which became extinct in 1804. Tretown was the site of the battle between King Arthur and Mordred, 542, and of a conflict of the Britons with the Saxons under King Egbert, in 823. In St. Kew's Church, 3 miles off the main road, there is some ancient stained glass. Adams, the astronomer, was born under the shadow of Brown Willy, a mountain 1368 feet above the level of the sea, which may be visited from Camelford.

### BUDE HAVEN.

The formation of Bude Canal, by the late Lord Rolle, connecting the haven with the inland parts of Cornwall, constructed between the years 1819-1826 at a cost of 128,000*l.* without the authority of Parliament, raised Bude into notice. The engineer was J. Green. A pier was at the same time built extending from the west side of the harbour to the Great and Little Chapel Rocks. The haven has a bottom of fine bright yellow sand, composed of shells, and is dry at low water. The village is small and sequestered, the sea view striking, bold, and sublime; the lofty rocks assuming a varied appearance from their broken forms and alternate depression and elevation. The inland scenery of the neighbourhood is highly picturesque. In the chasms of the cliffs hang wreaths of olive and purple sea-weed, and the crannies and rock-pools are rich in objects of interest to the naturalist.

The church (T. S. Avery, P.C.) was built by Sir. T. D. Acland, in 1843.

An agreeable excursion may be made from Bude (5 miles) to Tintagel. The road passes Marham Church, Treskinick Cross, within a mile of which is Week (Wick) St. Mary, from which a poor country girl, named Thomasine Bonaventure, went to London as a servant; or according

to another tradition, attracted the notice of a citizen as she was labouring in the fields, and became his wife. She returned as Lady Percival, wearing for the third time widow's weeds, and became the benefactress of her native village. The other noticeable points on the route are Dazard Head, 550 feet high, at the north point of Wide-mouth Bay, and Tresparot Down, rising 785 feet above the level of the sea. The road lies over barren heaths ; the path by the grand slate-bound coast being far preferable.

The distance from Tintagel to BOSCASTLE is 3 miles ; the road lying between hills and the precipitous coast. The latter town is most romantic, built upon the sides of the hills, which divide two valleys, each having a stream and its houses intermingled with orchards and gardens, offering a pleasant relief after the gorse-clad glens and stern cliff scenery of the neighbourhood. There is an ancient chapel of St. James. The harbour, half a mile distant, is seated in a narrow vale, between high steepes ; a brook, fenced by stone walls, runs through the hollow, which is provided with a small pier and breakwater. The sea here never rests. The rock-scenery is of the grandest character ; seals frequent the caves ; and the sea, bursting through the blow-holes in the cliffs, throws up glittering cascades. The rocks are black and precipitous, and consist of shale, abounding in pyrites and carbonaceous minerals. The inhabitants of Forrabury, envious of the beautiful peal of Tintagel, entreated the lord of Bottreaux Castle to give their church chimes and bells. The peal was cast, and the ship which bore the precious freight was already nearing the bay of the Black-pit, when the devout pilot bared his head, as he heard the bells of Tintagel ring for even-song, and thanked God for his safe voyage. The rough sea-captain rebuked him with blasphemous scoffing ; when a sudden storm arose, and engulfed the ship and her crew, the only survivor being the pilot of Tintagel. Still beneath the water, before the storm, are heard the bells tolling solemnly ; and from Tintagel steeple the warning still sounds,

“ Come to thy God in time,”

The church of St. Symphorian, at Forrabury (the distant cemetery) is of mixed Saxon and Norman architecture, a remarkable feature in Cornwall where most of the churches were rebuilt in the 14th and 15th centuries. A granite cross is in the garth.

The road to Tintagel passes through Trevethy, from which a path leads to *St. Nectan's*, or Nighton's Kieve (basin), a delicious tree-shadowed glen, wild and tangled with mosses and ferns, briars and trailing plants, and echoing with the dull plashing of a waterfall, and the ripple of a swiftly-flowing stream. The fall is divided into two parts, the lower being bridged by a natural arch: the upper cascade is 30 feet high; the lower leap only 10 feet. Adjoining are the remains of an ancient hermitage, where a pious anchorite kept midnight vigil, and prayed for all poor mariners at sea: the present name is that of a popular Cornish saint, to whom Hartland Abbey was dedicated. Many years since, the deserted cell was occupied by two aged sisters, who were plainly of ancient lineage, and of a lofty bearing: the sad stream and the lonesome wood seemed in unison with their fallen fortunes, as slowly they withered away. A curious child one day penetrated into the haunted glen, and peeping timidly in at the latticed window, saw one of the ladies, sitting bowed and in passionate tears beside the bed, on which lay a shrouded form, while she murmured, "I shall have none to weep for me." A few months after her sister had been laid in holy ground, the survivor was found in the same attitude, bent, in her lonely seat, quite dead; and with her died the secret of her life.

Half a mile west of Trevena village, a favourite sketching-place of Creswick, is the church of St. Symphorian, Tintagel, seated on a bare ridge, its tower forming a conspicuous sea-mark. A Norman font, with bas-reliefs, representing the triumph of the Cross over the serpent, some good stall-work, an oak rood-screen, Norman arcades in the chancel, and an Early English Eastern sepulchre render the interior interesting.

## TINTAGEL.

On a rock-bound coast, under its cyclopean walls, the greater depth of water, and the absence of sand and mud beneath the surface, cause the sea of the western coast to wear, when calm, a hue of deeper blue than the channel on the southern sea-board, while in the shallower parts near the shore, the waving oar-weed, and rapid movements of the fish are plainly discernible. The broad Atlantic, heaving for a length of one thousand leagues, pours in here a heavy ground-swell, rising slow and stately, the last remains of some distant storm. But at no point is the grandeur of the ocean more perceptible than under these stupendous cliffs, arching in vast billows, grassy green, and throwing up thick showers of spray, like flying mists; solemn and dreary when the south-west wind drives in the gloomy steaming sea-fog, or sweeps its vast trails away, like the furnace-smoke that rose over the guilty cities of the plain. The time to see it is in the short daylight of winter, when low murky clouds, before a storm, hanging like a canopy over land and sea, shadow the horizon, and darkening the depths, and obscuring the cliffs, draw back the outlines into the mysterious gloom and night of the sky. No contrast can be greater than that between a Cornish valley, soft, rich, luxuriant, calm, and the stern, rugged cliffs, the bare, wild hill and craggy heights of the precipitous coast. Here, approaching through the glen, riven asunder by some tremendous force, the long rollers of the sapphire-flashing sea appear at intervals; while the high mossy banks are overhung with harts-tongue, polypody, wild rose, and honeysuckle. Fern and cresses mantle a sluggish brook; thistles, sea-nettles, and thrift nestle in the crannies of the slate and quartz; samphire and stony trefoil are found on the cliffs. On nearing the shore is seen a deep cove, and the eye, following the narrow zig-gag sheep-track up the verge of the steep,

dun-coloured hill-side of the promontory, perceives winding outworks, rising and falling with the slope of the ground, and reaching to the edge of the dizzy brow, where the rocks have parted asunder, and the central parts of King Arthur's Keep have fallen centuries since, from the bluffs 100 ft. sheer into the yawning gulf below. "He must have eyes," said old Norden, "that will scale Tintagel." The landing-place bears the appropriate name of Porth-hem, "the iron gate." Fragments of bastion and battlement have strewn the beach: on Tintagel Island were once the outworks, but now all is wrapped above in dark solemn grandeur; the moan of the sea, the dirge-like wind, the knell of the thunder, are the only sounds that pass through the broken arches; there is no stir of life in the loosely-piled, loopholed ruins, which seem quarried out of the living rock; yet fancy rebuilds the walls of micaceous slate, as of old, with a metallic lustre in the sun, glittering like a palace of Arabian story. It must be a cold imagination that does not conjure up the old glories of the place—the kingly garden outside the massive portals, and the wide courts where Queen Guenevre and her ladies watch the stately marshalling of knights on caparisoned barbs, with hawk and hound, or armed for battle. King Arthur, who was born here, rides at their head, his lance Rou in rest, his sword Caliburn slung at his back, behind him following Sir Gawain, Sir Tristram, and Sir Launcelot, and those other worthies of the Round Table, each of whom was designated to honour by Merlin's magic art, the name of the chosen candidate appearing, written by unearthly fingers, above his future chair. Or, perhaps, the traveller will think of the day, when the king was brought back, wounded to death in the great fight at Camelford: angel voices sang peace to his departing soul, and the dark ship, with sable-clad ladies and their queenly mistress, came softly over the sea, and bore him away to sleep in Avalon. Here his castle stands, like a huge cairn; ivy nor moss, nor fern nor lichen, colour its weather-worn walls, though the turf slopes downward from their base, with ledges of slate breaking the sameness



of the verdure. Not a vestige now remains of St. Ulette's Chapel, Sir Galahad's postern, Sir Tristram's turret, or Sir Kaye's window ; ladies alone preserve the fashion which, according to the old song, was introduced here—

“ When Arthur first in court began  
To wear long hanging sleeves.”

To the memorable interchange of visits between Mordred and Arthur, in which they ate each other out of house and home, we owe the famous nursery rhyme—

“ I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home ;  
Taffy came to my house and ate a marrow bone.”

The castle was formerly called Dun Chine (the Fort of the Chasm), and more lately Dun-dagell (the impregnable fortress), a name of which Tintagel is a corruption. It belonged to the Earls of Cornwall : Richard, King of the Romans, resided here in it, 1245 ; and subsequently it served as the state prison for a lord mayor of London, and in 1397, of the Earl of Warwick. On the rocks are found lichen geographicus, and l. fuciformis.

The route may be prolonged to visit the interesting slate-quarries of Bowithic, and those at Delabole, about 4 miles distant. They consist of enormous excavations, on the belts of high gray cliffs, 300 feet high. Men formerly hewed and hurled down huge blocks, which the labourers below proceeded to square and slice ; but now whims raise the slate, which, after being split and polished by steam-power, is carted away in waggons. This material is used for roofing. Delabole is famous for Cornish diamonds.

MOORWINSTOW will afford a pleasant termination to an excursion. The road passes through Stratton (2 miles), a common designation for towns lying on the line of a Roman road. The church of St. Andrew has a fine tower, and contains an effigy of a knight (Sir John Blanchminster), and some brasses of the Arundell family. At Lancel's (1½ mile south) is some rich stall-work ; there is also a part of a rood-screen remaining, with rude paintings of the Apostles. It was remarkable that the same

ringers chimed the bells for the accession and the jubilee of George III.; some rang on the coronation of his successor, and one survived to pull a rope at the accession of William IV. At Stamford Hill, on May 16, 1643, Sir Bevil Granville defeated the rebels under Lord Stamford. Sir Bevil has a monument in Kilkhampton Church (3 miles), in the next village which is passed: J. Hervey was curate, and wrote here his "Meditations among the Tombs." There is a very fine Norman door, with a beak-head ornament. Moorwinstow is the living of J. M. Hawker, author of "Echoes of Old Cornwall." The church of St. Morwenna has a curious Norman south porch; the remainder of the structure being Decorated: the east window has glazing by Warrington, the gift of Lord Clinton, 1849. The carved screen is of the 16th century. The legend of the first mole in Cornwall is connected with the name of Lady Alice of the Lea, in Moorwinstow, whose blue eyes and gorgeous dress made the folks aver she had the eyes of a seraph and the robes of a queen. Her heart was set on winning the love of Sir Bevil Granville of Stow. In vain her mother entreated this haughty dame to commend her desires to heaven and not to trust to beauty or apparel; but she replied with impiety and scorn. At length Lady Alice could nowhere be found; on her favourite lawn appeared a little mole-hill, and a priest passing by took from its top her ring, on which were graven these words:—

"The earth must hide,  
Both eyes and pride."

At Stanbury Creek are some remarkable cortorted strata: at Wescott the cliffs are 420 feet high. From Welcombe to Hartland is a succession of bold and lofty cliffs.

The traveller may proceed by Hartland to Clovelly. Hartland can boast only a semicircular pier, uncouth weather-beaten cottages, dark rocks, and dangerous reefs protruding into the ever-restless surf. The north coast of Cornwall presents, leagues upon leagues, a vast front of

cliffs of great height, hollowed out into chasms, and deeply indented, as if the sea had risen up and torn them down: the strata bear the traces of some violent shock: they are shaped into lines sometimes vertical, sometimes wavy: all is the dismal gloom of utter desolation; an aspect of wild and terrible grandeur—untamed, unvaried. Gradually, however, on entering Devon, we find that time has softened the effects of sea and geological changes; short russet grass, and tufts of shrubby oak begin to subdue the harshness of the outline, until the lovely combes, which occur between Clovelly and Lynmouth, diversify the landscape. Deep narrow glens, of uncommon richness and fertility, break the sameness of the rock; and the sharp ridge and sudden peak, wave with corn, and are shaded with trees. The transitions are remarkable for abruptness; it is possible to turn at once from the most luxuriant and varied scenery to the simplest; the solemn grandeur of the dark rocks, and the open sea, where the vastness of the view concentrates the attention with a spell that fills and controls the mind.

### CLOVELLY,

romantically situated in a verdant hollow, has “a very ancient and fish-like smell.” The listlessness of a seafaring population by day is here evident enough: on the rude pier, along the landing-place of the jetty, loll the fishermen and sailors, types of a class which Cobbett delighted to vituperate; blue-trousered, scarlet-capped, and wide-booted, with striped Guernsey frocks, and weather-beaten face, smoking or conversing among a confused lumber of booms and grapnels, nets and tubs, oars and tanned sails, and riband-like coils of sea-weed of a satin lustre, and in hue green and crimson. Beneath, where the earth-stained river enters the sea, is the gray, pebbly beach, with quick succession from splendour to shade, dove-coloured and sparkling in the sun, purple under the

shadows of the cloud and the sombre-impending cliff. Beyond, the green rising tide breaks in a thin line of foam, and along the shallows skim the sea-mews; while, further still, is Lundy looming through the haze, seeming nearer from the pale shadowy background of the coast of Wales. With the red sunset low in the west, and the rays spreading like the spokes of a fiery wheel athwart clouds of every hue, comes the pensive fall of night; the embrowning shadows grow deeper; there is the still pause before a new change passes on the scenery, and every sound—the surf, the flapping sail, and the measured roll of distant waves—becomes more distinct and clear. Over wooded hollow and arching trees, over river and calm waveless sea, the veil of darkness slowly descends, and a melancholy tenderness fills the heart. But terrible indeed, when the motionless hush which fills the air—that inexplicable calm which precedes a storm, and its peculiar oppressive weight in the atmosphere—has been dissipated by the forked lightning, vivid and blinding, laying bare the abysses under the cliff, seaming the dark banks of clouds; and the terrific thunder wakes every echo among the inland hills and along the headlands; and the heaving sea burns like a flaming mirror or a sea of fire in the momentary glare, as it rolls onward to roar and gurgle in the shoreless caves and through the untrodden caverns—

“For arms innumerable the sea-giant hath,  
And each, in course of ages, for itself  
Has scooped a glen out of the living rocks,  
By waves with tempests working and with tides.”

With these ever-changing varieties—this continuous picture moving over the waters—rich colour—quietude as of a sleep, or the menace of the storm—who can find the seaside dull?

CLOVELLY is one of the most romantic, certainly the most remarkable in appearance, of the sea-side towns of North Devon. It is as dissimilar as any town could be to the smart, trim, formal Sussex watering-places, with sunshades, verandahs, and green Venetian shutters. Em-

bosomed in the richest foliage of oak woods, it descends by an almost perpendicular and stair-like street to the sea, and appears to be hung like a picture against the cliff: so steep is it that the roof of one house is on a level with the first floor of that adjoining, with cottages clustered together like the holes in a pigeon-house or the warrens on Braunton Burrows. The street is paved with popples, or beech-pebbles, as large as a man's head: it is first a direct steep, but soon becomes zig-zag; a stream pours swiftly down on either side, and the descent is closed by a few strange-looking poplars and an old wave-worn pier of stone, built by G. Carey, in the reign of Richard II. The red roofs of the terraced and balconied cottages, perched on points of rocks or deep-red cliffs, and approached by rude steps from the winding road, contrast with the wood-crowned glen, their luxuriant fuchsias and myrtles, which fill the gardens, and with the yellow sands 500 ft. beneath. The church, dedicated to All Saints (S. S. Chichester, R.), was made collegiate in 1387. In the neighbourhood, the Yellaries, or Park Gate; the Wilderness and pleasure-grounds; Gallantry Bower, on the cliff, 387 feet in height; Clovelly Court and *Clovelly Dykes*, above the cliff, on the south-east, should be visited. The latter is a perfect British circular camp, with a triple rampart. The view from *Gallantry Bower*, a steep, smooth cliff, is full of beauty: inland are hills rising in broad curves, height upon height, looking on the deep, dark sea, with glens of wavy foliage and intersected by streams; the carboniferous rocks reach westward along Bideford Bay in dark masses; while northward is the Welsh coast near Milford Haven, with Lundy in the foreground. Near Clovelly are found daphne and asplenium marinum. The little cove called Mouth Mill offers some curious contortions and remarkable veins of strata.

LUNDY ISLAND is four leagues to the west, and measures 3 miles in length by 1 mile in breadth. Its seaward front is of steep rocks almost inaccessible; inland it is bare and treeless. There is a ruined chapel of St. Anne. Of Morisco Castle the moated rampart remains, mounted with a few

cannon: it bears the name of a traitor who designed to kill Henry III., but being compelled to take flight, became a pirate here; at length, being seized, he was deservedly hanged. Another sea-rover, Mander, who, with twenty-six comrades, made Lundy his home, and was the terror of the coast in the reign of Henry VIII., suffered the same fate. Edward II. designed to make Lundy his refuge from his terrible queen. In the time of William III. it was dismantled by the French, who, under pretence of burying their captain, were permitted to land by the hospitable islanders. Lord Saye and Sele held Morisco Castle for King Charles. Benson, a member of parliament in the last century, was once steward to a nobleman in the island: he engaged in smuggling, and to avoid punishment was compelled to fly to Lisbon. Sir John B. Warren was once possessed of this island. In 1840 the island was sold to Mr. Heaven for 9,400*l*. Snipes and woodcocks are shot here. The sea-gulls are caught in nets, for the sake of their feathers. The Constable rock is said by the peasants to be the petrified Cornish giant who freed the island from reptiles. The lighthouse, 80 ft. high, 567 ft. above the sea, was built 1819. At Rat Island, the old, black, long-tailed English rat still lingers, the last of his family, which has been exterminated in other places by the brown Hanover rat.

STOKE is distant two miles and a half from Clovelly. The road passes through stony banks and over a dreary upland. The parish church of St. Nectan was the minster of *Hartland Abbey*. The tower is 120 ft. high, the altar of stone; and there is a beautiful chancel screen. The font is Norman, and richly sculptured in arcades, with chevron and pellet mouldings. The pulpit is of carved oak, and the roof retains its ancient colouring. *Hartland Abbey* (Sir G. Stuckley, Bart.) stands in a narrow valley among slopes and hanging woods. The present house was built by Mathews. It retains a cloister of trefoiled arches (Early Decorated), built by Abbat John of Exeter, in the basement story on the east and west sides. There is also preserved the effigy of a crusader. The monastery was

founded by Elgitha, in gratitude for the preservation of her husband, Earl Godwin, from shipwreck. The bleak point of Hartland, 350 ft. high, so called from the number of stags that filled the adjoining park, is the promontory of (the Tyrian) Hercules in Ptolemy's geography. The Phœnician galleys have often sailed under these sombre cliffs. The Black Church rocks, with two large arches, are a prominent feature in the view. The caves are hung with tresses of *asplenium marinum*, and rich in *osmunda regalis*. The coast scenery at *Hartland Quay* (1½ m.) is magnificent. The cliff walk passes under the semi-conical cap of St. Katherine's Tor to Milford Beach, where a cascade descends in three successive waterfalls : the traveller will remark the contortions of the strata, and the bands of black slate or red schist upon their face. The cliff at the Tor is gradually wasting away ; upon the extreme summit were discovered remains of a Roman villa, which stood once at some distance from the edge. It is separated from the main land by a broad belt of turf, on which is built a massive and very ancient wall. Near Hartland may be found *Osmunda regalis*, *lasteria Chanterîæ*, *lastrea dilata*, *asplenium marinum*, round-leaved sundew, Cornish butterwort, and bog pimpernel.

At dusk, when there is a heavy swell from the Atlantic, the traveller will recall Moore's fine expression of "midnight revellers," which he applied to the waves bursting among the caves of an iron-bound coast :—

" Beneath, terrific caverns gave  
Dark welcome to each stormy wave,  
That dashed like midnight revellers in ;  
And such the strange mysterious din  
At times throughout these caverns rolled,  
And such the fearful wonders told  
Of restless sprites imprisoned there,  
That bold were fisher who would dare,  
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff  
Beneath the wizard's lonely cliff."

Along these seas may sometimes be witnessed the phenomenon created by the *noctiluca miliaris*, when long trails

of bluish or milky-white luminous spots and spangles of intense brightness flash and sparkle like brilliants, on the crests and in the hollows of the waves.

“ Awaked before the rushing prow  
Mimic fires of ocean flow,  
Those lightnings of the wave,  
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,  
And flashing round the vessel's sides  
With elfish lustre lave ;  
While far behind, their livid light  
To the dark billows of the night  
A blooming splendour gave.”

The road to Bideford (11 miles) passes by Buck's Mill, a white fishing-village, and by the fine cliff road, called the Hobby, which was made by Sir. J. H. Williams, and is one of the most striking drives in Devon: it traverses the dense woods, and commands views, now of the British Channel, and again of the picturesque “Mouths,” coves with brawling streams, flowing under the richest foliage and through the softest turf.

## BIDEFORD,

9 miles distant from Barnstaple, is the ancient By-the-Ford. The town is built on both banks of the Torridge ; on the west ascending a steep declivity, but on the east seated at the foot of the hills. It was the seat of the Granvilles, and here was born Sir Richard of that family, who, with Raleigh, discovered Virginia and Carolina. The inhabitants were Roundheads, and built Chudleigh Fort, in 1643, on the opposite hill ; which was, however, speedily reduced by Col. Digby. The last persons executed for witchcraft in England were three poor aged and friendless women of Bideford : they were savagely put to death Aug. 25, 1682. The port had a great trade in tobacco from Virginia from 1700 to 1760 ; and the French took so many prizes near Bideford, that they named it Golden Bay. The chief



manufacture now is a coarse brown building-tile. The bridge, of the 14th century, consists of 24 arches, and is 677 feet long: it was built by Sir T. Grenville, owing to a dream of Sir R. Gornard, parish priest, who was directed to erect it where he should find a secure foundation on a huge boulder in the stream, invisible hands having before carried away every stone as fast as it was laid. Though built on woolpacks, it would shake, the folks said, under the lightest tread of a horse; and along its length one W. Alford carried for a wager four bushels, salt-water measure.

The church is dedicated to St. Mary (F. L. Bazley, R.); the font is Norman, and circular; the tower contains six bells and chimes. There is a good stone parclose on the south side of the chancel, with the tomb and effigy of Sir T. Graunfyld, 1513. J. Hervey was curate in 1738. The title of Baron Granville of Bideford, granted Jan. 1712, to G. Granville, became extinct in 1735. The manor was sold by the Granvilles in 1750. In 1573, the port had almost a monopoly of the American and Newfoundland trade. It furnished seven ships against the Armada; and in 1699, sent out to the Banks more ships than London or Topsham. In 1670, a number of French emigrants, augmented in 1685 after the edict of Nantes, enriched the town by the introduction of silk-weaving. Bideford also imported wool in great quantities from Spain, furnished by the famous Merinos, the oves marinas, so called because sent beyond sea to Spain from England, in the reign of Edward III. In 1737 the foreign trade of the place was still considerable. The quay is 1200 feet in length. The town is remarkably healthy, and escaped visitation by the cholera in 1832 and 1849. The well-known poet-postman, E. Capern, who received a literary pension from Government, is a native of the town. All the actors, and the varied scenes depicted in Mr. Kingsley's admirable romance of *Westward Ho!* are before our eyes: Sir R. Grenville, of Stow House, the giant Sir Amyas, the scholar Frank Leigh, blunt Will Cary of Clovelly, testy Coffin of Portledge, honest Jack Brindlecombe, and other young gallants, who, as they pass into the Ship at the Bridge-

foot, are watching to catch a glimpse of the ill-fated Rose of Torridge.

Marsland-mouth is still unchanged, where Lucy Passmore, the white witch, lived: lights still twinkle in the fisher-town, and the stream leaps down the chasm, as when the two brothers kept their late watch for the Portugal; still the thousand crests of foam fleck the sea, as on the night when Eustace and Don Guzman bore Rose Salterne to dim Lundy Island: the dreary moors, the hazy flats, the rich salt-marshes, and the green plain where the cattle graze, the land-locked Torridge, the wind-clipt oak-woods, the crags of slate, set in rings of fern, and the old Roman road from the Dikes to Launceston, are all the same to-day. There too is the rocky knoll, where Mrs. Leigh prayed, when, with the sound of music, amid the thunder of ordnance, and the cheers of old and young, the tall ship Rose sailed out over the Bar, with the dear enthusiast on board, whom her eyes should see no more, till the sails vanished in the haze of the great Atlantic. When the blithe church-peal chimes, we might fancy it was bidding welcome to the brave mariner from the rout of the Armada, or the blind sea-captain, led by his Indian bride home through Burrough-gates.

Sir Bevil Grenville of Stow was the first who suggested the substitution of pit-coal for wood or charcoal in the smelting-houses.

Two miles down the river is the Hubblestone, which marks the grave of Hubba, who arrived with 23 ships, but was defeated at Appledore, with the loss of his raven banner, and slain here, 878. In that rocky coffin he sleeps, say the boatmen, with the gold circlet on his brow, and his magic treasure by his side. At Kenwith Castle one mile distant north-west, 500 of the men of Devon, rendered desperate by hunger, chased the Danish besiegers back to their boats, and slew 800 of their number at the "Corner of Blood."

Excursions may be made to St. Margaret's, Northam (2½ miles), Appledore (3½ miles), and Wear Gifford (Earl Fortescue) (4 miles), remarkable for a patriarchal oak with

a trunk 28 feet in diameter, and for the ancient manor-house, with curious tapestries, a superbly-carved oaken roof in the hall, rich panelling, and an old gate-house. At Orleigh (5 miles) there is an outlet of the Haldon green-sand; and between Peppercombe and Palledgemouth is an outlier of red sandstone. On the sides of the estuary a raised beach is noticeable; and a seam of anthracite occurs in the hills, running towards Chettlehampton. At Northam Burrows (2½ miles), reaching from the Bar to the West Headland, there is a natural, but impervious rampart of gray boulders, slate, and sandstone, 50 feet wide, 20 feet high, and 2 miles long, which protects a fine extent of smooth alluvial turf, covering 1000 acres, from the high spring-tides, a scene like that described by Crabbe,

“Where all is pebbly length of shore,  
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more.”

At night the scene is one of awe and interest. The occasional gleam of the lighthouse, and the faint glimmer of the sea, only chequer the darkness. The hoarse hollow booming of the clamorous deep grows nearer and nearer with the rising tide, sweeping, rushing, breaking; the fall of the billow, with a noise of thunder, is succeeded by the harsh grating of the pebbles, and the bubbling seething of the surf; whilst far off, in the pauses, is heard the solemn beating of the rollers against the outer cliffs, a sound inexpressibly solemn, and of melancholy majesty. The gradual formation and deposit of these boulders, laid with a marvellous regularity as an impregnable sea-wall, are as full of interest as the fossil-beds of Dorset.

On the Braunton Burrows are two lighthouses. Among the sands are found golden trefoil, and crimson Our Lady's fingers; and inland, the wail of the snipe, the cry of the otter to its brood, and the hoot of the owl, will attract the notice of those denizens of towns who are unaccustomed to such sounds.

## INSTOW-QUAY,

recently known as a rising watering-place, stands on the estuary of the Taw and Torridge: in common with airy Bideford, and busy Appledore, prolific in laver, its pretty villas command views of the vale, with its winding river, the woods of Tapley Park, the tower of Northam, the Bar, and Braunton Burrows. The church of St. John (A. F. Lloyd, R.) is Perpendicular: St. Mary's (Thos. Cleveland), Appledore, was built in 1840. The railway to Barnstaple was opened in the autumn of 1855.

By the road, Barnstaple is distant 9 miles from Bideford: several coaches run daily between Barnstaple and Ilfracombe (11 miles).

## ILFRACOMBE.

“ And the stately ships go on  
 To their haven under the hill ;  
 But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still !  
 Break, break, break,  
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea ;  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me.”

Such, too frequently, are the memories connected with the watering-places—as often the scene of the last days of the invalid, as of the recreation of the happy and healthy visitor. The fine clear bracing air of Ilfracombe (Ilfordcombe) is, however, we trust destined to revive or restore many a feeble constitution. Its situation, and the irregularity of its steep and narrow streets, give the town a singular appearance. It is built of gray stone, in a valley, and along the side of a hill, parallel with the sea. The

main street is a mile long. The Capstone, a conical flag-crowned mound of shale, with veins of white quartz, and a promenade, scarped out in curves upon its front, being interposed between the houses and the channel, shelters them from the north and north-westerly winds. A little brook, entering the sea, breaks the line. On the landward side-slope, an amphitheatre of slopes covered with verdant turf, and along the green fields of the Runnacleaves, are handsome terraces; the bold lofty cliffs—a front of rocks—descend in abrupt and rugged steeps to the water. Behind are high downs, covered with golden furze, and a country billowy with hills; some vast as a mountain, some wooded, and others clad with cultivated fields, and edged with rugged borders of rock.

Between the Capstone and the Runnacleaves, is the outlet of the brawling stream which gives name to the little cove of Wildersmouth; with a pebbly beach and rough ledges projecting into the sea, rising as the tide falls, and their crannied pools emptying or filling with the ebb or flow. Broad gray rocks—one bears the name of the Lion—hedge it in, deeply fissured, and remarkable for the angular inclination of the strata, argillaceous slate (*grauwacke*), with veins of quartz. Up the sides of the Capstone are hewn zigzag paths, which lead to a glorious prospect: the broad Bristol Channel, with its various hues—deep blue in the midst, golden in the sun, pale white outside the dark shadows under the cliffs. Beyond is the Worm's Head, the far point of the long northern coast of Caermarthen Bay, with range beyond range of the mountains of South Wales; and in the direction of the church, occupying the mid distance, and seeming like a sentinel on the watch, are the seven shaggy peaks of the Torrs, shaped like a stranded sea-monster; the round down of Langley Cleeve, and the cone-shaped crest of Carntop: to the far west is the black, frowning bluff of Bull Point. To the east soars the majestic Helesborough, 500 feet high, with Rillage Point beyond, a sharp long spit of rock, black and bristling; whilst on the westward of the inclosed harbour—a natural basin—smooth as a mirror,

busy with its steamers, trawling-boats, and coasting craft, and echoing with the fall of the shipwright's hammer and adze, rises the chapel-crowned Lantern Hill.

The town contributed six ships, and 82 seamen to the siege of Calais. In Sept. 1644, Sir P. Doddington, with a party of horse, took possession of the town for the king. In 1685, Col. Wade and some other officers, who had escaped from Sedgemoor, seized a vessel, and put out to sea from the harbour, but were driven back by the appearance of a man-of-war. The harbour, a natural basin, is embayed on three sides by a semicircle of high lands, the chief being Helesborough. On the north side of Lantern Hill, a bold mass of rocks projects half across the entrance.

The pier, 850 feet long, first built in 1731, repaired by the Bouchiers, 1761, and enlarged in 1829 by Sir B. Wrey, defends the inner basin. The lighthouse on Lantern Hill, 100 feet above the sea, was formerly the chapel of St. Nicholas. The church of the Holy Trinity (T. M. Chanter, V.) is a mile from the harbour. It consists of a nave, chancel, and aisles, 115 ft. by 61 ft. It was built in the 12th century, but received great additions about the year 1400. The tower is in the centre of the north aisle. It contains a monument to Capt. R. Bowen, R.N., who fell in the attack upon Teneriffe, under the immortal Nelson, in 1797. The font is Norman: the pulpit is Jacobean. As in most Devonshire churches, there is no constructional chancel. The church of St. Philip and St. James (W. C. Warren, P.C.) was built by Hayward, in 1855. Camden held Ilfracombe as a lay prebend of the chapter of Sarum.

The *Baths*, built 1783, are at the entrance of the tunnels, cold and sepulchral, hewn under the Runnacles, and leading to the *Crewkhorne Pools*, near which De Tracy, one of Becket's murderers, hid himself. At *Wildersmouth* are found the kidney-vetch, birds'-foot lotus, bladder campion, samphire, scurvy-grass, thrift, and buckhorn plantain. The wheat-ear and rock-pipit frequent it. Near the tunnel may be discovered *coryne ramoesa*, *corynactis allmanui*, *crisia geniculata*, *c. leburnea*, *plumularia setacea*, *la-*

medea, geniculata, coryne ramosa, c. obliqua, anguinaria spatulata, alcyonium digitatum, anthea cereus, balanophyllia regia, cellularia ciliata, cycloum pupillosum, and pedicellina Belgica. The botany includes hawkweed, mouse-ear, cats-ear, English and white stone-crop, scabious and agrimony, fucus fibrosus, f. perlatus and f. jubatus, asplenium lobatum, athyrium polyclados, lastræa dilatata, l. micromera, l. cristata, adiantum capillus veneris, crysopteris fragilis, scolopendrium obtusidentatum, polystichum lonchitidioides, polypodium vulgare, and p. interruptum.

WILDERSMOUTH was the scene of a sorrowful incident. A lady who had charge of a little girl playfully insisted upon immersing her whilst bathing, when a huge wave came and swept the child out to sea: every effort was made to save it before life was extinct, but in vain. The shock proved terrible to the unfortunate guardian: hours after hours she might be seen here, pining hopelessly, watching the sea, until at length she was laid to rest in the neighbouring cemetery. The parents of the child were spared the tidings of their daughter's death, for they were lost at sea on their return from India. Another young lady, who resided at the back of the quay, was in the habit of bathing from some private stairs, still shown behind a house at that spot. She imprudently ventured out during a heavy storm, and would have been drowned, but for the courage of a brave young cobbler, who leaped into the waves, and after a long struggle brought her safely to land: but his own life was the forfeit; the exertion or chill proved fatal, and he only set foot on the steps to fall down dead. Here Mr. Gosse—to whom every visitor of Ilfracombe owes a deep debt of gratitude for his valuable and beautiful work—found *Actinia nivea*, *a. frustra foliacea*, *sertularia rosacea*, *s. argentea*, and *cellularia reptans*. At the north-west corner of the Capstone, the rocks are purplish, from coralline and sea-weed. At one extremity are the funnel-like Spouts, through which the sea sometimes dashes to a height of 40 feet. Zoo-phytes, *bellis candida*, *lepralia coccinea*, *crisia aculeata*,

*coryne ramosa*, *c. sessilis*, *c. cerberus*, *laomedea gelatinosa*, and *plumularia cristata* occur. Widemouth, 2 miles distant, is an excellent bathing-place.

On *Helesborough* is a British camp, with an area of 20 acres, and a double entrenchment to the south. *Hele* (1 mile), embosomed in elms, is a picturesque hamlet, seated in a valley watered by a brook which turns the village mill-wheel: its gardens stretch up the southern slope of the mountain. Here may be gathered the brake, harts-tongue, spotted arum, celandine, purple orchis, fumitory, wild balm, bugle, water-crowfoot, great stitchwort, primrose, violet, and hyacinth. *Chambercombe*, with oak and ash mantling its hills, and shadowing its haunted gabled house, and *Hele Strand* deserve a visit.

At the latter are found *Valkeria cuscuta*, *cresidia cornuta*, *c. genticulata*, *dasya arbuscula*, *cucratea chelata*, *delesseria hypoglossum*, *cellularia ciliata*, and *anguinaria spatularia*. At Rapparee Cove grow the crimson thistle, white goose-foot, and samphire. On the beach are some remarkable yellow pebbles, part of the ballast of two transports wrecked here during the French war, whilst conveying black prisoners from the West Indies.

*Sampson's Bay*, to the east of Rillage Point, the first headland beyond Helesborough, has two caves on the west side, and is girt with massive, unscalable walls of rock. SMALLMOUTH, one mile eastward, is a glen, rough, sandy, and muddy, at the head of a narrow inlet. It has two caves, one a natural tunnel, buttressed and groined, its dark arch framing a view of Combemartin; the other is Briar-cave, a deep circular hollow, fringed with brambles. Here are found *campanularia volubilis*, *plumbaria pinnata*, *pedicillina echinata*, *cellularia Hookeri*, *actinia anguicoma*, *A. gemmacea*. The botany includes eyebright, enchanter's night-shade, centaury, and yellowwort.

Landslips have occurred near the pretty cove of *Watermouth* (2½ miles): near it the botanist will gather the common vervain; and mountain willow-herb, *clava multicornis*, and *caryophyllia Smithii* are found here. The creek is



surrounded by rocks of gray friable slate—one conical peak bearing the name of Saxons' Barrow—and having sharp ridges of grauwacke projecting into the sea : among them are found actinia gemmacea, corals, and madrepora. Above the inlet are groves of oak, sycamore, and thorn. A little circular sweep of turf, laced by a clear trout-stream, alder-shaded and fringed with wild flowers, extends before Watermouth Castle (A. D. Basset), a picturesque but unfinished Gothic mansion. This soft secluded valley among the breezy hills is deservedly a favourite with the folks of Ilfracombe. To the visitor, released from the sound of traffic, study, or care, its sequestered silence breathes a delicious spirit of peaceful idleness and a drowsy calm. With a friend or a book, with memory or hope weaving their dreams, pleasant it is in such a spot to lie on the grass and watch the broad shadows of the clouds ; to listen to the murmur of insect life, and the stream brawling among the fern and liverwort ; or to gaze on that prospect which never tires—the ever-moving sea ; its leaping billows before the storm ; its breadth in calms, wavy and parted with silvery paths ; the breakers or tiny waves falling on the shore, attractive alike to the child and the man, with its associations and suggestions of terror, awe, and mystery.

The church of *Berrynarbor* (1 mile)—so called from the ancient lords of the manor, the De Berrys and Herberts—has a Decorated tower, Early English chancel, Perpendicular nave, and Norman arch. The village boasts a richly-sculptured stone mansion, of the time of Edward IV. Half a mile from the shore is a small circular camp. At *Bowden* farm-house, Bishop Jewel was born, 1522.

COMBEMARTIN,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Berrymouth, is named after Martin of Tours, who held the manor in the reign of William I. The village is situated in a low deep valley, among open commons and hilly moorlands. Silver-mines were worked here in the reign of Edward I., and with great success during the French wars of his grandson and Henry V. Sir B. Bulmer was able to present Queen Eliza-

beth with a cup made out of the ore: in 1613 and 1835 the works were re-opened without success; they were closed in 1848. The smelting-house was erected in 1845. The church of St. Peter is Perpendicular, built of red stone, and contains a fine Decorated rood-screen, and the alabaster effigy of Dame Hancock, 1637. The tower has six bells. It stands at the south end of the winding street of cottages and farm-houses which extends a mile from the shore. *Porphyra laciniata* is found on the beach.

In Combemartin Bay, on the west side, are Newberry rocks, of limestone and clay-slate, the end of a ridge which is wooded towards the village. Between them and Rillage Point lies the lovely Sandabay, with woods growing to the water's edge, and a little stream, in which petrified mosses are found.

*Little Hangman* is 1083 feet high: it derives its name from the hanging boundary-stone on the side; but a tradition says, from the death of a sheep-stealer, who was choked by the struggles of his stolen prize, which he carried upon his shoulders: it slipped back as he was crossing a fence, and he was unable to free himself from this living halter. The *Great Hangman* is 1200 feet high. The high lands of Exmoor bend grandly inland from this point. Crossing a deep rocky glen, the pedestrian will begin to mount *Holstone Barrow*, 1187 feet high; here another hill, *Trentishoe Barrow*, must be scaled, and then, passing St. Peter's Church, *Trentishoe*, he can descend by a steep winding path, cut through fir-woods, into the valley of *Heddon's mouth*, 12 miles from Ilfracombe, where there is a way-side hostelry, the Hunter's Inn, on the banks of the *Parracombe*.

*Trentishoe* is frequented by most beautiful butterflies; and orpine, and *lycopodium clavatum* are found on the heath, and bog-pimpernel and marsh-flowers at *Shercombe*.

The *Seven Tors*, with their rich bloom of gorse, are rugged precipices, rising 400 feet above the sea, and sloping inland, with green turf; the way winding beside the Wilder,

fringed with sallow and elder, leads to them by the church-path, or Field of Blood.

“ An iron coast and angry waves  
 You seemed to hear them climb and fall,  
 And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,  
 Beneath the windy wall.”

The maritime population was as barbarous here as in Cornwall or Sussex until the establishment of the 'Coast Guard Service: the horrible phrase of “a providential wreck” being “familiar in their mouths as household words.” Here are found the great willow-herb, hemp agrimony, knapweed, teasel, white convolvulus, milk wort, meadow-sweet, thrift, and purple loose-strife. Below is *White Pebble Bay*: the beach is formed of white quartz. On the rock the visitor will find maidenhair-fern; and the rocks and tide-pools furnish pilota sericea, chondrus crispus, coryne pusilla, rhodymenia jubata, laminaria saccharina, l. digitata, and haladrys siliquosa. The rock called the *Lover's Leap* looks down upon a spit of land called Greenway's Foot.

The distance to LEE is, along the cliffs, 2½ miles, by carriage-road 3 miles. The path leads through Lee Lane, between Langley Open, a wide undulating down on the right, and Carn Top on the left, and about a mile further reaches Langley Cleeve, where abound Teucrium, purple loose-strife, great willow-herb, yellow toad-flax, potentilla, and oxtongue. Slade Down is the highest land on this side of Ilfracombe, and commands a sea-view from High Vear Point, near Lynton, to Lundy Island on the west. At one moment is heard the cry of the landrail on the upland, the next brings with it the shriek of the broad-winged, floating sea-gull. On descending by hedgerows of elm-trees, through a lovely vale, the village is seen, with a few farms and villas, orchards and gardens, scattered through the valley and along the slopes: on one side is a richly-wooded hill; on the other a high down, with patches of dark-green furze. The road winds along the edge of the gray friable cliffs; and below is a shore

of pale pink sand and shingle—the scene of the disastrous wreck of the Wilberforce—with the merry murmur of a stream, that runs sparkling over the dripping, noisy wheel of the old gray mill. The chapel has some Italian glazing and wood-carving of the 17th century.

The *Braunton* road runs under *Carn Top*, covered with oak-trees and crowned with pines, said to be haunted by the headless apparition of a Jew pedlar, who was murdered here seven years ago. It then passes by the pretty valley of Score Lane, and Trentistowe (where sheep's-bit and convolvulus arvensis are plentiful), over West Down, to the village of St. Brannock, who built this church where he found, according to a dream, a litter of pigs. The timber roof has some effective carving. The tower is crowned with a steeple, and contains six bells. There is an unusual brass of Lady Elizabeth Chichester, who died Aug. 24, 1548, representing her kneeling before a prayer-desk. Half a mile from Braunton is the Castle-hill, with a camp enclosing four acres. The church of St. George, at Georgeham, contains the tomb of Sir Mauger St. Aubyn, d. 1292.

*Morthoe* (7 miles)—hoe means a hill—may be reached by Lee, or by following the Braunton road to the first turn-pike. The village is seated on a hill, and looks over the Woolacombe sands. In the church of St. Mary is the slab of the Tracy who murdered Becket: the brass upon the tomb is dated 1322, and commemorates another Sir W. de Tracy, parish priest. Here polypodium semilacerum may be found. The cliffs at this spot are grand, 800 feet in height, with sweeping inland slopes, here over-spread with grass and tufted with low trees, there bursting suddenly into tremendous precipices of naked rocks; in one place rising in crags, in another confused and heaped together.

*Rockham Bay* is a narrow cove, with lofty caverned cliffs of hard blue slate—a picture of desolation; on the south of the shore, strown with pebbles, burnished by the ceaseless surge, are seen, like the sharp teeth of a huge saurian, the ridges of a line of sunken, jagged rocks,

running into the sea, on which gather white bells and laces of foam. At their termination is the dreaded *Morte Stone*, the scene of many a ghastly wreck, owing to the currents and frequent fogs. On Jan. 17, 1853, the "Corn-wall" steamer here gallantly saved the lives of the crew of a stranded schooner. The tradition says that no power can move the death-stone but the united efforts of a number of women who rule their husbands. Between *Morte Point* and *Woolacombe sands*, a fine curve, three miles long, is the creek known as *Barricane*, three-quarters of a mile from *Morthoe*, famous for ocean-flowers, sea-weeds, and shells, *scalaria communis*, cowrie, *natica monilifera*, *dentalium entalis*, *bulla cylindrica*, *cladostephus verticellatus*, and mollusc, crested antiopa, and *Valkeria pustulosa*. Here too are seen the kestrels, hovering in the face of the wind, and from the circumstance called *Standgale* and *wind-hover*. The *Woolacombe sands* end in the broad headland. They are formed of shells peculiar to this spot, and so broken up that a perfect specimen can hardly be discovered. *Baggy Point* is composed of ridges of shale and cliffs of yellow sandstone; on them are marks of a raised beach. On the west side of the point, a favourite settlement with the sea-fowl, are the village of *Croyde*, *Santon Sands*, and *Braunton Burrows*, where sandhills cover a forest. There is at this point a lighthouse, and near it are the ruins of *St. Anne's chapel*. Here are found *scirpus holoschænus*, wild succory, *knautia*, wood horse-tail; *sabella alveolata*, *actinia crassicornis*, *a. mesembryanthemum*, and *plumaria primata*.

In the neighbourhood, the botanist will find also privet, sea-stock, stinking and yellow *Iris*, *restharrow*, yellow bedstraw, spurge, small and viper's brgloss, musky stork's bill, teasel, prickly saltwood, ragwort, yellow mountain violet, wood-lavender, *matthiola sinuata*, and *euphorbia peplus* and *Portlandica*. The current of the Atlantic, which here has no outlet, and sets along the north coast of Devon, renders these wild and rugged shores and deeply indented creeks prolific in objects of

interest to the naturalist, as Southey, who knew them well, describes the rich contents of these rock-pools :—

“ And here were coral bowers,  
And grots of madrepores,  
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye  
As e'er was mossy bed,  
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie  
With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.  
Here, too, were living flowers,  
Which, like a bud compacted,  
Their purple cups contracted,  
And now, in open blossom spread,  
Stretch'd like green anthers many a seeking head.  
And arborets of jointed stone were there,  
And plants of fibres fine as silkworm's thread ;  
Yes, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair  
Upon the waves disspread.  
Others that, like the broad banana growing,  
Rais'd their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,  
Like streamers wide outflowing.”

BARNSTAPLE (11 miles) was the birthplace of Lord Chancellor Fortescue and the poet Gay : in its school were educated Jewell, his opponent Harding, Gay, and Dr. Musgrave. The town is seated on the river Taw. The observable points are the North Walk, an ancient avenue like a French boulevard ; the Flemish-looking grammar-school, formerly a chantry ; the Quay Hall, originally St. Nicholas' Chapel ; a colonnade, called Queen Anne's Walk, built as a Merchants' Exchange, in 1798 ; the Bridge, mainly of the 13th century, was widened in 1834. In the church of St. Peter and St. Paul are two marble statues of Moses and Aaron. St. Michael's, Marwood (3 miles on the Ilfracombe road), contains a fine screen.

## LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH.

The distance from Ilfracombe, by way of the cliff, is 16 miles, by the carriage-road 20 miles. The former route lies through Berrynarbor, straggling Combemartin, by the wild valley of long grass and gray rocks, and fern-clad stream of Trentishoe, Heddonsmouth, by the church of St. Martin, Martinhoe; among the trees of Woody Bay Cove, by Lea and the Valley of Rocks. The carriage-road is in parts ill made, and passes for several miles an uninteresting country. The village of *Lynton*, reached by a winding road, stands upon the hill, 428 feet high, perpendicularly above *Lynmouth*, which crouches upon the seashore, at the level gorge of two valleys begirt by Lyncliff and hills covered with pines. Through these narrow glens, at the base of steep sides formed of beetling cliffs, two alpine torrents, whose springs lie among the wild rolling heathery downs, inland, flash along over their rocky beds, and under two small ivied bridges. The walls in the season are covered with peach-blossom, so soft is the climate. West Lyn claims to be a miniature of Pyrenean scenery: at East Lyn the visitor will find a waterfall, roaring and thundering after heavy rain, pouring in sweeping cascades a stream to which the chimes of the Isle of Wight can offer no comparison for volume or beauty; it goes seaward under noble trees, and among mossy glens, and woods set deep in ferns. Into one of these ravines a stag, maddened by the fast-closing hounds, leaped down to immediate destruction; and not long after, another "antlered monarch" of Exmoor Forest, being driven to desperation, flew down the valley, and actually swam out some distance into the sea, until it was captured by means of a boat and some fishermen. *Lastrea areoptens*, and *L. filix mas palearia*, *hymenophyllum unilaterale*, filmy fern, and ivy-leaved *campanula* are found

here ; at Trentishoe, orpine ; at Shercombe, bog-pimpernel. The grounds of Sir W. Herries, at Lynmouth, are very beautiful. The church of St. Mary (M. Mundy, P. C.) was enlarged 1817 and 1833. Gainsborough, writing to Price, observes that Lynton "is the most delightful school for a landscape-painter which this country can boast."

Southey thus describes this charming spot :—

"My walk to Ilfracombe led me through Lynmouth, the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, that I ever saw. Two rivers join at Lynmouth. You probably know the hill-streams of Devonshire ; each of these flows down a combe, rolling over huge stones like a long waterfall ; immediately at their junction they enter the sea ; and the rivers and the sea make but one sound of uproar. Of these combes, the one is richly wooded, the other runs between two high, bare, stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent : on either hand, combes ; and the river before the little village—the beautiful little village, which I am assured by one who is familiar with Switzerland, resembles a Swiss village. This alone would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the weariness of a long journey ; but to complete it, there is the blue and boundless sea—for the faint and feeble line of the Welsh coast is only to be seen on the right hand if the day be perfectly clear."

Until the beginning of the present century, the village was a mere fishing-creek, with approaches impassable to carriages, until Mr. Lock and W. A. Sandford opened new roads. From Lynton, the shore below, and every object but the hills, appears in miniature, and the largest vessel but Lilliputian : on the west side, the heights are 700 feet above the sea : the greatest altitude which they obtain is 1000 feet ; but Chapman Burrows rise in the distance, 1555. The West Lyn has the amazing descent of 400 feet within a quarter of a mile.

The *Water's Meet*, the union of the two streams, occurs at a distance of a mile and a half up the romantic winding gorge of Lyndale, or East Lyn Valley : the cascades mingle



under the spires of lofty wood-clad hills, and form a scene at once lovely and wild. Beyond this beautiful spot are the ravine-like valley and village of BRENDON; and still further *Simon's Bath* (T. Knight, 8 miles), so named after a bold outlaw of Somerset, or Siegfred, the hero of the *Niebelungenlied*. EXMOOR FOREST is traversed by this route—a tract of heath and gorse, the parent of the Barle and the Exe, but now gradually, since 1815, being brought into cultivation; though the red deer may still be seen drinking at its trout-streams, or in their lair among the shelter of the valleys of Brandon woods. Before the enclosure, Exmoor Forest was principally stocked with a famous breed of wild ponies; strong, hardy, and often well shaped, they vied in spirit with those of Shetland, Norway, and other mountainous countries, but were larger than the former, less than the latter. Bred in such wild freedom the ponies were difficult to catch and to tame. Once a year, the foresters drove a herd of, perhaps, a thousand at a time, into a large inclosure, where those selected by the dealers were caught by the lasso. It was a remarkable sight to witness a herd of these animals, seldom seen but as trained and domesticated, careering in their native wilds, with flowing mane and tail, panting and snorting in excitement and terror, as the spirited little creatures were driven to the pen. But the Exmoor ponies have been removed, as the herds of deer from the Cranbourne Chace and the New Forest, as the increase in the numbers of the population necessitates the conversion of the waste into pasture lands. Morasses are not unfrequent here: Mole's chamber, near the source of the Barle, commemorates the name of a rash yeoman who, plunging into the bog regardless of warning, horse and rider were swallowed up and perished in it. There are many barrows in the vicinity. In the warren are remains of a house once tenanted by a body of robbers, known as the Doones of Badgeworth, who began their cruelties here during the civil wars, but were at length exterminated; the whole neighbourhood having risen in arms against them, and succeeded in delivering them over to justice.

GLENTHORNE (Rev. W. Halliday) is distant 8 miles, or by a coast-path 5 miles : the road mounts Countisbury Hill ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles), 1100 feet high, and after passing two ancient camps—Countisbury,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and Old Barrow, 5 miles from Lynton—descends into the beautiful plantations round the mansion. Two other camps, called Holwell and Stock Castles, are in the neighbourhood ; they probably formed part of a chain of hill-forts, erected by the Damnonii to guard against surprise by their enemies, the Morini. The tower of St. John's Countisbury was rebuilt 1847.

PORLOCK (the land-locked harbour), in Somersetshire, is 13 miles distant from Lynton, and is well deserving of a visit for the magnificence of its scenery : the superb Dunkerry Beacon, 1668 feet high, rises on the side of Exmoor ; on the other hand are the graceful curve of the Bay, the intermediate channel, and the mountains of Wales. The church of St. Dubricius contains effigies of a crusader, and of a knight and a lady. The original high altar remains, not as at Arundel and St. Mary Magdalene's Ripon, but standing here against the north wall of the chancel ; the support is solid and richly panelled in the style of the fifteenth century : on the centre panel is a shield with the sacred wounds. *Asplenium septentrionale* may be found about the ninth mile-stone. Culborne (3 miles), with its diminutive church, may be visited from Porlock. It stands in a romantic oval cove, bounded by abrupt wooded hills, 1200 feet high ; a further descent of 400 feet, relieved by foliage, slopes down to the beach.

Horner-wood, with its stream of "laughing water," is the subject of a legend that reads like a fairy-tale. A knight of Porlock, and a fair lady of Clovelly, were betrothed : the knight was bound for a tourney in the brilliant court of France ; and his lady-love, for fear of harm betiding him in the rough sport, placed in his breast a spray of oak, which had been dipped in the brooklet by a wizard who dwelt in the wood. A disappointed suitor of the lady's hand repaired to the magician for help : the only advice he would give, was to rob the knight of his talisman ; and this could only be achieved by the tempo-

rary assumption of a swift bird's form. The rival became a Blue Bird ; and having flown to the lists at Paris, plucked the amulet from Sir Albert's helm, at the moment he was meeting his adversary in full course. The horse fell : the heart of the rider was pierced. In the blood of the fallen knight the Bird dyed the branch, and swiftly returning, laid it at the feet of the lady, who was sitting beneath the spreading oak, her former trysting-place. The wood echoed to one shrill cry ; the stream bore away a lifeless woman's form ; the old wizard was dead in the cave ; and the murderer remained a bird till he also died. But still, about the time of the anniversary, the voice of the swollen stream is loud, and the old folks called it the "loud-voiced," or Horner.

The object of chief interest to visitors at Lynton is the *Valley of Rocks*. The terraced path, 300 feet long, which leads to it, is situated midway between a perpendicular wall of stone above and a terrific steep on the sea-side, to which there is a rapid slope. The upper precipices are covered with coppices of oak, which, with the ravines channelled by mountain-streams, are as marked features as the grand hills and cliffs of this coast. Suddenly the prospect changes to the mouth of a valley, grotesque and wild like a natural Druid's temple, bounded by naked piles of rock, bluish-gray in colour, of fine-grained argillaceous grit, split into spires, or rising into the form of towers and turrets, lamellar, friable, and of loose texture. By some terrible convulsion of nature—an earthquake that shook them centuries since, or an avalanche of water which swept away every earthly particle—the fantastic fragments have been hurled on every side. The valley is mostly a stony desolation ; but at intervals green herbage, ivy and moss, and in summer, the purple bells of folk's-glove, soften the general dreariness. Upon a foundation of precipices, along a hundred chasms from which the eye recoils, are ranged these rugged piles—wild, shapeless, gigantic crags—distorted, tilted, leaning, threatening to fall, as they slope in every direction ; and among them the only sound is the roar of the ocean, or the scream of the carrion-bird. These rocks

have the local name of the "Danes," as the peasants say that a body of the sea-kings were here massacred by the Saxon peasantry. A curious legend gives the origin of this remarkable valley.

Centuries ago, in the old time, the lady of Linton Castle spurned from her gate a dark-browed friar who asked for alms: as he turned away he shook his closed hand against the castle, and muttered—"All this is mine till the spectral lady and her child beckon in the church porch." Years passed and another miserly lord of the same proud race destroyed the ancient church of St. John: a dark friar was seen to summon him, and his lifeless frame was found stretched upon his beloved coffers. His son in due time departed to the wars, with the red cross upon his breast, to do battle with the Paynims; and evil tidings, brought by palmer and pilgrim, reached the young man's sorrowful mother that a strange friar was ever at his side teaching him deeds, the tale of which made her cheek flush and her eyes grow pale. Her daughter died, stricken suddenly, and the lady, bowed down with grief, sought peace among the veiled nuns of Tavistock, but returned to die in the lonely watch-tower from which she had looked her last on her departing boy. Pious hands meanwhile had built another holy church, when the knight, weary of war, once more entered the valley to find it for him a solitude. The tempter strove now to gain him wholly for his own; but one blessed Sunday morn the bells chimed soft and clear, and when they ceased, the sweet voices of the choir and the solemn tones of the priest in the sanctuary rose on the still air; it seemed the call and music of angels. Slowly the knight descended the turret stair, the church doors were open in the hot summer-noon; the friar scoffed, and sought to drag him away, whispering new sins. At that moment two forms in spotless white, with a golden radiance wrapping them about, the unearthly light that has no shadow, stood in the porch beckoning: with a frantic cry he tore himself away, and sprang over the sacred threshold, calling—"Mother, sister, I come. Holy heaven I am saved!" he exclaimed, when with a shriek of rage the

friar was swept away, and with a great noise, as of thunder, the huge castle split into a thousand fragments, and in its place lay outstretched the lonely "Valley of the Rocks." Like Sir Roland Vaux at Triermain, the traveller may still easily fancy that the riven curtain of a fortress lies before him.

" Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,     \*  
In morning mist or evening maze,  
Along the mountain lone,  
That gloomy fortress often mocks  
His gaze upon the castled rocks  
Of the valley of St. John."

Southey has given us his impression of this singular ravine:—"Ascending from Lynmouth up a road of serpentine perpendicularity, you reach a lane, which by a slight descent leads to the Valley of Stones, a spot which is one of the greatest wonders indeed in the West of England, and would attract many visitors if the roads were passable for carriages. Imagine a narrow vale between two ridges of hills somewhat steep, the southern hill turfed, the vale, which runs from east to west, covered with huge stones, and fragments of stone among the fern that fills it; the northern ridge completely bare, excoriated of all turf and all soil, the very bones and skeleton of the earth; rock reclining upon rock, stone piled upon stone, a huge terrific mass. A palace of the pre-Adamite kings, a city of the Anakim must have appeared so shapeless, and yet so like the ruins of what had been shaped after the waters of the flood subsided. I ascended with some toil the highest point: two large stones inclining on each other formed a rude portal on the summit. Here I sat down. A little level platform about two yards long lay before me, and then the eye immediately fell upon the sea, far, very far below. I never felt the sublimity of solitude before."

From the summit of the CASTLE ROCK may be seen westward Duty Point and High Vear Promontory, and to the east the Foreland. Lee Abbey (C. Bailey) is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile west from Lynton; it occupies the site of an ancient house

built by the family of Von Wichhalse, who emigrated from Holland during the persecution by Alva. The beautiful daughter of Sir Edward was wooed by a noble of the court of James II., and being forsaken by him, pined away, and was found lifeless under the rocks at Duty Point. Her father in vain demanded from the king the punishment of the courtier; and in his wild fury joined the army of Monmouth. By the loss of the battle of Sedgemoor, the knight returned a proscribed man, and to avoid the scaffold, he set sail with all his family by night. The boat was small and fragile, the autumn winds roared fiercely through the woods and along the rock-bound coast, and when the morning broke, the keel of a boat floating upwards told what had been the fate of the fugitives.

The view of Lynmouth from the sea is very fine: the Lyn is seen flashing and foaming over the rocks; the background is formed by a huge barren rugged mountain, the wildness of which is rendered perfectly sublime by contrast with the green turf and bright foliage of the two seaward slopes which taper down to the shore. From this point the waves begin to lose their dark-blue violet and transparent emerald hues, for the river flood of the Severn and the muddy shores and submarine soil discolour the water.

#### L' ENVOY.

We must here part with the reader, having conducted him beyond the confines of Devon into Somerset: if he is returning to London, he will pass through *Bristol* and *Bath*, and within 10 miles of *Oxford*. *Wells* may be easily visited from the junction station at Highbridge, beyond Bridgewater; and *Gloucester* from Bristol. These cities are described in the volume of CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND, in this series.

Those who have travelled with us thus far will, we trust, have laid up in their summer rambles ample subjects for pleasant recollection by the winter fire-side, and be enabled to compare the knowledge of their own country, obtained by them at a slight cost, and during a short leisure, with

the hurried and expensive visit to some foreign country of neighbours who have returned with a thinned purse and confused memories. At least they will escape the poet's reproach—

“ What's within our ken  
Owl-like we blink at, and direct our search  
To furthest Ind in quest of novelties ;  
Whilst here, at Home, upon our very thresholds,  
Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,  
Of interest wonderful.”

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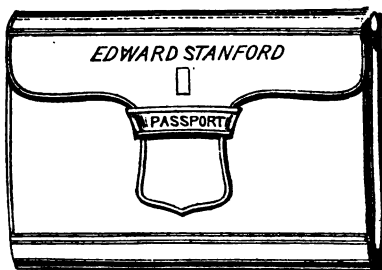
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